

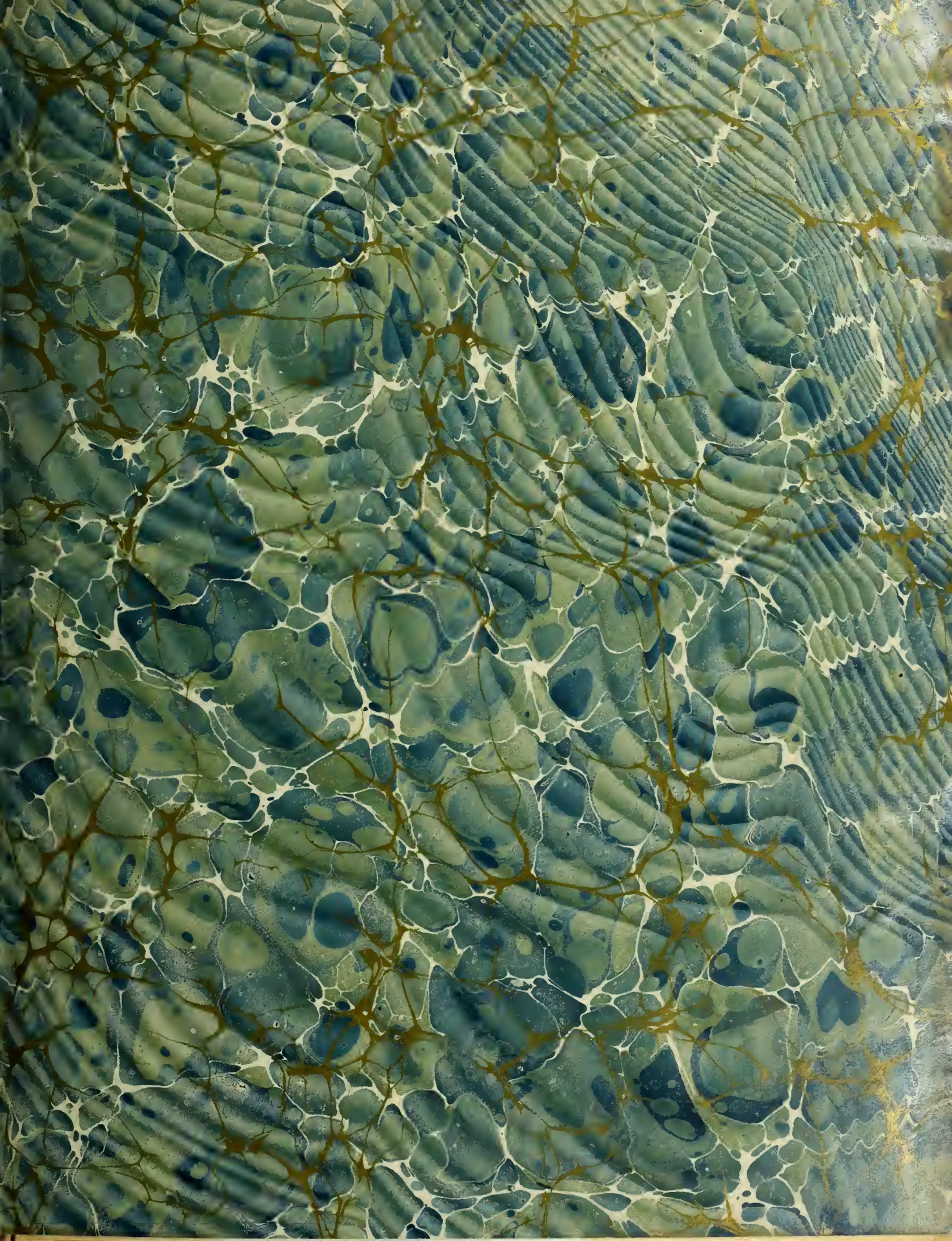
No. 2.304.29

U.2



424

*Bought with the income of
the Scholfield bequests.*





JOHN SARTAIN.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

<https://archive.org/details/americanpainters02shel>

Schul.
The
c

JOHN SARTAIN.

JOHN SARTAIN, who may be called the founder in America of that branch of engraving on steel known as mezzotinto, was born in London, October 24, 1808. He was educated to be an engraver in what is called the line manner, in which style he produced eighteen of the plates in Ottley's folio work, entitled, "The Early Florentine School," published in 1826, presenting samples of the best masters of that school successively from Cimabue, in 1260, and Giotto, his pupil, down to Luca Signorelli, in 1500. Besides these he finished the plates begun in Italy for the same work in 1792 by Tomasso Piroli. In 1828 Mr. Sartain commenced the practice of mezzotinto, and thereafter seldom resumed, in its purity, the art he had first learned, but mingled both styles, with the addition of stippling, in all his plates.

When but ten years old he left school, in which he had learned but little, and at twelve began a career of active industry, first as a pyrotechnist with Signor Mortram, an Italian, who was also assistant scene-painter to Telbin Grieve at Charles Kemble's Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London. In many of the stage performances the aid of fireworks was necessary to the effects, and young Sartain was frequently trusted to carry out his part without being overlooked, such was his steadiness of character at that early age. There, in the large painting room of that grand theatre, his picture-loving tastes were gratified by viewing the progress of the art creations of the master genius of the place. Much of the glistening surfaces of the "Castle of Polished Steel" (produced in 1821) was from the tinsel and Dutch metal that he attached to the artist's touches of glue. This Italian whom he served was also pyrotechnist to the Vauxhall Gardens, and on the occasion of the coronation of George IV. a large portion of the display of fireworks in Hyde Park, in 1821, was his. In all these performances the boy was relied upon for timely attention to duties the same as a man, except when man's strength was needed.

On arriving at the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to learn the art of engraving, and such was his progress in a single year that William Y. Ottley, the eminent art critic and learned antiquary, confided to him the execution of the plates for his work, as before referred to. The three engravings after Benozzo Gozzoli, in that work, were done when he had not entered his fifteenth year. All this time his eagerness in the pursuit of knowledge made ample amends for the deficiency of an early education. Besides engraving, he has engaged professionally in painting in oils, in water colors, and in miniature on ivory. In water-color landscape he had the instruction of the eminent artist, John Varley; in oils, Joshua Shaw; in water-color figure painting, Henry Richter; in figure painting in oils, Manuel J. Defranca. For some time he made vignette designs for the embellishments on the bank notes for Draper, Underwood & Co., and also made designs on wood for that branch of engraving.

In 1843 he became sole proprietor and editor of *Campbell's Foreign Semi-Monthly Magazine*, in which he was the first in America to print the "Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," "The Drop of Gin," and other pieces of a kindred nature which afterwards became so widely popular. Agassiz's article, entitled, "A Period in the History of Our Planet," he printed as early as October, 1843, when the name of that eminent scientist was little known on this side of the Atlantic. During the same year he had an interest in the *Eclectic Museum* along with E. Littell and the Rev. John H. Agnew, which work was afterwards continued as the *Eclectic*, and Mr. Sartain simply engraved the plates that embellished the monthly number. In the fall of 1848 he purchased a one-half interest in the *Union Magazine*, a New York publication, and it became known throughout the country as *Sartain's Magazine*. During the latter part of its career Sartain was also its editor. It was finally merged into another monthly in an adjacent city. Beside the literary labors inseparably connected with these engagements he was frequently called on to exercise his pen on various subjects, more particularly those having relation to art.

His industry has been untiring, and his capacity for continued labor equal to all the drafts upon it. His works are manifold and various to a degree approximating the incredible. When the annuals were in fashion, there was hardly a volume of the kind published on this side of the Atlantic that had not its plates from his prolific burin. *Graham's Magazine*, during the first and best years of its existence, had a plate every month by him; so, too, the *Eclectic* and his own *Semi-monthly* one every two weeks; all this in addition to his other engraving and literary work. His rapidity under pressure may be judged from the manner in which the portrait plate of Espartero was produced in a sudden emergency for the November number of the *Semi-monthly*, 1843. Beginning on the uniform black mezzotint ground at past midnight, the plate was finished and lettered by daybreak when the printers came to work. Again, the portrait of Sir Robert Peel in the October number of the *Eclectic*, 1850, was begun at a little before 2 P. M., from the same state as the preceding, and at five the same afternoon a finished proof was mailed to New York. All the plates referred to thus far were for books. But that constitutes but one branch of his work. His large framing prints are numerous. Several of them are as much as three feet in length. To attempt only a mere catalogue would occupy much space. Prominent among them are the following: "Christ Rejected," after West; "The Iron Worker and King Solomon," after Schusselle; "Civil War in Missouri," after Bingham; "Homestead of Henry Clay," after Hamilton; "John Knox and Mary, Queen of Scots," after Leutze; "American Inventors," after Schusselle; "The County Election in Missouri," after Bingham; "Zeisberger Preaching to the Indians at Goshunk," after Schusselle; "The Battle of Gettysburg," after Rothermel (this last a work of enormous labor), and many others. Much of his time and attention have been given to numerous associations in which he held membership. As controller of the Artists' Fund Society from 1835 on, he was

uniformly an active member of exhibition and other committees, and filled successively all the offices in its gift from President down.

For twenty-three years, as Director of the Academy of Fine Arts, he was its most active laborer; first under the Presidency of Henry D. Gilpin, then under that of Caleb Cope, and lastly under that of James L. Claghorn. During his travels in Europe, undertaken for his own pleasure and study, he visited personally the honorary members of the institution, and delivered to them their diplomas. This included the residents of Spain, Italy, Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, England and Scotland. He availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded of making better known and appreciated the oldest Academy of Fine Arts in the United States. In many other prominent institutions of Philadelphia he has been a manager or director, and has been for many years, and is now, Vice-President of the School of Design for Women, having declined the Presidency of it, which was tendered him. Twenty-four years ago he was elected an honorary member of an art society in Amsterdam, entitled the "*Arti et Amicitiae*." In addition to many medals received from various quarters, the King of Italy conferred on him the title of "*Cavaliere*," with a decoration and the appointment of "*Officer of the Equestrian Order of the Crown of Italy*." Without entering particularly into his multitudinous occupations, it ought not to be omitted that his architectural knowledge and taste have been frequently called on in aid of important projects. Among them the plans for the arrangement of the galleries and rooms on both floors of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts are from his drawings, prepared at the request of the Building Committee of the Directors. He designed the lofty granite monument to Washington and Lafayette at Monument Cemetery, Philadelphia, of which he is President, and superintended its construction; modelled the two colossal heads from which the bronze likenesses were cast, and is the author of the two famous inscriptions cast in bronze and placed upon opposite sides of the pedestal. Other monuments of importance in the same cemetery are from his designs, and also the steeple at the grounds on Broad street.

After the organization had been completed for holding the great International Exhibition in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, Mr. Sartain was selected to fill the important and responsible position of Chief of the Bureau of Art. The manner in which the arduous duties were discharged was deemed worthy of the highest praise, while the economy in its management made it incomparably less costly than any other department of the exhibition. While in the midst of a great accumulation of engagements Mr. Sartain projected "*The American Gallery of Art*," and produced the first quarto of what was intended to be a continuous series of annual volumes; but the pecuniary loss was so great on the first issue as to prevent its further prosecution. The plan was comprehensive; each volume was to contain characteristic examples of American painters of eminence, each subject selected by the artist himself, and in no case was there to appear a second picture by any

artist. From numerous commendatory reviews of the published volume we quote one from the pen of an eminent author—Dr. William Elder:

“The work before us—the first volume, it ought to be called—is in quarto, very elegantly bound, 110 pages of letter press and eleven engravings, all executed with the editor's own unsurpassed skill. Mr. Sartain, to the genius and industry of eminent art, adds its richest enthusiasm and most generous spirit; and the heart of the man liberalizes the work of the artist. In his personal character the public has the best assurance of the worthiest work which his high and broad range of talent qualifies him to achieve.”

Surprise has often been expressed that such incessant labor could be persevered in through so long a series of years without a breaking down of health. But on the contrary his energy remains undiminished, he is still diligent in business, fervent in spirit, and pursues his profession with all the old enthusiasm. His eyesight continues unimpaired notwithstanding the extent to which it has been taxed, added to advanced age. But the fact is, the family is of the old Huguenot stock, which history shows is of the toughest fibre, remarkable for its endurance and determination. The Sartains fled from France along with the earliest emigrants caused by the persecution practiced against those who had dared to read the printed Bible. They settled at Trowbridge, in the west of England, about half a century before Henry IV. promulgated his famous Edict of Nantes, in 1598, establishing religious toleration, and there the father of the subject of this sketch was born in 1771.

In the midst of all these occupations in the course of a long and industrious life, he has not been neglectful of opportunities as they presented themselves of forming collections of pictures, prints and other art materials of value in his profession, as well as a considerable accumulation of autograph letters from distinguished men. The first named were scattered through a reverse of fortune in 1852. Among the last is a noteworthy epistle from Bayard Taylor, dated at Kennet Square, Chester county, Pennsylvania, when he was in his seventeenth year, asking Mr. Sartain to receive him as an apprentice.

Much has appeared in print from time to time concerning the personal character of the subject of this sketch, and he has been so prominently before the public in various capacities during more than half a century that there has been an abundance of opportunities for arriving at a reasonably fair judgment. From among them we select the following which was printed in *The Phrenological Journal* of New York, from the pen of Professor Fowler, subsequent to a professional examination, in the number for September, 1870:

“The gentleman has a very excellent organization for health and long life, and also for mental activity, physical vigor and endurance. There is such a balance between the temperaments as to produce harmonious action with smoothness, energy and vigor. The result is an easy working, effective organization. We seldom meet with one who is more active, earnest or efficient. He has an indomitable will, engages in enterprises with a determination to succeed, and his ambition and strength increase with the multiplicity of difficulties. He dwells with patience and persistency upon whatever he undertakes, and whatever he undertakes is done thoroughly and well.

“His social qualities are prominent elements in his character. He is gallant to women, fond of children, and very fraternal and cordial in his intercourse with friends. He is frank, candid, and inclined to

speak and act as he feels. He enjoys making money, but is liberal in its use. He is upright in spirit, just in judgment, hopeful and ardent in reference to the future, and he is respectful, sympathetic and kind to those who are in need. He has ample constructiveness, and with large ideality and form shows taste in everything æsthetic. His great perceptive faculties endow him with unusual powers of observation. He is orderly and systematic in all he does, and attends to detail to the last degree. Gifted with excellent reasoning power, he is able to plan, invent and comprehend remote conditions and relations, and he judges human character well, reading men like a book. With these characteristics he is well calculated to exert a commanding influence among men."

The New York Commercial Advertiser recently referred to Mr. Sartain as "a noted Philadelphian who constantly appeared to be getting younger:"

"John Sartain, the engraver, is one of the noted characters of Philadelphia, which he has made his home for more than half a century. He is said to have been the first mezzotint engraver of any repute, and to have produced more works than any living member of his profession. Although English by birth, he is as thoroughly American in character, spirit and feeling as if his ancestors had been born here for generations. He has, from his early youth, had the deepest interest in art; has traveled much abroad, and received various foreign orders of merit. Nearly forty years ago he was, to his cost, the publisher and proprietor of *Sartain's Magazine*, which was begun here as the *Union Magazine* and afterward removed to Philadelphia. Despite his seventy-eight years, he is as brimming with energy, ambition and plans as when he first immigrated to the United States. He is spoken of by his friends as enjoying perpetual youth, and not one of them ever thinks of him as old.

"Not long since, having heard of the encaustic portrait of Cleopatra (believed by many to have been taken from life) in a nobleman's villa near Sorrento, he at once set off for Italy to see it. He was greatly impressed with it and has written of it enthusiastically. It is often asserted that he is the youngest artist, in feeling and expectation, in all Philadelphia. He has new schemes every day, and to carry half of them out he would need to live at least three hundred years. William Sartain, the well-known New York artist, is his son, who frequently regrets that he is so much older than his father."

Mr. Sartain is prominent in the order of Freemasons, and has received forty-six degrees in its mysteries. He is a Past Master of his Lodge, and Past High Priest of his Chapter. He has been many years a member of the Supreme Council of the Northern Jurisdiction of the United States, is Grand Treasurer for twenty-nine degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, is Trustee in other Masonic bodies, and is a Rosicrucian.

The last work of importance on which Mr. Sartain has been engaged was fulfilling the arduous duties of chief of the Art Department of the American Exhibition in London, as eleven years previously he had done for the great Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. The registers show the number of visitors to the London exhibition to have been two million three hundred thousand, and although doubtless the chief attraction to the public was "Buffalo Bill's Wild West," it was the art department that imparted character, credit and respectability to the display.

Of Mr. Sartain's children, three have attained a distinguished reputation in the world of art. Samuel, the eldest, is well known everywhere in the United States by his inimitably engraved portraits, as well as other works on steel. William, a younger brother, now a prominent painter in New York, is an associate of the National Academy of Design and President of the Art Club of New York, and

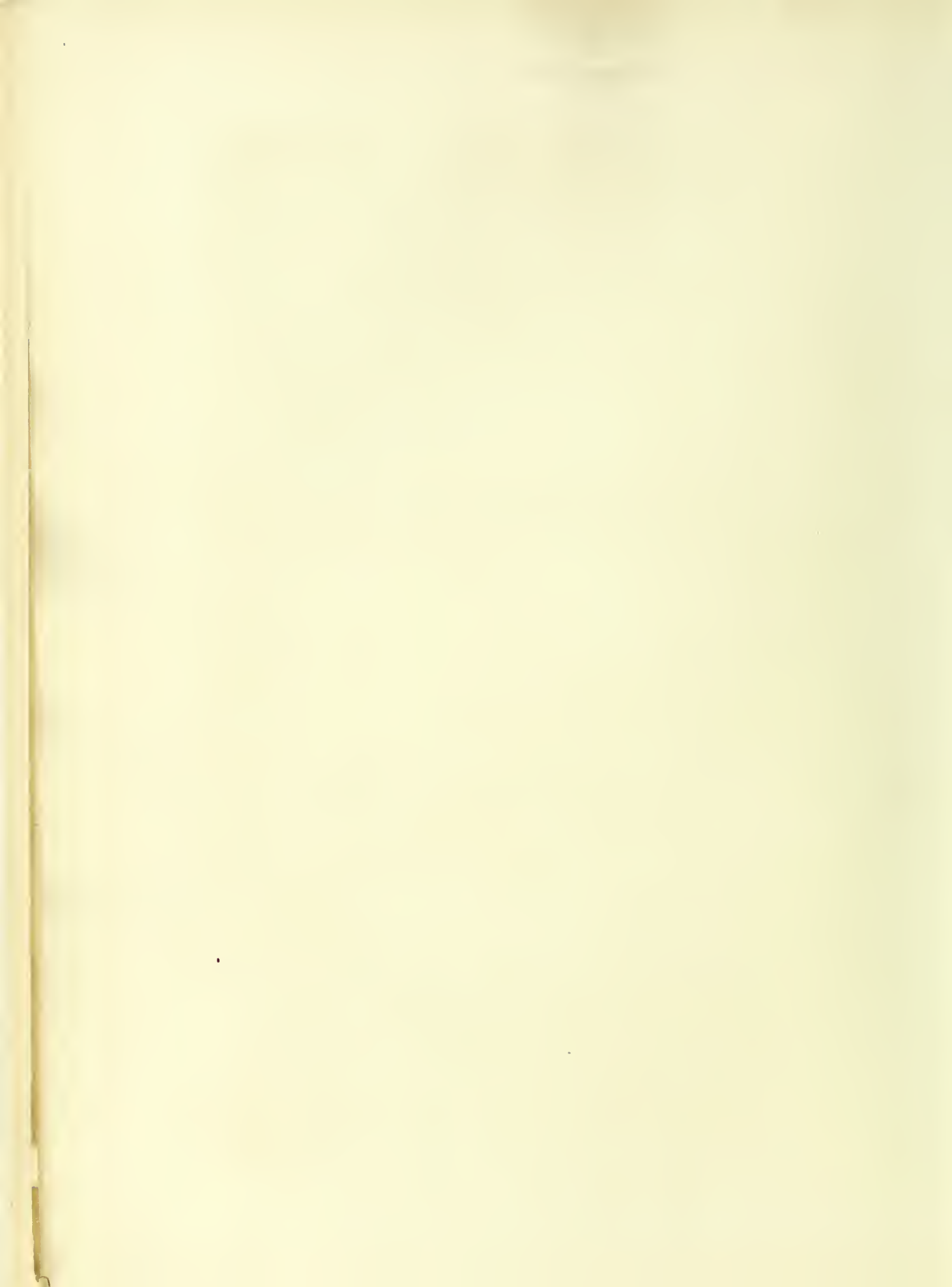
was for some years Professor in the life classes of the Art Students' League and in the Cooper Institute and was one of the founders of the New York Society of American Artists. As an exhibitor in the periodical exhibitions of America his contributions are eagerly sought, and a fair estimate of their quality may be gathered from the following notice printed in the New York *Nation*, in its review of the exhibition of 1878:

"For a female figure in life-scale, however, if we wish to go to one which easily overcomes everything else in the exhibition, whether portraits or invented characters, we must approach William Sartain's head of a 'Contadina.' No other study of life compares with it in the most distant way, and from the standpoint of its intentions and problems it may be called a perfect work."

Emily Sartain, the fourth in order of age, is the principal of the School of Design for Women in Philadelphia. She is a practical engraver, etcher and portrait painter, and has studied all branches of the profession. She learned the art of engraving from her father, with whom she engraved portraits and framing prints, which found a ready sale. She was a pupil of C. Schusselle, the first professor of painting at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts and afterwards of Evariste Luminais of Paris. Altogether she spent four years in the studios of Paris and two winters in Italy. She was art editor of the *Continent* during its year of Philadelphia existence, but succumbed to exhaustion from overwork and was compelled to go to Europe for rest. While editing the *Continent* she also superintended the illustrations of the edition de Luxe of *New England By-gones*, a memorial volume published by Edward A. Rollins. On the walls of her official room at the school are several fine specimens of her engravings and in her *escri-toire* are numerous medals, certificates and diplomas, including one from an East Indian Maharajah and one from the London Society of Literature, Science and Art. She is her father's daughter in every sense of the word, for she possesses to a rare degree the art of making art practical.

E. T. F







John P. Kelly
R. Monac?



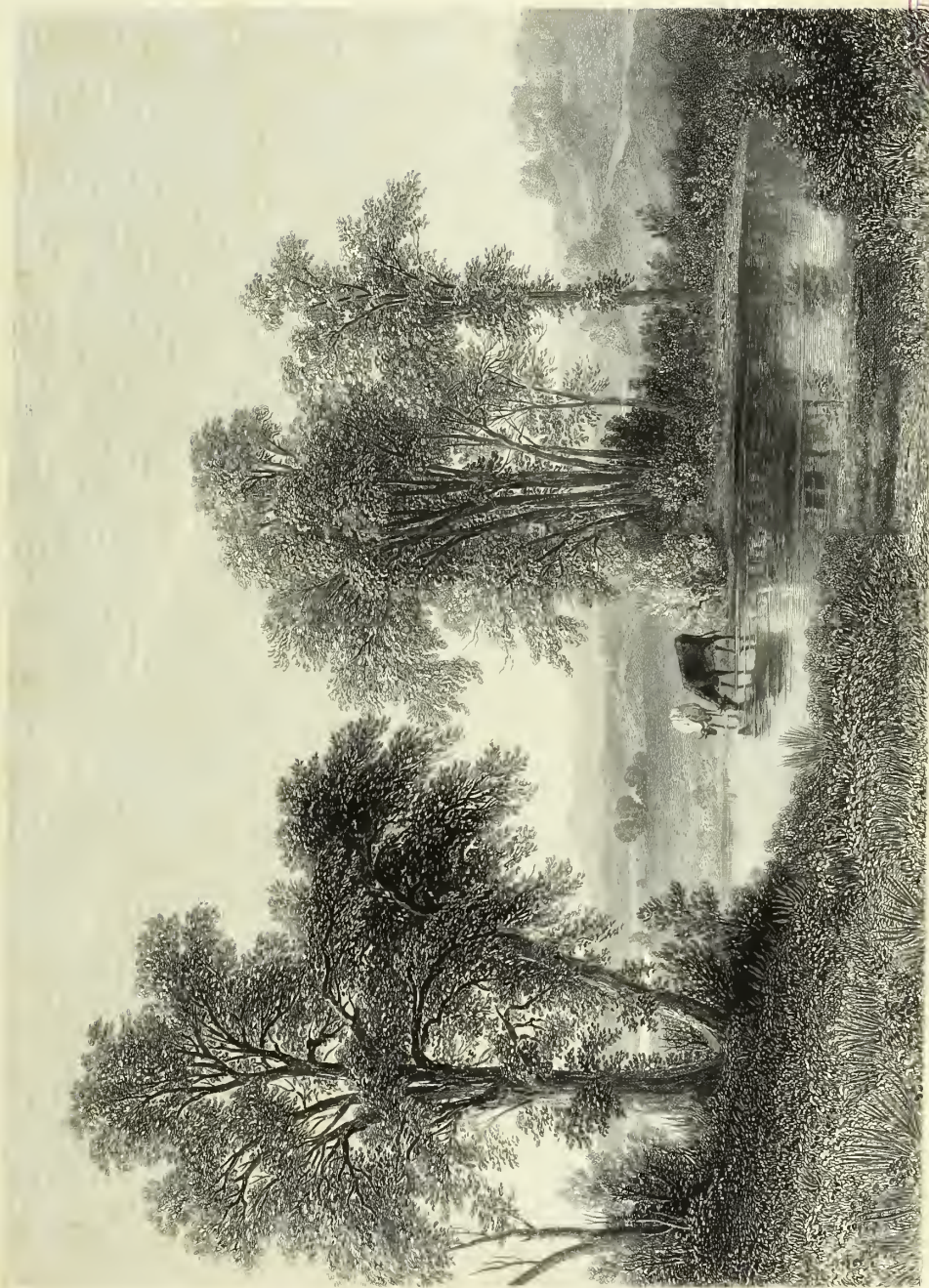
BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

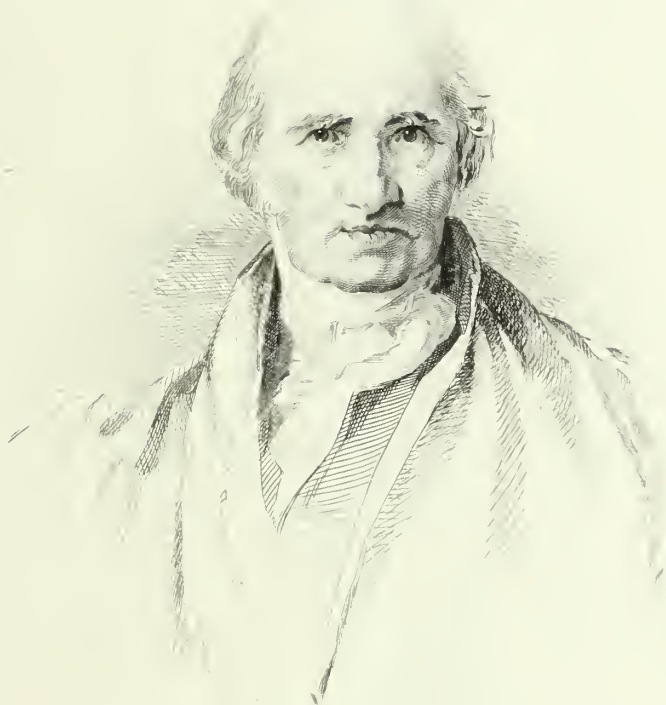
BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



Wm. H. Hare 1868

TON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY





1847.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

ARTISTS OF AMERICA.*

WE might as well look for the expression of Greek Civilization in the *athletæ* of her Olympic Games, as expect to find the type of modern civilization in a nation destitute of Art. However well furnished otherwise with the thews and sinews of commercial and productive strength, it is yet weak in the higher attributes of Power. The best embodiments of purely physical force afford us only comparative pleasure—comparative with the other types of brute force with which we may be familiar, but not with those of a nobler and antagonistic energy—the Soul. The presence of this energy is as much necessary to illuminate the brute, dark masses of muscular tissue—to quicken them with the light of a God's life—as that of the sun is to shine through and reveal the green deeps and mysteries of the sea, or that of Art is to give form and everlasting front to national development and character. Our country is the young Giant of the modern Olympiad, and we do yearn to see its large limbs informed with

“A light diviner than the common sun!”

Too much of the rough work, the blood and dust of the arena, there has been to struggle with until of late years. But even through the clouded trouble there have been glimpses of a better dawn. Through and since its darkest period we have had something of Art and some sort of Artists. From that gray old Patriarch of Art, Benjamin West, down to the Allstons, Powers, &c., we have been progressively represented, though at intervals few and far between. It is more to be regretted than to be marveled at, that we have not accomplished more that is characteristic and distinctive in Art as yet. The arms of our colossal strength have been employed in mowing down forests, ripping up quarries, and piling cities amongst the hills. There has been little leisure for the employment of the chisel and the pencil, and quite as little pleasure and will for the admiration or patronage of the works of either. Now that we have leisure enough for the consciousness of power to have expanded

itself into licentiousness of ambition, it is high time we should give some of it to a consideration of what has been accomplished in Art by us, and of those means by which its glorious mission is to be most nobly defined for our times. How else are our times to be fitly commemorated—our generations signed, and centuries stamped—but by the hand of enlightened Art? How are we to have an enlightened Art, unless a knowledge of what it includes be made popular—the general mind be elevated to something like an appreciation of the sacredness of genius, of the necessity of public patronage to lift it into the unembarrassed air of freedom from mercenary cares, that it may calmly and genially work out its own apotheosis? We can get no legislative action—no public patronage—without enlightening the body of the people upon these points. We must make them feel that our character and rank as a nation is at stake—that the measure of civilization is the patronage of Art. When they have understood this, whether they at first understand or not the unarticulated myths left eloquent upon the moveless lips of its dumb forms, yet will they soon be unconsciously elevated to such appreciation. It is in view of such results that we are disposed to regard with some cordiality the new enterprise of Mr. Lester. He himself has expressed something like this purpose in his preface. He would have “our Artists and their Works better known *at home*.” He means, of course, to have them more *widely* known; for certainly he does not expect, in the mode and form he has adopted, to make them any *better* known where they were known at all. The series is professedly a popular one, and as such is certainly not to be ruled to the strictest letter of criticism. He says, in his preface:

“I have long believed that the insensibility of the nation to the claims of Art and Artists was more owing to a lack of information on these subjects, than to any, perhaps *all* other causes; and I have long desired to see this want supplied with some work, uniting beauty of execution and

* The Artists of America: A Series of Biographical Sketches of American Artists; with Portraits and Designs on Steel. By C. Edwards Lester. New York: Baker and Scribner.

cheapness of price, with authenticity of facts, to secure for it general circulation. Artists themselves will not do it, although well qualified for the task; perhaps they could not do it without suffering, however unjustly, unkind imputations. No one else seems inclined to make an attempt, and I have resolved to try it myself."

It was necessary that it should be done, and Mr. Lester was, alike with every other true lover of Art, called upon to meet this necessity. There seems to be a restless, energetic impulsion in his temper, which does not permit his pausing long to count costs upon the threshold of any enterprise. The country will certainly be benefited by this, so far as it goes. So little has been known of our Artists, to the great body of the people, beyond the mere names of the most prominent of them and their works, that any information, however much popularized, is of importance, so that it be thrown into such forms as to render it widely available. This Mr. L. has accomplished. Five numbers of his series have appeared in beautiful style, accompanied with portraits of the Artists, some of which are admirable. The first is a sketch of the poet-painter, Allston. The portrait accompanying it is one of great fidelity, and is highly creditable to the promising young artist who has the series in hand. As for Mr. Lester's part of the work, it is done in his usual hurried, loose-shod manner, with occasional bursts of vehement expression, approaching to eloquence. Far the best portions of it, though, consist in the extracts from the artist's own letters, &c. We have somehow always felt that Allston would have made a greater poet than painter, though the two things are identical, except in the modes of their manifestations. Yet poet is the more universal name, and Allston was a universal man. We cannot say that those specimens of his poetry which have reached us, are at all remarkable as expressions of Poetical Art—for it would have been quite wonderful had this been so, since those years of effort and practice necessary to the accomplishment of Art in any department, were given by him singularly to that of the Painter alone—but we do say that there is a delicacy and graphic propriety united with the most remarkable vigor in such passages of his PROSE as we have seen, which gives us a sort of intuitive assurance that had his life been given professedly to Poetry, he would have

been more remarkable as a *word* Painter than as a Painter in colors. What could be more exquisite than the italicised passages in the extract which we give:

"On quitting College (in 1800) I returned to Charleston. * * * My picture manufactory still went on in Charleston till I embarked for London. Up to that time my favorite subjects, with an occasional comic intermission, were banditti. I well remember one of these, where I thought I had happily succeeded in cutting a throat! The subject of this precious performance was robbers fighting with each other for the spoils, over the body of a murdered traveler—and clever ruffians, thought them. I did not get rid of this banditti mania until I had been over a year in England. It seems that a fondness for subjects of violence is common with young Artists. One might suppose that the youthful mind would delight in scenes of an opposite character. Perhaps the reason of the contrary may be found in this, that the natural condition of youth being one of incessant excitement from the continual influx of novelty—for all about us must at *one time be new*—it must needs have something fierce, terrible or unusual to force it above its wonted tone. But the time must come to every man who lives beyond the middle age, 'when there is nothing new under the sun.' His novelties then are the *rifacimenti* of his former life. The gentler emotions are then as early friends who revisit him in dreams, and who, recalling the past, give a grace and beauty, nay, a rapture even to what in the hey-day of youth had seemed to him spiritless and flat. And how beautiful is this law of nature—*perfuming as it were our very graves with the unheeded flowers of childhood*. One of my favorite haunts when a child, in Carolina, was a forest spring, *where I used to catch minnows, and I dare say with all the callousness of a fisherman. At this moment I can see that spring; and the pleasant conjuror, memory, has brought again those little creatures before me; but how unlike to what they were! They seem to me like the spirits of the woods, which a flash from their little diamond eyes lights up afresh in all their gorgeous garniture of vases and flowers.*"

There is no attempt at comparative criticism on the part of Mr. L.; he has simply furnished a biographical and eulogistic introduction of the great artist to the popular mind. The second number is devoted to Henry Inman. We regret that we cannot say as much for the portrait in this instance. The delicate and poetical face of this fine Artist has been rudely

sensualized—whether from some error in the burin, or imperfection of the daguerreotype, it matters not, so the mischief is done. The sketch of Inman is about as detailed and just as might be expected so soon after the death of a man so much beloved and admired. A happy versatility, but not a very great depth of genius, characterized this favorite artist.

In the third number we have sketches of Benjamin West and Stewart. The portrait of West is so particularly fine, that we present it to our readers. Apart from other considerations, this is a distinction of precedence to which this venerable Artist is certainly entitled. He was the first, in point of time, our country gave birth to, and unquestionably his painstaking and laborious life was crowned with honors not discreditable to the infancy of Art among any people.

The Life and Character of Benjamin West is a subject which can awaken but little true enthusiasm in men's minds. "Some men achieve greatness—some have it thrust upon them." With all West's order and industry, and his long life of earnest endeavor, we still feel that he was a lucky man—that he was born at a fortunate period, when a small capital of talent went a great way, because there was less competition than at a later day. We feel that, in some sense, "greatness was thrust upon him." He was born of Quaker parents. Absurdity often passes for wit, and oddity is almost universally interesting. There was something novel—something exceedingly *recherché*—in the idea of a Quaker Artist. It was what the learned call a *lusus naturæ*, and the vulgar a white blackbird.

His early efforts make our hearts thrill. We feel a joy at his success in the drawing of his baby sister, which has something in it analogous to the feeling of the mother. Then we take deep interest in his Cherokee instructors, and their teachings in the mysteries of colors, and the art of archery. Then his picking the cat of her fur for brushes, and the trouble of the precise Quaker parents at the altered appearance of the cat, and their rebuking him for his quotations from its fur, "more in affection than anger," are all subjects of interest. And then, when better help came, and the merchant—Pennington—sent his young artist cousin a box of paints and pencils, with canvas prepared for the easel, and six engravings by Grevling, we sympathize deeply with the child in his sleepless joy. And then

the anger of his schoolmaster, because he shut himself up to paint instead of going to school, and the kisses of his mother because of his success in his seclusion, are interesting features in the history of West.

There seems to have been but one event in West's life, which violated his Quaker faith or education. He became a soldier. The Friends had not included this pursuit in their prophecy for the paragon they were persuaded West must become. His only exploit as a soldier appears to have been finding the bones of Sir Peter Balket's father. The sober imagination of West was so much excited by the scene, that he wished to embody it in a picture; but Lord Grosvenor, to whom he described it, discouraged him, and he had not that impetuous genius which carries its possessor, with the force of the avalanche or cataract, over all obstacles, and, easiest of all, over the bubbles of royalty. He returned from his little episode as a soldier, to receive the dying blessing of his mother. His deep and absorbing love for her is truly affecting. His father's house was no longer a pleasant home to him, without the charm of his mother's watchful affection. He soon left for Philadelphia. Here he obtained much patronage. From Philadelphia he went to New York. Here he obtained help to go to Italy. With a present of fifty guineas from Kelly, and letters to leading men in his pocket, he departed for Rome. There he was considered a lion, or rather a sort of savage; and it can hardly be determined at this day whether the people of Rome wished most to exhibit the young savage, or the masterpieces of Art which their City contained. They paid him, however, great attention. An exhausting ambition seems to have been awakened in his mind, and he soon fell ill of a fever. After a lingering illness of eleven months, he was cured.

Those who befriend genius, (says Cunningham in his life of West,) when it is struggling for distinction, befriend the world, and their names should be held in remembrance. There is good sense and right feeling in the reply of Mahomet to the insinuation of the fair Ayesha, that his first wife, Cadijah, was old and unlovely, and that he had now a better in her place. "No, by Allah! there never was a better. She *believed* in me when men despised me. She relieved my wants when I was poor and persecuted by the world."

The names of Smith, Hamilton, Kelly, Allen, Jackson, Rutherford and Lord Grantham, must be dear to all the admirers of West. They aided him in the infancy of his fame and fortune. They watched over him with the vigilance of true friendship.

In 1763, West went to London. We will not say that, in an evil hour, he became the protégé of royalty. No! It was well. It was in keeping, for West was not above being pinned to the skirts of a royal robe, till what he considered a very hard fortune cut him loose. West's life was regular. Nothing was allowed to break the uniformity, not to say monotony, of his methodical existence. He was never guilty of any of those oddities or absurdities which men of genius take it upon them to enact generally in youth, and often in age. As his wife said, "He was a good man—he never had a vice."

From 1769 to 1801, West received orders from the King in person. The King's sickness, at this last date, suspended all West's work, and threw a dark cloud over his life and prospects. However, from the time of His Majesty's recovery till his final superannuation, West was again the subject of royal patronage.

West's life was long and laborious, and his productions were very numerous. Cunningham says of him: "He wanted fire and imagination, to be the restorer of that grand style which bewildered Barry, and was talked of by Reynolds. Most of his works—cold, formal, bloodless and passionless—may remind the spectator of the sublime vision of the valley of dry bones, when the flesh and skin had come upon the skeletons, before the breath of God had informed them with life and feeling. Though such is the general impression which the works of West make, it cannot be denied that many are distinguished by great excellence. In *Death on the Pale Horse*, and more particularly in the sketch of that picture, he has more than approached the masters and princes of the calling. * * * West was injured by early success. He obtained his fame too easily. It was not purchased by long study and many trials, and he rashly imagined himself capable of anything. But the coldness of his imagination nipped the blossoms of history. It is the province of Art to elevate the subject in the spirit of its nature, and brooding over the whole with the feeling of a

poet, awaken the scene into vivid and heroic beauty; but such was rarely waited upon the ambition of amiable and upright man."

Fair, honest criticism, in which there is keen analysis and a just award of praise and blame, is not often met with in the market. The material for a genuine Critic is quite as rare and precious as the material for a genuine Poet. It is much better for genius to stand alone than to be bolstered in a clique, paying for praise by glorifying others, whether they always deserve it or not. The tendency of our age to act in mass societies, cliques, &c., is proof of its exceeding poverty. The man of genius stands alone, and stands out from his time. He does not ask endorsement. He is *sui generis*, and "sets the fashion for a long line of lesser men. The commonest observer cannot but see that Benjamin West was not such a man. His life and character forcibly remind one of what Cunningham so justly says of his pictures:

"They are well-conceived and prettily drawn, but want soul and substance, and seem the shadows of what is noble and lovely. There is no deception. *They are flat*, and the eye seems to see through both color and canvas."

That West was a man of industry and talent, all will readily concede. He was a most amiable man, too. (We remember a wicked wag who said amiability is a very stupid virtue.)

His biographer says, "The war which broke out between Britain and her colonies was a sore trial to the feelings of West. His early friends and present patrons were involved in a bloody controversy. He was not, according to his own account, silent. He was too much in the palace and alone with his majesty, to avoid some allusion to the strife. The King inquired anxiously respecting the resources of his foes and the talents of their chiefs, and the Artist gave, or imagined he gave, more correct information concerning the American leaders and their objects, than could be acquired through official channels. West had long been away from his native land. His literary talents were not of an order to allure correspondents, and with few if any of the influential insurgents can it be supposed that he was at all acquainted. But not few were the delusions under which this amiable man

lived. How he contrived both to keep his place in the King's opinion, and the respect of the spirits who stirred in the American Revolution, he has not told us; but it is not difficult to guess. He was of a nature cold and unimpassioned. His religion taught him peace. His situation whispered prudence, and the Artist dismissed civil broils from his mind, and addressed himself to more profitable contemplations. He saw his reward in fortune and perhaps in fame for those days of toil and nights of study in which he painted and pored over history, sacred and profane, and he closed his eyes on all else save elaborate outlines and the effect of light and shade."

March 24th, 1792, West took his place as President of the Royal Academy, and "delivered his inaugural address to an audience who much applauded a composition which could have cost him little thought, since it dwelt but on two topics, the excellence of British art and the gracious benevolence of his Majesty." "He had no unstudied felicities of phrase, little vigor of thought or happiness of illustration. He was cold, sensible and instructive, and the student who may learn from his pictures the way to manage a difficult subject, and from his life the art of employing his time, can hardly be expected to re-read his discourses."

When we say that West was not a Genius, we do not say—the cruel damnation of Byron's savage line, "Europe's worst dauber and poor England's best," to the contrary notwithstanding—that he was not something better, more useful and happy, if less brilliant and imposing. He was a good man. "His kindness to young Artists was great. His liberality seriously impaired his income. He never seemed weary of giving advice—intrusion never disturbed his temper, nor could the tediousness of the dull ever render him impatient or peevish. Whatever he knew in Art he readily imparted. He was always happy to think that art was advancing, and no mean jealousy of other men's good fortune ever invaded his repose. His vanity was amusing and amiable, and his belief, prominent in every page of the narrative which he dictated to his friend, Mr. Galt, that preaching and prophecy had predestined him to play a great part before mankind, and be an example to all posterity, did no one any harm and himself some good."

"A thing of Beauty is a joy forever,"

and a true Artist is emphatically "a thing of Beauty." To inquire into the history of such, to trace the circumstances that have contributed to create them, is a work of deep interest and profit. However much the strong of heart may control and modify the conditions in which they are placed, still we cannot but see that the infant, created after a law of which it takes no cognizance, is received into conditions that mould its organization, if not its being, and which have much influence in determining its destiny, for this world at least. It is said that the true man, the beautiful man, will do this or that: so he may, and will. But what makes him a true man? Whence comes his power? Was he born an abortion, nurtured amid damning circumstances, or was the page of his being unrolled farther and fairer, by a law which is unseen by him and others? Does he make and improve conditions, because he was born a condition maker—because he so wills? Still, is not the will bound by a law, and can we change only by a will which is subject to a higher law? But I would write no paper upon free will and necessity. I leave them to those who are under a *necessity*, or have a *free will*, to attend to them. We have a word more to say of this fashion of self-landation, for it amounts to this in the end, which is becoming so common. We would say, seriously, to any writer who is disposed to parade the greatness, and hide the littleness, of our men of talent or genius—"Do thyself no harm;" for a more suicidal course cannot be pursued than that of giving or selling one's self to puffing the powerful of the present or the past. In reading Mr. Lester's books we are reminded of the Frenchman who exaggerated many thousands in his estimate of those who were sacrificed in the Revolution. When he was corrected, he answered earnestly, "One cannot do too much for one's country." It is well said by Mr. Lester, that "Praise cannot make Artists." This is true in a very wide sense. It is a very convenient way of "growing" present fame to praise everybody; for the majority in the world will not tolerate truthful utterance. We must draw a check on the Bank of Heaven, payable when we are immortal, if we want to be paid for telling the truth.

Men curse those who scream reproaches in their ears, whether these reproaches be uttered in words, or by a practice differing from its received ethics. The world utters its maledictions, (its sick sayings,) till it begins to perceive its need, and then commences a worship little more healthful than its first state. Men forget that some of the faults they alleged against the Prophet are really his—spots on the sun, it may be, but really spots. They make a god of the recent demon, and men always make gods glaringly.

The man of genius no more acts by permission, than his heart pulsates by enactment. He does not ask of his fellows leave to live. He *lives*—it may be in a garret, or some other very comfortless place. He feels the divine fire within him glowing and burning with a heavenly intensity, and, so sure as God is omnipotent, he will conquer or die, and dying conquer.

The fourth number continues the series. We have in it the heads of Trumbull and De Veaux—both of them executed with spirit. The Biography of Trumbull is an indiscriminating eulogy—though we can make larger allowances for such a tone in this case than in any of the others mentioned. Nobody is in danger of mistaking the rank of Trumbull as an Artist, nor are his claims to our affectionate partiality as the hero, and friend of Washington, in danger of being forgotten. The sketch of the gifted, gallant and unfortunate young genius of South Carolina, De Veaux, is the most pleasing and spirited of the series.

De Veaux was a piquant writer as well as a good Painter. Poor fellow! how it saddens one to think that so much life and truth and daring hope as is displayed in all he left behind, should have been dashed and eternally obscured by a stupid and ferocious decree of the Court of Rome. Under the suspicion that he was some wild, fanatic republican, he was, while on a journey as an Artist, from Parma to Florence, forbidden to pass through the Pope's dominions, and thus

compelled to deviate from his course, and pass one of the worst ranges of the Appenines, during which time he was exposed to terrible storms of hail, snow and rain. Four days of such exposure was enough to have killed a man accustomed to exposure, much more one with the delicate habits of an artist and scholar. Suffice, that it *did* kill De Veaux! and one of the best sentences in tone, purport and language, that we have seen from the somewhat eccentric pen of Mr. Lester, is the concluding paragraph of his sketch of De Veaux:

"Over the resting-place of this gifted and early lost painter, Americans will stand and weep.

"Nor can I forbear to say, that if De Veaux had been a citizen of any other great nation, the Court of Rome would long ago have been summoned before a tribunal which even Infallibility itself must respect, to tell why it was that a young Artist from a distant country must be treated like an Italian bandit, when he is on his way to the shrines of art."

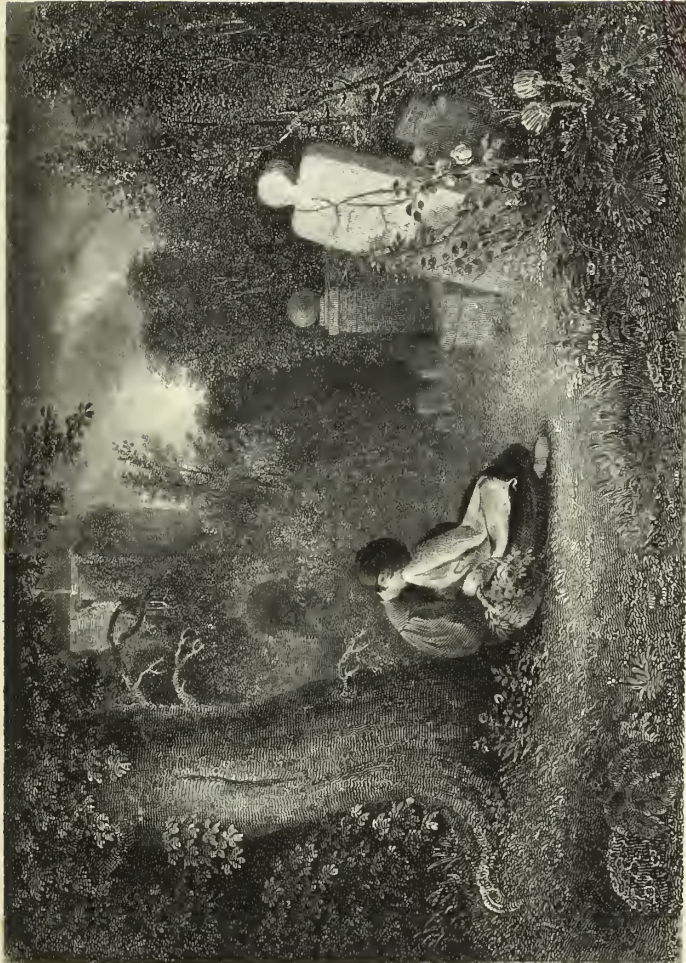
On the whole, we are very glad that this series has appeared. The sketches do not go quite as deeply into their general subjects, as discriminating accounts of Artists and their works, nor into the great theme of Art in general, as we could wish, and as they ought to have done, notwithstanding their necessary brevity. There is little characterization or criticism. The author, perhaps, writes too little himself, gathering his materials somewhat too readily from the first sources at hand. Thus, in the fifth No., Rembrandt Peale is permitted to write his own life; and though it is certainly done with becoming modesty on his part, yet the fact that it has been published in this form hardly exonerates Mr. L. from the general charge of inconsiderate haste in what he undertook. Still, we are confident the series will be of definite service in making many people in the country as it were personally acquainted with our Artists, and will render the great cause of Art—the high world of ideal beauty—more familiar to the national mind.





BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

YONKON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



THE GARDEN OF THE GARDEN OF THE GARDEN

BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



THE MOUNTAIN OF THE FUTURE

dinner of a laborer while the latter is in the act of making a bed for her young offspring.

Mr. GEORGE LORING BROWN was born in Boston in 1814. When twelve years old he was apprenticed to a wood-engraver. He took his first lessons in painting from Washington Allston. After Mr. Isaac P. Davis, a connoisseur of that city, had given him fifty dollars for a copy of a landscape, he resolved to go to Italy. A Boston merchant having presented him with one hundred dollars, he put his resolution into execution, and, in his nineteenth year, landed at Antwerp with an empty wallet. The captain of the ship that had taken him over lent him some money; and with a stout heart he proceeded to make sketches of the Antwerp Cathedral, and studies of the paintings of Ruysdael. Soon he found himself in London, where another friend assisted him financially, and enabled him to buy a ticket for Paris. In the French capital he became a pupil of Eugène Isabey. Money once more becoming scarce, he availed himself of an invitation from his friend, the Boston merchant, to send his first European pictures to him; but, as in those days the Atlantic was not a scene of rapid transit, he was obliged to wait the convenience of contrary winds and tides. When at length an answer came, it was in the highest degree satisfactory. "The remittances," says a biographer, "were adequate to place him beyond immediate want." One day, in the studio of Isabey, after spending several months in copying Claude's "Meeting of Mark Antony and Cleopatra," he became disgusted with the result of his endeavor, and, in a moment of rage, attacked his canvas with a knife. "He saved the pieces, however," continues the biographer; "thinking, probably, that they might be useful for the production of new pictures." He returned to Boston, and found, with Edmund Burke, that difficulty had been his helper. His pictures sold well, and he bethought himself of his recent copy of Claude, Gathering together the fragments and placing them in a pretty frame, he had the pleasure of hearing Washington Allston say that the patched production was "the best copy of Claude he had ever seen." The testimony of Allston was of value to the young artist. It brought him many orders for copies of Claude, and, with them, the means of making a second trip to Europe. This

was in 1840, when Brown was twenty-six years old. No more struggles against poverty. A Baltimore gentleman met him in Rome, and bought a picture of him for one thousand dollars. Other purchases followed, and Mr. Brown staid twenty years in Italy. He painted original landscapes, and copied Claude.

A moonlight-scene in Venice, by Mr. Brown, says a writer in Appletons' *Art Journal* for December, 1877, "is poetic in conception, and rises to the dignity of a masterpiece. A distinguished critic asserts that it gives with admirable truth that peculiar density of the sky, so remarkable in Italy on a summer night after a storm, when the moon appears to sail far out from the infinite depths of the blue concave, and silver the edges of massive clouds below. She illumines the Piazzetta di San Marco and the famous Lion of St. Mark; the Ducal Palace on the right, the lagoons and San Giorgio on the left. In the opening on the right, between the Ducal Palace and the edifice, is seen the 'Bridge of Sighs.' At a proper distance the illusion of this view is absolutely startling, and one who can recognize its local fidelity feels a thrill of solemn delight, such as once transported him when gazing from the Piazza San Marco upon the heavens thus illumined. Critics objected that the pigments were laid on too heavily, but none looked upon the picture unmoved, and not a few acknowledged that it was the best southern moonlight that they had ever seen upon canvas. This picture was the result of Mr. Brown's early study; it represented earnest work and high-toned sentiment; but he did not pause in his pursuit of artistic knowledge on the achievement of one triumph, for his ambition admitted of no middle ground: his aim was the highest. In 1858 he received the grand prize of the Art Union of Rome, and in 1860, returning to the United States, settled for a time in New York, having brought with him a large number of drawings and studies, besides several finished pictures, all of which were warmly praised by both artists and critics. The question is often asked how Mr. Brown produces the exquisite atmospheric effects for which his canvases are so famous; but it is a secret that belongs to the artist, and one which he cannot himself solve. We often hear of the method of this or that artist—how this one glazes and that one scumbles; but it does not reveal the secret of the cunning touch, nor of the sentiment which inspires each stroke of the brush. Hawthorne, in his 'Marble



THE LAKE OF NEMI
From a Painting by George Loring Brown.

WALTER SHIRLAW.

WALTER SHIRLAW was born at Paisley, in Scotland; but he came with his parents to America when he was three years old. As most of his life has been spent in this country, he can, therefore, be considered an American artist.

The boyhood of young Walter was passed in New York City, without being varied by any eventful incidents. After the usual amount of schooling, with more or less snow-balling, coasting, and other sports added to make up the round of a boy's life who has plenty of health to spare, Walter was placed with the American Bank Note Company, which engraves the steel plates for the United States' currency, and also for the banks of Canada and some of the States of South America.

The green color of these notes was invented by an Armenian, who was sent to this country from Turkey by the missionaries, and studied at Yale college. The chemical ingredients of this green are a great secret; because it is excessively difficult to photograph a note printed on paper tinted with this preparation of green.

The notes of the Bank Note Company have always been celebrated for the excellent quality of the engraving, but the names of the engravers are never cut on the plate. Mr. Shirlaw may be credited, however, with engraving, among other pictures on these notes, the one representing Columbus discovering America, which is on the upper left hand corner of the face of the five dollar United States' note.

After remaining nearly ten years with this company, Mr. Shirlaw was invited to join a new association situated in Chicago, and called the Western Note Engraving Company. He remained in this position for six years, when his desire to become a painter grew so strong that he no longer resisted it, but returned to New York and began the life of a professional artist.

The following year he took a trip to the Rocky

Mountains. It was attended with many interesting incidents; although nothing of a blood-curdling character occurred, such as travellers in those rugged wilds often encounter, to disturb the enjoyment of the trip.

In the year 1870 Mr. Shirlaw, feeling the want of art advantages such as he could not find here, sailed for Europe and settled in Munich, of which city I have already spoken in the remarks about Mr. Chase. There he took a studio in the old monastery which has been used for many years as a rookery for the artists of Munich; and he continued to paint in that building until the last year of his residence there, when he took a room in a rambling old house situated on a rather dilapidated but picturesque courtyard.

Mr. Shirlaw studied art successively with four of the leading contemporary artists of Germany, Rabb, Wagner, who painted the famous picture of the Chariot Race in the Coliseum, Ramberg and Lindenschmidt. One taught him form, another color, another light and shade or composition. During the summers Mr. Shirlaw often went into the neighboring villages and took studies of the rustic costumes and sun-burned features of the peasantry.

The peasants of Bavaria often appear very interesting in a painting, with their singularly quaint and richly-colored garb, their rude thatched cottages and rough wagons, or carts, and still rougher cattle bearing huge uncouth yokes. It is not unusual to see an ox and a horse yoked together; and, even in Munich, it is very common for such a curious equipage to be seen, or, still more frequently, a wagon with a tongue supported and drawn only by one horse, as if the other horse had become disabled on the road and been left behind.

One of the villages often visited by Mr. Shirlaw, and a great resort for American art students in search of the picturesque, is Pöhlting. There the

OUR AMERICAN ARTISTS.

olden customs are still preserved, and the sheep-shearing and the harvest are occasions of much merriment and festivity.

The people of Bavaria have not nearly so fair a complexion as those of other parts of Germany. They belong to Southern Germany like the Austrians, and, like them, often have a warm, rich brown skin, showing that they are descended from the ancient Romans, who, in the days of the Cæsars, carried the arms of Rome to those parts and planted colonies there. This fact is especially evident among the Bavarian peasants; and it is brought out with much effect in the finely-colored representations of German rustic life which Mr. Shirlaw has brought to this country.

Among his most important works is one entitled "The Sheep Shearing." It is a large painting, and has been exhibited both in this country and at the last exposition at Paris, and has attracted much favorable comment. It represents the peasants collected to rob the poor sheep of their wool.

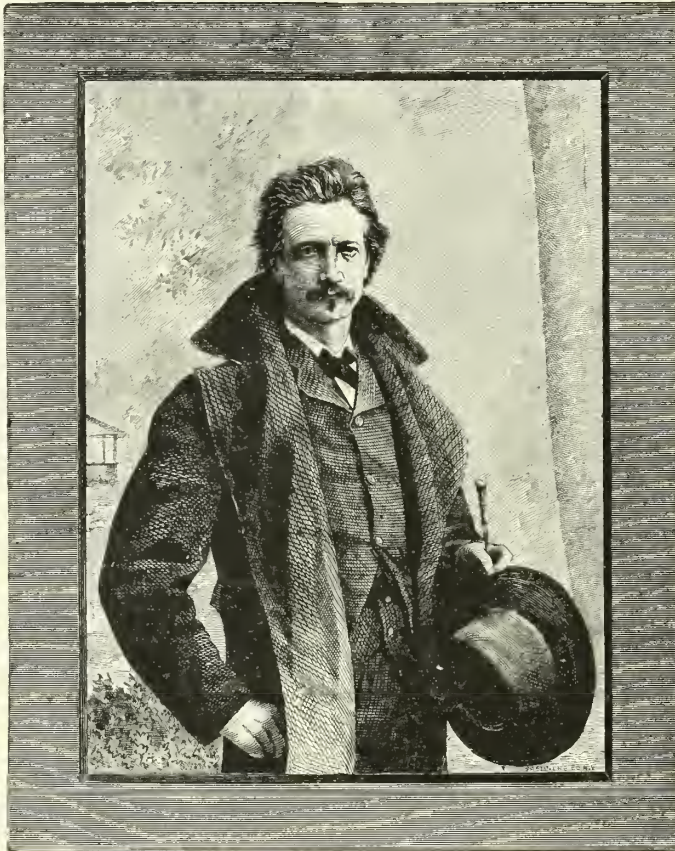
On one side of the painting we see the cattle in their stalls, and on the other the groups of young men and maidens busily engaged in handling the wool, or love-making with many a quip and prank. Over them arches the mouldering, vaulted roof of the old barn. The effect is striking and original, and it is

broadly painted, and treated with much vigor.

Mr. Shirlaw belongs to the latest school of modern art, which handles a subject with an eye to the main effect, sacrificing all details which might disturb the central idea of the composition without mercy.

Another notable work by this artist is called "Toning the Bell." It represents a new church bell just after it has been founded, and while they are putting the quality of its metal to the test.

Still another interesting painting by Mr. Shirlaw, is entitled "Morning." The sun has arisen and a ruddy, plump-armed maiden has just thrown open the barn door and is scattering grain from her apron, to a flock of hurrying fluttering geese, that are hastening forth to the bright meadow land. This is a very attractive and original work, and well represents Mr. Shirlaw's pleasant fancy for painting geese, and the skill he shows in drawing fowls and animals. The difficulties with which he has had to contend in painting these noisy and uneasy birds, illustrates well the earnest perseverance and ingenuity



*Yours Truly,
Walter Shirlaw*

which artists have to employ who paint animals and ships in motion; for neither of these will stand still like a human being, and must, therefore, be literally seized on the wing.

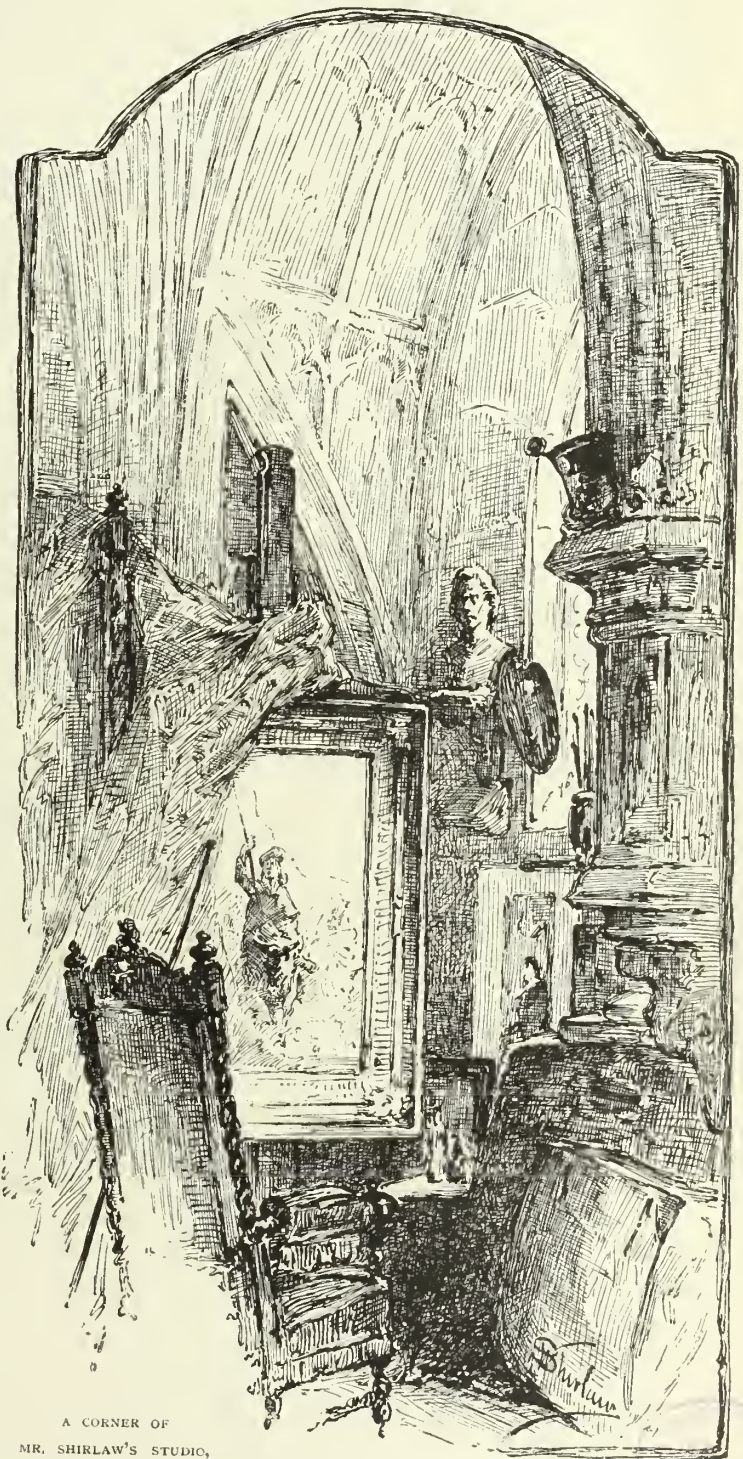
Mr. Shirlaw sometimes gets some one to startle and chase a flock of geese for him, and, as they rush

on pell-mell, half-flying, half-running, mental photographs of the action of the geese are impressed on his memory, and are then recalled at the beck of his fancy when he wishes to paint. He has also sometimes kept several geese in his studio a number of days, and watched their habits when painting them. Often the movements of animals and their habits will unexpectedly show some trait that one looks for in vain when deliberately searching for it, while everyday familiarity with a subject by one who is keenly interested in it may enable one to interpret it on canvas with ease and truth to nature. All the study in the world about ships will not make one a marine painter if he does not naturally love ships, and has not been often to sea in them and helped to sail them.

Rosa Bonheur, the great animal painter of France, engravings of whose "Horse Fair" you may have seen, has often kept a sheep in her studio for weeks and studied its habits, and thus gained that knowledge of it which has enabled her to paint sheep so well.

Mr. Shirlaw has also been quite successful in the painting of dogs, for which he seems to have a liking almost equal to that for geese. But he is even more fortunate in painting the human figure, to which he has given much study. There is a buoyancy, a glow of health, a rich, attractive beauty, a robust coloring, and a vigorous action in the manner in which he renders a young peasant boy or girl which shows that there is nothing morbid in his art, that he works with a mind stored with ideas, and that he has carefully studied the principles of art. In rendering the delicate grays of the skin, also, this painter often shows much feeling and refinement for the more delicate effects of color.

After spending nearly eight years in Munich, and taking a trip to Venice, where he collected some curious old cabi-



A CORNER OF
MR. SHIRLAW'S STUDIO,

UNIVERSITY BUILDING, WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

OUR AMERICAN ARTISTS.

inets and other quaint relics of the past for his studio work, Mr. Shirlaw returned to the United States and once more settled in New York.

He soon received the appointment of professor at the Art Students' League. This is an art association formed in 1877 by a number of enthusiastic young artists who had studied abroad and who, on returning to this country, concluded that they could not receive justice in exhibiting their works at the National Academy, while at the same time their theories and methods in art were different from those of many members of the Academy.

The National Academy of Design was founded early in the century, and has been a very useful institution. Most of our noted artists

have been members of it, or associates, for there are two degrees of membership. One is first elected an associate and adds A. N. A. to his name. As he increases in age and reputation he may be elected after a while to full membership, and then becomes an N. A.,

or National Academician. There are several art associations in the country, but the Academy of New York has up to this time been the most important. Its headquarters are in a handsome building on the corner of

Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. It is built of white and gray marble, in the Venetian or Lombard Gothic style of architecture. A general exhibition is held there every spring, and remains open for two months. It is the great art event of the year.

But for the last few years the Academicians, having had things pretty much their own way for a long time, and many of them having reached the time of life when men find it difficult to change their opinions, it has been rather difficult, sometimes, for artists practicing



YA HO! (Painting by Walter Shirlaw.)

later methods of art to gain either membership or admission for their paintings at the exhibitions. This has caused some ill-feeling, and some of those who had studied in Paris and Munich, and formed their styles on those of foreign artists finally decided

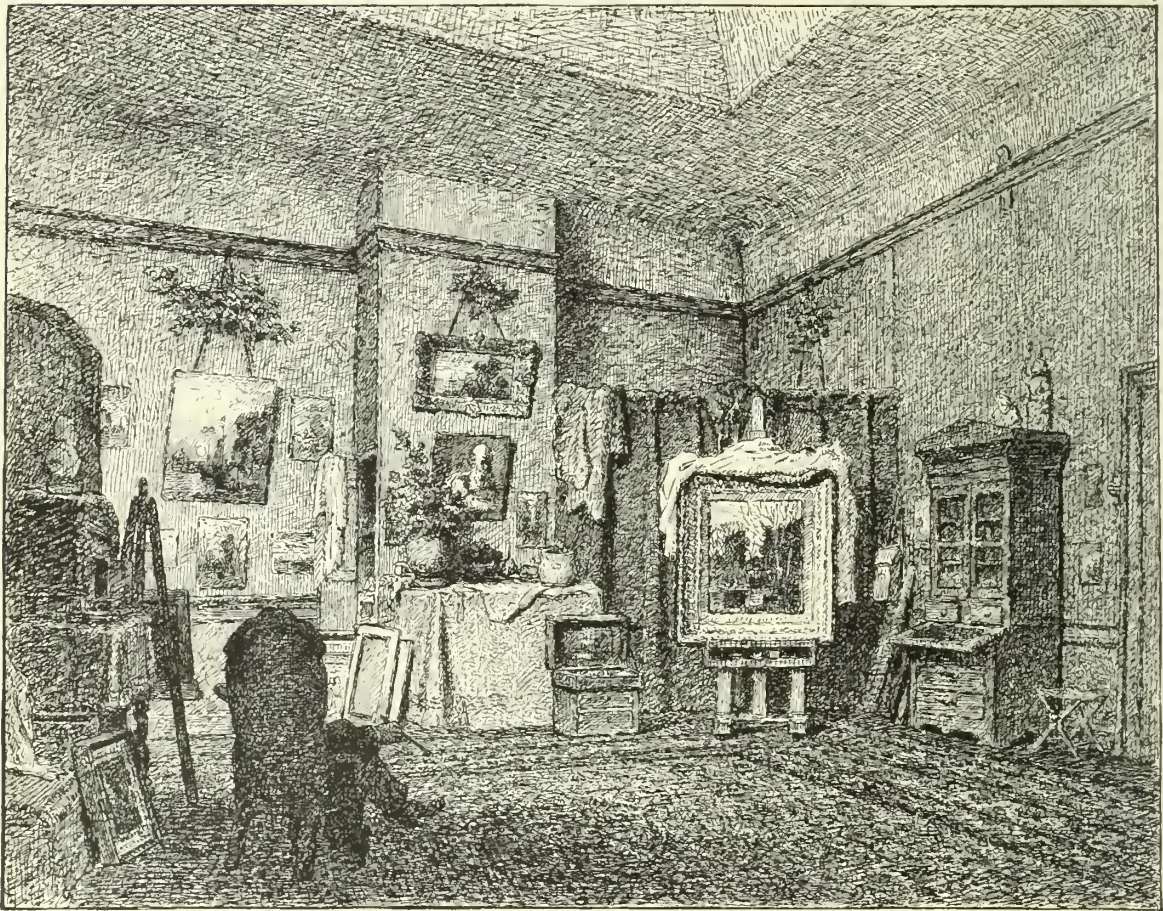
they would establish an art association of their own.

The Art Students' League was the result of this movement. It has already become very flourishing, and has held important exhibitions at the Kurz Gallery, in New York. The rooms of the Association are on Fifth Avenue. A corps of professors give instruction there in drawing, painting and modelling, and already a respectable number of students of both sexes have enrolled themselves there for instruction.

The studio which is now occupied by Mr. Shirlaw is in the University Building on Washington Square. It is a grand old structure, solidly built of granite in Gothic style with towers at each corner and battlements and lancet-shaped windows. It has a labyrinth of winding corridors and halls, and is altogether quite like some rambling historic building in the old world. As its name denotes, it is used as a college for instruction in law and science. But of late years the lodging-rooms have not been occupied by the students, and they have therefore been rented to single gentlemen for lodgings, or turned into studios. In the centre of the building, and rising above the

main roof, was the chapel, which was one of the handsomest halls in New York; it was arched after the style of what is called the Flamboyant Gothic, with painted, heavily-mullioned windows, whose mouldings were supported by angels, and from the ceiling, frescoed with blue and gold, hung massive pendants, ornamented with grotesque lion faces.

This chapel has at last given way to the demands of a corporation that needed money, and has been cut up into rooms. But the ceiling and windows have been left untouched, and thus the upper tier of rooms is roofed by a massive and highly picturesque ceiling that carries the imagination back to mediæval times. These apartments have been recently finished, and form three attractive studios, admirably adapted for drapery, and rich in Rembrandt-like effects of light and shade which are dear to the artist. It is in one of these studios that Mr. Shirlaw is now engaged in painting compositions which shall give pleasure in years to come to those who are still boys and girls, just beginning to take an interest in the art of their native land.



MR. ENNEKING'S STUDIO, HYDE PARK, MASS. (*Drawn by himself.*)

JOHN J. ENNEKING.

THIS artist was born in Minster, Ohio, in 1841, and was the son of a farmer of German descent, whose tastes were naturally opposed to the early inclination shown by his boy for drawing.

One day John sketched an ambitious outline with a bit of charcoal on his father's newly painted barn, and was soundly thrashed by his indignant father, who, it must be confessed, had some reason for his wrath in this case. The village school-master also

failed to take a proper interest in the rude but vigorous scrawls with which the lad covered his slate and school-books; and, instead of seeing in them the promise of artistic beauty, often kept John in after school hours as a penalty for drawing them.

But John's mother rather encouraged his early efforts, discerning a talent which others failed to appreciate, and might have been of great assistance to him by her advice, if she had not died while he

was still a boy, and his father did not long survive him. Mrs. Enneking seems to have been naturally a woman of artistic taste, and was highly respected in the neighborhood in which she lived.

Left thus early an orphan, and also bereft of brothers and sisters, John was brought up by his relations. In his sixteenth year he first saw an oil painting of good quality. He was visiting a friend in Cincinnati, and by accident stumbled into an art exhibition. The impression made upon him was immediate and lasting. Such was the reverence for art which it produced in his mind that he hardly dared to enter an artist's studio, although he resolved that at some time he himself would become a painter. Soon after he was sent to Mt. St. Mary's College, where he was taught the rudiments of drawing.

On the breaking out of the civil war John enlisted in a Western regiment, and served for a little over a year. He was in the thickest of the fight and had only a hair-breadth escape. But he did not always get off so easily; for he was several times wounded, and carries with him to this day the scars won in that most interesting period of his checkered life.

In the year 1864 Mr. Enneking, having done his share in preserving the nation, went to New York to take art lessons, and drifted thence to Boston where he sought instruction from Professor Richardson. By his advice he now learned to draw on stone, and followed lithography until he found it weakened his eyes. Supposing that the same result would also be caused by painting, and now quite discouraged in the prospect of making art a life profession, Mr. Enneking returned to the business he had learned before the breaking out of the war — the manufacture of tin-ware.

He did so well in this pursuit that he was soon able to become a partner in a wholesale establishment. But reverses followed, and he not only lost every cent but was also plunged deep in debt. No circumstances could seem more adverse to success in art. But now it was that, by the advice of his wife, who seemed to understand what was really his vocation, Mr. Enneking returned to the pursuit of art as a life profession; although it was only after many struggles that he at last began to see success looming ahead.

For several years he worked in pastel or colored crayons; but, finally, betook himself to oil painting. His business experience now stood him in good

stead and enabled him to find a good sale for his work, and he settled in Hyde Park near Boston, and built himself a house there.

Soon after, taking his wife and two children with him, Mr. Enneking went to Europe, travelling through France, Switzerland, Italy and Germany, and studying the art of those countries. In Munich he spent seven months in the studios of two of the leading landscape painters there, Schleich and Lier; while in Paris he not only studied landscape with the great painter Daubigny, but also became a pupil of the celebrated figure painter, Bonnât, under whose instruction Mr. Enneking gained much vigor and freshness in his art, and learned to aid his landscapes by the addition of genre and cattle.

In 1878 Mr. Enneking again went abroad, spending six months sketching in Holland and renewing his impressions of foreign art. Considering the time he has spent in painting, he has been one of our most successful painters, both in the quality of his works and the favor they have received. His style is fresh and vigorous, and he excels in producing effects of light. Some of the scenes suggested by his life in Paris are very luminous and true in color.

Mr. Enneking is also successful in drawing and painting the figure from living models, a method of which I will tell you more in another paper; while the cattle he introduces into some of his pictures add much to their interest.

It would be very natural if such a varied career as that of Mr. Enneking's were attended with incident and adventure; and such has been the case, not only in the war but also in his art experience. Among other stories we might relate what happened to him one day when he was sketching in Switzerland. Perhaps it is better to let him tell it in his own words.

"One fine morning I took my traps and ascended a steep mountain path, and followed it for some three miles, when I came to a level clearing which afforded me a splendid view of the surrounding snow-capped mountain peaks. After enjoying the glorious scene for a short time I chose my subject, and then set to work with a will to transfer it to canvas. In a few hours, when the sketch was about finished, the effect changed, clouds covering the mountains. In the hope that the clouds would soon lift again, I took my sketch book and went up a little way on a hillside, in order to take a hasty outline of another view.

"I was scarcely twenty minutes about it, and then returned to my easel and oil sketch which I had left standing below.

"But you can imagine my surprise and consternation to find my sketch completely rubbed out and, on examining it, it seemed as though a large brush had been used to accomplish the ruin. My brushes were strewn in all directions, and my palette was almost all cleaned of paint.

"I looked in all directions but could not discover any living thing. I was completely dumbfounded. It could not have been a wild animal, for I was in full sight of the place the whole time. What could it have been? Who could it have been? I puzzled my brain over the mystery for some time and was at last ready to believe there might be something in spiritualism.

"The loss of that sketch provoked me in spite of the mystery; for I had succeeded in securing such cloud effect as it had seldom been my luck to witness. I repaired the mischief as well as I could; but for the first time since my boyhood felt uneasy, as though there were unseen dangers surrounding me. I did not make a whole day of it, but by the middle of the afternoon was on my way down the valley again.

"Judge of my surprise, when, after I had descended about half a mile, I came across a flock of goats with the most brilliant whiskers, and faces well tattooed

with all the colors of the rainbow. They eyed me as innocently as though they were my best friends, and had not been up in the clearing raising Ned. I had seen them near the place when I ascended in the morning, but never suspected them, and can hardly see now how they could do so much mischief so quickly and in such a quiet way.

"The ludicrous sight they presented put me in such good spirits that, half-way down the mountain, I halted and made one of the best sketches of the season."

Mr. Enneking met with another amusing adventure when he was at Venice, where he has taken the studies for some of his most effective paintings. There is something about the dreamy atmosphere, the picturesquely decorated sails of the fishing craft lazily floating on the blue waters of the lagoons, and the superb outlines of the crumbling palaces and domes and towers of the queen city of the Adriatic, haunted with the romantic stories and the memory of the pageants of other days, which

seems to have had a congenial influence over the fancy of this Western artist, who had wandered hither from the newly-settled and unhistoric prairies of Ohio. The poetic elements of his nature have never found a more congenial theme than Venice, which has inspired the pen and the brush of many another poet and painter.



John J. Enneking

OUR AMERICAN ARTISTS.

After sketching several months in the City of the
ges, Mr. Enneking took a trip down the Adriatic
st as far as Chioggia, forty miles south of Venice,
v a fishing port, but celebrated in olden time for a
ous strife called the War of Chioggia. There he
k a fishing boat and sailed towards Aquiloja,
ng a bold and rugged shore. At last he came to
eadland which seemed to offer a a good prospect,
so, leaving the boat with the fishermen, he

sprung on land and started up a winding ravine that
led him among some exceedingly barren and deso-
late but picturesque rocks which overhung the sea.

After climbing briskly some distance, he was sud-
denly surprised by a brace of rough-looking men
who sprung upon him from behind a sharp ledge,
rushing rapidly towards him, violently gesticulating
and yelling together in a rough jargon he could not
understand.



WINTER TWILIGHT NEAR HYDE PARK. (From charcoal drawing by Mr. Enneking.)

When he discovered a third man springing after
m, fiercely brandishing a club, Mr. Enneking nat-
ally supposed, as a matter of course, that these
n were ruffians, perhaps brigands, such as abound
some parts of Italy, and that they intended to rob
perhaps murder him. Impressed by this idea he
led his sketching stool at one of them, who
dged it and tumbled head foremost into a bramble
sh. The bewildered artist then dealt the other

man a terrible blow with his umbrella. Instead of
resisting him the two men fled down the hill ; but he
now had the third one to deal with, for he attacked
Mr. Enneking in a manner that soon brought them
to close quarters. Clenching each other by the
throat, the two men were in a minute struggling for
life and death on the ground.

It was a very serious and critical moment. But, at
that instant, the mystery was solved and the fight

OUR AMERICAN ARTISTS.

checked by a fearful explosion that shook the earth, while a shower of stones fell around them. It was a blast going off close at hand, and these seeming robbers were simply honest laborers, who had been trying to keep him from rushing into a peril that might have cost him his life. Before leaving he gave the men a few pence each, to indemnify them for his

rather rough resistance to their well-meant violence.

Mr. Enneking is now settled in the village of Hyde Park near Boston, where he has both his dwelling-house and his studio. Reaping the benefits of careful observation, both in the studio and the open air, his works show a loving and reverent appreciation of the beautiful world in which we live.



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



Faun,' says that Mr. Brown is 'an artist who has studied Nature with such tender love that she takes him to her intimacy, enabling him to reproduce her in landscapes that seem the reality of a better earth, and yet are but the truth of the very scenes around us, observed by the painter's insight, and interpreted for us by his skill. By his magic the moon throws her light far out of the picture, and the crimson of the summer night absolutely glimmers on the beholder's face.'"

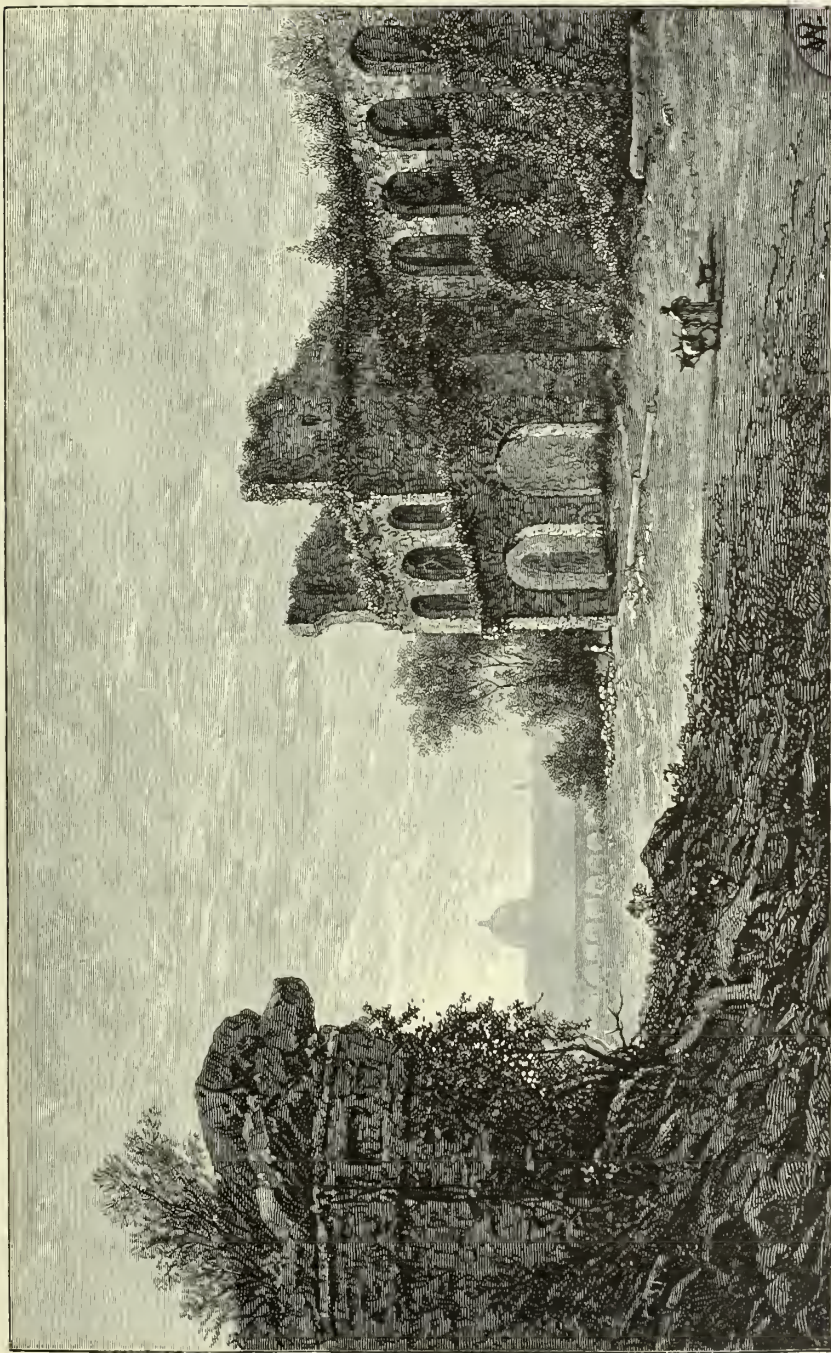
Among Mr. Brown's patrons are the Prince of Wales; the Prince Borghese, of Rome; Lady Cremorne, of London; ex-Governors John A. Dix, Rodman, and Fairbanks; the late A. T. Stewart, of New York, and Alvin Adams, of Boston; and Samuel C. Hooper and T. G. Appleton, of the latter city. Mr. George L. Clough, of Boston, owns his "Lake of Nemi." This work, and "The Temple of Peace," are beautiful and representative.

The well-known painter of domestic animals, Mr. JAMES H. BEARD, was born in Buffalo, New York, in 1814. His father became a farmer in Painesville, Ohio, and died when James was eleven years old. A traveling portrait-painter arrived in that village, and inspired the boy with visions of being an artist. When the traveler, who had charged the inhabitants from ten to fifteen dollars apiece for pictures of themselves, took his departure, the aspirant whom he left behind him entered the same profession, and gained a greater success, because his price for a portrait was not more than five dollars, and in many cases only three. Concerning these early productions, Mr. Beard says, "They were strong likenesses, but not particularly flattering." As orders increased, the charges also became larger: for a portrait with a hand in it—the hand usually resting quietly on the back of a chair, and holding a book, inscribed in yellow letters on the back, "Watts's Hymns"—he asked fifteen dollars, the highest known price in that region for such works.

The horizon of Painesville in the backwoods was really as wide as that of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, whither, in his seventeenth year, Mr. Beard went in search of customers, but its area was less promising. Pittsburg, however, did not meet the expectations of the young artist. Its people, it seemed to him, did not care for art. Like Theodore Thomas, he journeyed to Cincinnati,

with this difference—the musician had money enough to pay for transportation, the painter was compelled to work his passage. The *Cincinnati Commercial* recently proposed to take the New York Philharmonic Society, as well as the conductor of that organization. “We have plenty of room in the settin’ sun,” it said; “the society can grow up with the country. Send it on.” No such enthusiasm greeted the Ohioan on his return to the State where his boyhood had been spent. The country had not yet grown up to him. He traveled from place to place on the Ohio River; but finally, about the year 1835, retraced his steps to Cincinnati, “desperate,” he says, “and determined to find work of some sort.” In one of his rambles (narrates a biographer in Appletons’ *Art Journal*) “he passed a chair-maker’s shop, and, going back, asked for a job of chair-painting. He asked for that kind of work, as he considered it in his line. He felt that, although he was a poor portrait-painter, he might make a fair chair-painter. On asking for work, the ‘boss’ said he wanted ‘a grounder,’ and questioned young Beard in regard to his experience. He answered, although ‘a grounder’ was Greek to him, that he was fully competent, and was engaged on trial, to begin as ‘a grounder’ the next morning. His first business now was to find out the rudiments of his new profession by actual observation. To do this, he at once took a seat in the shop, and closely watched the ‘grounder’ as he worked, and by night had mastered the theory of the work. When he went to his boarding-house, however, he says, to perfect himself in the practice of swinging the brush, he secured an old duster, and went to work at a chair. His room-mate thought he was crazy, but he persevered, and in a few hours made up his mind that he had at least learned the rudiments of the trade. The next morning he went to the shop, and astonished his boss by the speed with which he worked. He remained in this shop several months, and earned a dollar and a half a day, which was good pay at that time. He was very economical, and with his savings bought a new set of artist’s materials, new clothing, and, what was his chief pride at the time, a new cloth cloak with a velvet collar.”

Throwing over his shoulders the new cloth coat with a velvet collar, he set out a second time for Pittsburg. Why should not Pittsburg serve him as well, at least, as Cincinnati had done? On his first visit to each city the reception had been alike unpropitious. For some reason, however, Pittsburg



THE TEMPLE OF PEACE.
From a Painting by George Loring Brown.

WESTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

again refused to respond. He left it for Louisville, Kentucky; he left Louisville for New Orleans; he left New Orleans for his old home in Cincinnati; and, after spending several years, and painting the portraits of General Harrison, President Taylor, Henry Clay, and other notable citizens, he left Cincinnati in 1846 for New York. He became one of the founders of the Century Club, and received from Mr. George W. Austin seven hundred and fifty dollars for his picture, "The North Carolina Emigrants"—at that time the largest sum of money ever paid for an American painting. There was something in Cincinnati that secured his allegiance to that city. He returned there in a few years, bringing with him an honorary degree from the National Academy of Design. "The Alexander Stock-Farm" was painted in 1867; and Mr. Beard's first dog-picture—he has since produced many such pictures—soon afterward. It is entitled "The Poor Relations." In 1870 Mr. Beard changed his residence to New York City, and began to paint the series of representations of dogs and cats which have made his name known in almost every city in the Union.

With some persons the interest of dogs and cats depends upon the supposed resemblance between the moral qualities of these creatures and of human beings; and the Rev. J. G. Wood, whose book, entitled "Man and Animals, here and hereafter," is an elaborate and curious attempt to prove that animals have souls, may be considered as their representative. These persons see in their favorite beasts the reflex of themselves; and the most of them like dogs better than cats because they regard the latter to be less human than the former. Even in the domain of art-criticism this dogma has exerted an influence; Mr. Bellars, for example, in his recent pleasant if not very thorough disquisition on "The Fine Arts and their Uses," gravely asserts that "animals may stir our feelings, not by physical perfections only, but also by moral qualities, which, in a higher development, lie at the root of our own essential being." That is to say, we sympathize with these creatures partly because they are made in our own moral image. It is natural to suppose that an animal-painter, who held such views, would be tempted to magnify the resemblances which he believed to exist, and to give us, in his delineations of dogs and cats, horses, and wild beasts, imperfect reproductions of human expressions and attitudes. In the Academy Exhibition of 1878 in

New York, Mr. Beard was represented by a picture of two dogs, which he called "Don Quixote and Sancho Panza," and into the faces of which he had endeavored to convey some of the more striking intellectual and moral traits of those Spanish heroes. The name that he applied to this canvas probably emphasizes his views on the subject; but his previous works were sufficient to show what those views are. In Mr. Beard's eyes the true value of dogs and cats to an artist is their human possibilities. He likes to paint these potentialities. He looks upon animals, doubtless, with a reverential affection akin to that of the Rev. J. G. Wood, and he deals with them with as lively and absorbing an interest as does Mr. J. G. Brown with his groups of boot-blacks and other street Arabs. He discerns in them the moral qualities "which lie at the root of our own essential being;" and, so far as cats and dogs are concerned, his opinions and experiences can perhaps best be described by those of a modern essayist, who says: "Cats and dogs are, of course, the most satisfactory pets that can be found under ordinary circumstances, and, with all deference to those who admire the independence and indifference to human affairs of the cat-nature, we are inclined to think that the nearer a cat approaches to the dog's nature the more agreeable it is as a friend. For instance, a cat which, like one we have known, will walk up and down a terrace outside a country-house with an inmate of the house while he smokes, is obviously a more convenient acquaintance than one that will merely accept the homage of a crowd of admirers with lazy content. Cats, however, are frequently unjustly accused of indifference and absence of affection. Among the better kind of them, it is not so much that they have no affection as that they disdain to show it except on rare occasions. In cases of illness they have been known to wait for hours outside the sufferer's room" (with somewhat of the emotions of the dog-mourners in the picture by Mr. Beard which we have engraved), "and to refuse all comfort until they are admitted to learn for themselves how things are progressing. No doubt cats are less constant in their friendship than dogs, less ready to make a new acquaintance, and less willing to admit persons outside their own family circle to their friendship. In this matter dogs of any fine intellect are singularly gracious. We have the honor of knowing a Skye terrier and a Pomeranian whose recollection of a former friendship of some months is so constant



THE MOURNERS.

From a Painting by James II. Beard.



that, no matter whether a day or a year intervene between our meetings, we are always received with expressions of delight, which in both cases are almost hysterical, and in that of the Pomeranian threaten to bring on a fit." "We have the honor of knowing a Skye terrier," that, we should say, is, as far as it goes, an exact transcript of Mr. Beard's views.

There are persons, however, both writers and painters, who recognize in a cat's or dog's nature something distinct and generically different from their own. When writing about the finest of these animals, they take care to describe them as not human, and to draw the lines of definition. When painting them they delineate dog and cat life, dogs' and cats' faces, but disdain even to suggest a human relationship. They believe, in the first place, that a beast's nature is essentially different from a man's; and, in the second place, that to confound the two would be inartistic as well as untrue—inartistic, because in violation of the laws of homogeneity. Within the limits of the beast's nature they find ample scope for the constructive imagination; within those limits they are able to disport themselves to the fullness of their desire. In the mingling, blending, or composing, of the two natures, they detect the presence of intellectual weakness and color-blindness; what God has disjoined they wish no man to put in juxtaposition. "Why," they ask, "should cats and dogs be made to ape the manners of their superiors when their own manners so much better become them and speak for them? And why need an artist lay himself open to the charge of being incapacitated to discern and to represent the specific nature of a dog? Everything is beautiful in its season, but a man-dog is always unseasonable. Give us the dog as he is," they say; "he is a very noble brute; his character is more varied, subtile, and pleasing, than scores of his so-called betters. Study it well, and you will see that it is."

Mr. Beard indisputably has studied it much, and his pictures are very popular.

Mr. J. APPLETON BROWN was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, on the 12th of July, 1844. In 1867 and 1868 he studied with Lambinet, the French landscape-painter. The year 1874 also he spent in Paris. His works are

landscapes. To the *Salon* of 1875 he contributed two views of Dives, on the French coast. In the summer of 1878 he exhibited a collection of nineteen of his pictures in Doyle's Gallery in Boston. "A visit to Mr. Appleton Brown's studio," says a writer in Appletons' *Art Journal*, "shows us a wall covered with brilliant sketches. He renders his impressions of Nature through great masses of light and shade, rich color, with here and there in significant positions firm and precise outline, or solid, definite drawing. Here are gnarled and bent fruit-trees standing on exposed hill-sides, whose twisted branches are in one portion strongly indicated, and in another vanishing into the misty silhouette of the tree. You see a stunted greensward in the same picture reflecting the heat of a summer sky, or the mist and dampness hug the grass where its pale color rises faintly against an old, dark undergrowth at twilight. In one picture Mr. Appleton Brown has put upon his canvas some stray young willows, whose gawky, rambling arms are thrust out at all points and in various directions, with their thin, scant foliage on the tips of the twigs, that look like fingers, suggesting the thought of dryad transformations where the spirit of some poor soul still lingered under its painful body:

‘Yet latent life through her new branches reigned,
And long the plant a human heat retained.’

"Mr. Appleton Brown has a charming picture called 'Apple-Blossoms,' and in it is shown the same tender love of Nature. Round young trees, with their outlines melting into a misty atmosphere, appear the young shoots of branches decked with the pure, filmy pink of the delicate flowers. The trunks are not yet old, nor bent, nor moss-grown, but they are the healthy young trees of orchards such as are so often found in sheltered nooks and in the hollows of New England pasture-land, where the low granite hills, with no better growth than juniper and thin grass, protect the fruit-trees, and the kitchen-garden with its vegetables, from the piercing and destructive salt-winds of the sea. The ground here is soft, and often through its spongy surface little brooks creep along lazily to find an outlet somewhere, or they lose themselves in the earth. Other pictures are of the poorly salt-meadows near the sea—places so remote from the ocean that the tide never overflows them, except at spring and autumn floods; but the small creeks are flooded in their half-hidden



THE UPPER MERRIMAC.

From a Painting by J. Appleton Brown.



courses twice a day from the ocean, and long, coarse marsh-grass draggles its heads in the black muck when the creek is empty.

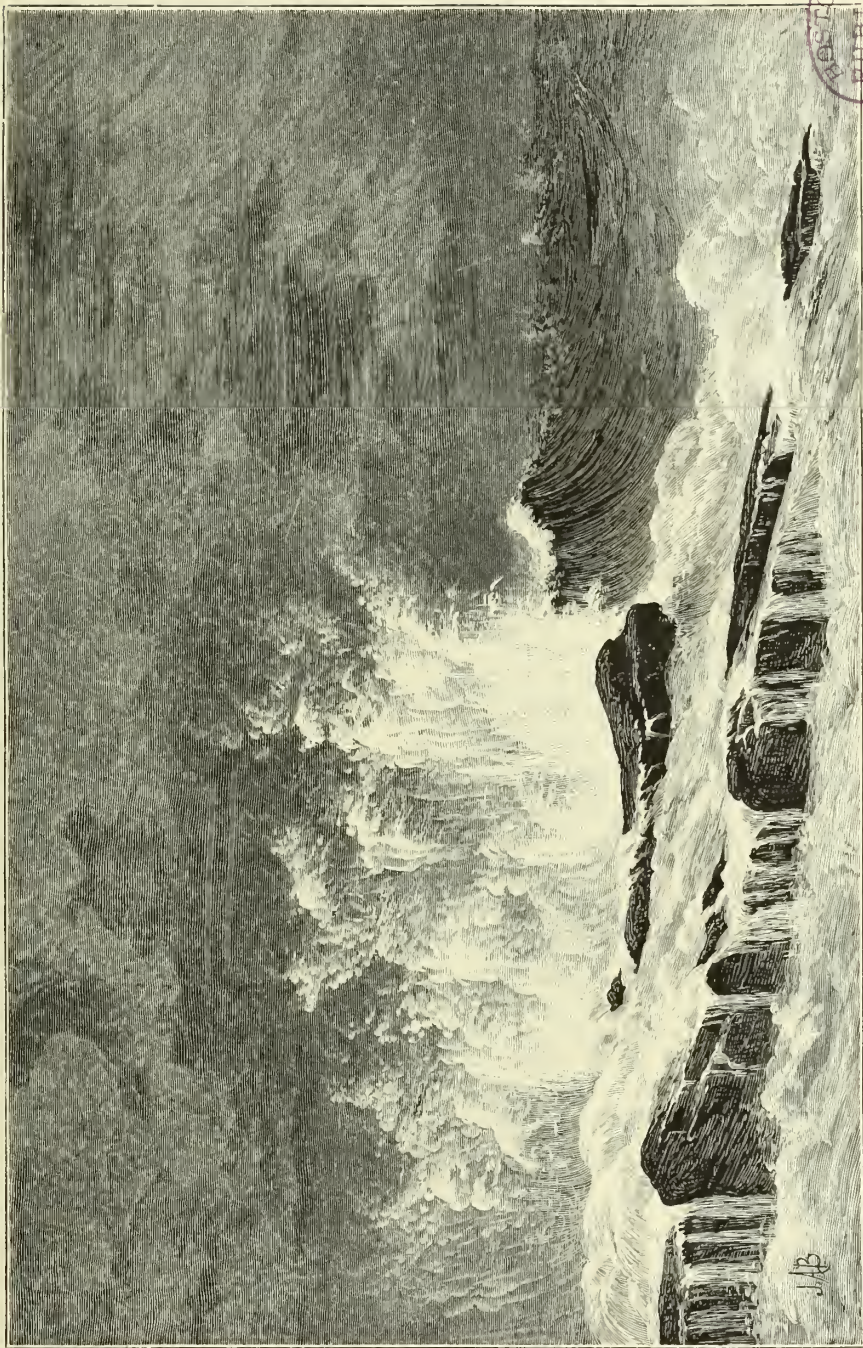
“ But it is not alone in these nooks and corners about Newburyport that Mr. Appleton Brown finds his inspiration, for two or three large canvases are filled by scenes of wild ocean-storms. Darkness, and clouds, and wind, drive in with the great, green waves that come up and break over rock and sand. He has caught the cold, green color of the sea ; but it is not for its beauty as a pigment that his color impresses the imagination most powerfully, fine though the hues, but the tints are an expression of the weight, the density, and the mass, of the water—of the sea in its great throes of fury. Mr. Appleton Brown is a true artist in spirit, and in his painting is entirely separate from the worldly considerations of what subjects will be popular or will take the market. His pictures are a matter of conscience with him, and, though he has a fine and true eye for color, he uses it always, as in the sea-waves we have described, not for its sensuous charm, nor yet as a showy palette, but each tint of blue or white, green or scarlet, is so important on his canvas to carry out his ideas and purposes, that even where we feel the richness and harmony of his tones, the amateur cannot fail to recognize them as used to carry out a thought or a suggestion, and not, as is too often the case with painters, being laid on from vain display, or from the fascination of their sensuous beauty. Mannerism is totally absent from his work ; and whether he draws the details of a tree with pre-Raphaelite care, or slurs into shapeless masses the paint upon his canvas, it is always the scene that is in his mind he endeavors to evolve, and not to make a pedantic display of his own knowledge of painting. His aims as a painter have already met with a responsive sympathy from some of the most cultivated and appreciative persons in his neighborhood. His first considerable commission was from Mr. Thomas G. Appleton, so widely known from his wit, his writings, and his love of art. Mr. Martin Brimmer, one of the great, energetic lovers and promoters of painting in the United States, and a gentleman of the highest education and culture, is also the owner of a fine picture by Mr. Appleton Brown ; while Ernest Longfellow, the artist, and a son of the poet, also possesses a picture of his.”

Though Mr. Appleton Brown studied with Lambinet, his works betray the influence of Corot. Some of his drawings in black-and-white are exceedingly

impressive, rich in the fleeting beauties of light and air, and full of tenderness and sweet mystery. A series of them will be published in Appletons' *Art Journal* for 1879. Professor Barrett, in his lectures before the London Institute, has shown the existence of an analogy between color and music—a relationship between the vibrating pitch of color and the vibrating pitch of sound. Certainly there is color in these sketches made with the crayon; perhaps it is not stretching language too far to say that there is music in them.

MR. FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH was born in Baltimore, Maryland, on the 23d of October, 1838. He belongs to a family of artists. His great-grandfather, Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was an amateur in water-colors; his grandfather, Judge Joseph Hopkinson, was the first President of the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, and also an amateur painter; and his father, though not an artist, was at least the cause of one. When a boy, Mr. Smith began to paint, and he has been painting more or less ever since, whenever he has had the leisure to do so. At the age of sixteen years he went into business, but since that time it has been his habit to devote to the fine arts two days in every week, and two summer months in every year. He has made thousands of sketches and studies in the open air, the greater number of them in charcoal, a material for which he has an especial fondness. His well-known "Franconia Notch," a wilderness of scenery—rocks piled up among fallen timber in early morning—was originally a charcoal-sketch. His "Under the Leaves," an effect of light streaming along and above a wood-path under the trees, is owned by Mr. W. D. Sloane, of New York City. He was an early member of the American Water-Color Society, and is now its treasurer. He is a member of the Etching Club, and was a member of various important committees during the Loan Exhibition of the Society of Decorative Art in the National Academy of Design in 1877.

To the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia Mr. Smith sent a large water-color drawing entitled "In the Darkling Wood, amid the Cool and Silence," which was bought by a gentleman of Chicago. His "Cool Spot" in the forest—a brook winding out and spreading itself into a pool in which are the reflections of trees and rocks—is in the gallery of Mr. John Jacob Astor, of New



STORM AT THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

From a Painting by J. Appleton Brown.





ON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

The [illegible]



YONK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

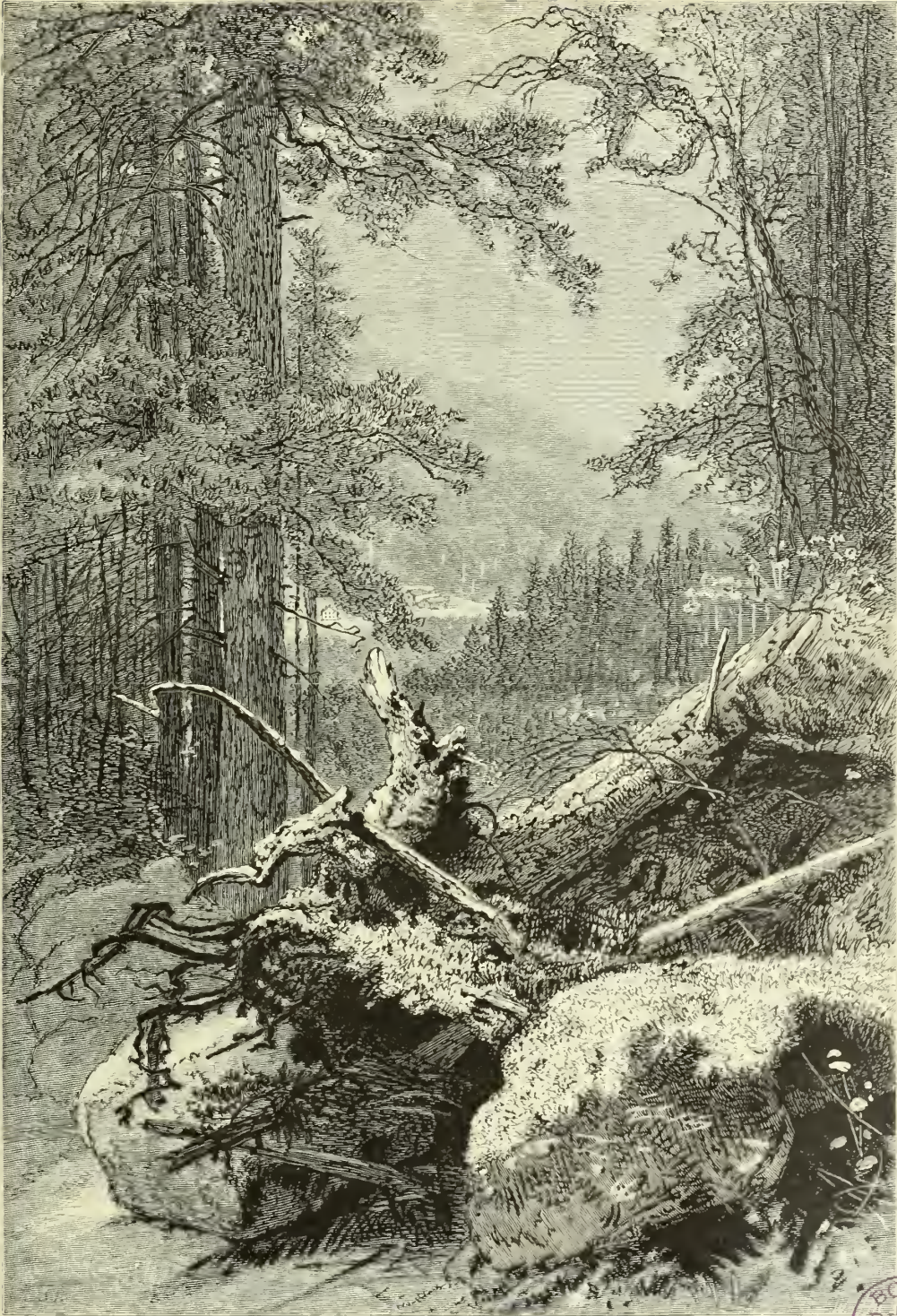
York City. His "Lonely Road," a path leading through the woods, the whole very gray-toned, belongs to Mr. George C. Clark. Another work of his is "The Old Smithy," on a hot August morning, in a misty, hazy atmosphere. A reviewer of the American Water-Color Society's exhibition in 1877 in Appletons' *Art Journal* says: "Mr. Hopkinson Smith is seen at his strongest in charcoal, in which he excels, but his 'Looking seaward' is a well-balanced composition, and not devoid of landscape meaning, with perchance a slight want of aërial feeling. His 'Old Smithy' is likewise a good example, vigorous, broad, and picturesque, although the artist runs the risk of diffusiveness by working over such large surfaces. Many of the drawings in the exhibition are sweet and pleasant, but simply deficient in the main requisites of works of art and faltering in execution. This does not apply to Mr. Hopkinson Smith's charcoals, which are admirable—the more so that their artist ranks as an amateur—and assert their power and equality even from the altitude to which most of them have been raised. They display on Mr. Smith's part a sincere feeling for Nature and a comprehension of variety in landscape, which in other parts of the exhibition is not seldom conspicuous by its absence. 'Bald-Mountain Rocks,' 'A Mountain Pasture,' and 'Under the Leaves,' are all distinct in character. The first mentioned of these is the most complete as a composition by reason of its simplicity; the second named has a deficiency of color, which suggests winter; and the latter might be improved by a closer study of tree-form. It is easy, however, to discover flaws, and Mr. Smith's love for art will probably lead him onward."

Mr. Smith is not only seen at his strongest in charcoal, but he prefers charcoal to lead, to oils, or to water-colors. Doubtless he would not go so far as to call color in a picture a defect and a hinderance, as the elder Kaulbach calls it; but he certainly would assent heartily to the most appreciative estimates of landscape-drawing in charcoal—to this estimate, for example: "The process possesses precious advantages for the skilled draughtsman. It combines some of the characteristics of painting with all those proper to drawing with chalk, great felicity, richness of color, and unusual freedom. Besides these merits, *paysage au fusain* has something which may, for want of a better name, be called pathetic in the sobriety, breadth, and severity, of its peculiar aspect. Sentiment is not, of course, to be had ready made by this process,

but every one familiar with its results will admit that it lends itself to pathetic touches, and assists in their expression ; that its deep shadows are rich and soft as velvet, and its high and atmospheric lights aerial and translucent as a summer cloud."

Mr. THOMAS MORAN was born in Bolton, Lancashire, England, on the 12th of January, 1837. In his seventh year he came to this country with his parents, and in his eighteenth year was apprenticed to a wood-engraver in Philadelphia. He studied water-color art without a teacher, and made some successful pictures. His first oil-painting was a subject from Shelley's poem "Alastor." In 1862 he visited England, and paid especial attention to Turner's landscapes ; in 1866 he again went to England, and gave his time to the old masters in the English galleries, and in France and Italy. The next year he returned to America, and in 1871 accompanied Professor Hayden's exploring expedition to the Yellowstone River, where he made the sketches which he afterward used in painting his celebrated "Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone"—a work for which the United States Government paid him ten thousand dollars. Of Major J. W. Powell's expedition to the cañon of the Colorado he was a member in 1873 ; and his picture of the "Cañon of the Colorado" also was purchased by the Government for ten thousand dollars. The next year he painted his "Mountain of the Holy Cross," from original studies. Other works of his are "The Last Arrow," "The Ripening of the Leaf," "Dreamland," "The Groves were God's First Temples," "The Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior," "The Conemaugh in Autumn," "The First Ship," "The Flight into Egypt," "The Remorse of Cain," "The Children of the Mountain," "The Track of the Storm," and "The Pons de Leon, Florida," which is in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington. His wife is also an accomplished artist.

A critic who saw Mr. Moran's "Mountain of the Holy Cross" during its exhibition in New York in April, 1875, wrote concerning it as follows : "To the technical merits of Mr. Moran's work the highest praise may be awarded. The foreground is charmingly painted, the color is unusually pure and truthful, the rocks have all the solidity of Nature, the foliage is crisp and well defined, and there is motion in the water. At the same time, the aerial per-



A GLIMPSE OF FRANCONIA NOTCH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

From a Painting by Francis Hopkinson Smith.

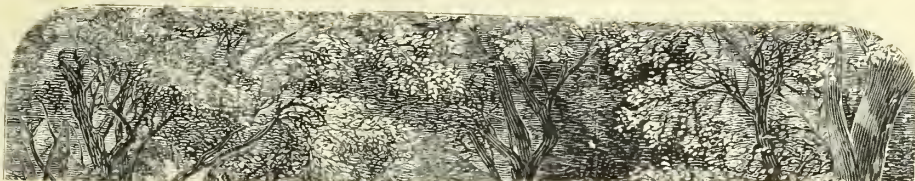


p. 122.

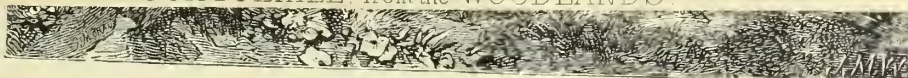
spective has been managed with so much skill that the spectator really feels as if the grand mountain, on which shines the glittering cross, were many miles away. In its general treatment, 'The Mountain of the Holy Cross' reminds us strongly of the studies of Calame, that almost unrivaled painter of wild mountain-scenery, though at the same time we fully recognize the fact that Mr. Moran's work bears the unmistakable stamp of originality, and we think that it will unquestionably take rank as one of the finest examples of American landscape-art that has yet been produced. Mr. Moran may well be proud of a work exhibiting so much technical skill, combined with such noble simplicity and even severity of treatment; and all who take an interest in the progress of American art must gratefully recognize the fact that at last we have among us an artist eminently capable of interpreting the sentiment of our wilder mountain-scenery in a style commensurate with its grandeur and beauty." This picture is in the gallery of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. Mr. Moran is a member of the Society of American Artists. He is extremely felicitous in selecting his subjects, and in bringing them within the conditions of pictorial treatment; he has a fine sense of the mysterious world of light and shade, and of the color and the glory of Nature; and he has studied Turner probably longer and more faithfully than any other American artist. In a conversation with the present writer he said: "Turner is a great artist, but he is not understood, because both painters and the public look upon his pictures as transcriptions of Nature. He certainly did not so regard them. All that he asked of a scene was simply how good a medium it was for making a picture; he cared nothing for the scene itself. Literally speaking, his landscapes are false; but they contain his impressions of Nature, and so many natural characteristics as were necessary adequately to convey that impression to others. The public does not estimate the quality of his work by his best paintings, but by his latest and crazier ones, in which realism is entirely thrown overboard. 'The Fighting Téméraire,' for example, which even Ruskin praises so extravagantly, is the most inharmonious, crude, and disagreeable, of all his productions. Its merit lies only in its plan and composition. I think that one of his best pictures is the 'Crossing the Brook,' in the London National Gallery; it is simple, quiet, gray in color; the harmonies of its grays are wonderful. It is perhaps the most suggestive of Claude

of all his canvases. His aim is parallel with the greatest poets who deal not with literalism or naturalism, and whose excellence cannot be tested by such a standard. He tries to combine the most beautiful natural forms and the most beautiful natural colors, irrespective of the particular place he is presenting. He generalizes Nature always; and so intense was his admiration for color that everything else was subservient to that. He would falsify the color of any object in his picture in order to produce what he considered to be an harmonious whole. In other words, he sacrificed the literal truth of the parts to the higher truth of the whole. And he was right. Art is not Nature; an aggregation of ten thousand facts may add nothing to a picture, but be rather the destruction of it. The literal truth counts for nothing; it is within the grasp of any one who has had an ordinary art-education. The mere restatement of an external scene is never a work of art, is never a picture. What a picture is, I cannot define any more than I can define poetry. We know a poem when we read it, and we know a picture when we see it; but the latter is even less capable of definition than the former.

“My pictures vary so much that even artists who are good judges do not recognize them from year to year. Two years ago I sent to the National Academy Exhibition some gray pictures, altogether unlike my previous work. My life, so far, has been a series of experiments, and, I suppose, will be until I die. I never painted a picture that was not the representation of a distinct impression from Nature. It seems to me that the bane of American art is that our artists paint for money, and repeat themselves, so that in many instances you can tell the parentage of a picture the moment you look at it. It is not true that the public require such a repetition on the part of the artist. Men who are constantly rehashing themselves do so from sheer inability to do otherwise. There is a lack of that genuine enthusiasm among our artists without which no great work can be produced. I believe that an artist's personal characteristics may be told from his pictures. Who wouldn't know, for example, that Frederick E. Church is a man of refinement? His works are full of refinement—refinement in touch, delicacy of form, delicacy of color. If a man's studio is simply a manufactory of paintings, which shall tickle the ignorant in art; if he is continually repeating himself in order to sell his pictures more rapidly or easily, this fact will convey itself to every



SCHUYLKILL, from the "WOODLANDS"



A GLIMPSE OF THE WISSAHICKON.





THE WISSAHICKON AT CHESTNUT HILL.





FOR
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



ROSLY
PUBLIC
LIBRARY





DREAM-LAND.
From a Painting by Thomas Moran.



intelligent mind. The pleasure a man feels will go into his work, and he cannot have pleasure in being a mere copyist of himself—in producing paintings which are not the offspring of his own fresh and glowing impressions of Nature. At the present time there is a revival in American art. Our young men who have been studying in Europe are fully as accomplished as their masters. They understand the *technique* of their art just as well. It now remains for them to show whether or not they possess invention, originality, the poetic impulse, the qualities which constitute a painter. I myself think they are a most hopeful lot. Some of them make a mistake, I think, in setting up a living artist for a model, and imitating him, when only time can test his true value. The grand old painters, whose worth the centuries have attested, are overlooked. The fountain-head of inspiration is ignored. Not only is it a modern man that is set up, but often a second or third rate modern man. The Shakespeares, the Dantes, and the Homers of art are forgotten. Of course, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian, did not treat modern themes, and therefore in certain respects are not so serviceable as the present celebrities in Paris and Munich; but all the essential principles of art are immortal: the subject is unimportant, the application of those principles is universal; the same qualities that made their possessors famous in the days of the Renaissance are of paramount importance now. I hold that modern art is not equal to the ancient.

“I place no value upon literal transcripts from Nature. My general scope is not realistic; all my tendencies are toward idealization. Of course, all art must come through Nature: I do not mean to depreciate Nature or naturalism; but I believe that a place, as a place, has no value in itself for the artist only so far as it furnishes the material from which to construct a picture. Topography in art is valueless. The motive or incentive of my ‘Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone’ was the gorgeous display of color that impressed itself upon me. Probably no scenery in the world presents such a combination. The forms are extremely wonderful and pictorial, and, while I desired to tell truly of Nature, I did not wish to realize the scene literally, but to preserve and to convey its true impression. Every form introduced into the picture is within view from a given point, but the relations of the separate parts to one another are not always preserved. For instance, the precipitous rocks on the

right were really at my back when I stood at that point, yet in their present position they are strictly true to pictorial Nature; and so correct is the whole representation that every member of the expedition with which I was connected declared, when he saw the painting, that he knew the exact spot which had been reproduced. My aim was to bring before the public the character of that region. The rocks in the foreground are so carefully drawn that a geologist could determine their precise nature. I treated them so in order to serve my purpose. In another work, 'The Mountain of the Holy Cross,' the foreground is intensely realistic also: its granite rocks are realized to the farthest point that I could carry them; and the idealization of the scene consists in the combination and arrangement of the various objects in it. At the same time, the combination is based upon the characteristics of the place. My purpose was to convey a true impression of the region; and as for the elaborated rocks, I elaborated them out of pure love for rocks. I have studied rocks carefully, and I like to represent them."

Concerning certain living European artists, Mr. Moran said: "Andreas Achenbach lacks poetry, but he is great in realizing phases of Nature. He is not idealistic at all. Gérôme I admire for his conception of his subject, and for his extreme refinement and beauty of drawing. He is infinitely the superior of Meissonier. Meissonier's art is of a lower type, in the sense that a pastoral poem is lower than an epic. Intellectually, emotionally, poetically, Gérôme is away in advance of Meissonier. The latter's merits are chiefly dependent upon his *technique*, and are largely of a mechanical order. In Gérôme's works you lose sight of his methods, and become interested in his subjects and in the people who make them up. Gérôme is an idealist; he uses realistic material, and combines it ideally. Meissonier, on the other hand, is a realist. In mechanical skill he is Gérôme's superior; but Gérôme does not try to reach the point that Meissonier does. If he carried technical qualities so far he would injure his pictures.

"Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, and Daubigny, are all men of one idea. Diaz, for example, paints forever the forest of Fontainebleau. He is a perpetual copyist of himself. Now, we don't care to live on one dish all our lives. No artist is great who has made a reputation on one idea—and Corot's idea was a very indefinite one at that. I have but a small opinion of his large 'Orphée,' recently



SOLITUDE.

From a Painting by Thomas Moran.

p. 127.





THE WORKING MEN



THE WORKING MEN

THE WORKING MEN

THE WORKING MEN

THE WORKING MEN











BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY





Drawn by J. Lewis

CATSKILL FALLS.







View of Timpanog

Engraved by J. H. Hill





Wm. H. R.



in the Cottier Collection. The work is bad in drawing—it is not drawing at all—and certainly it cannot be called color. It has some tone, to be sure, just as black-and-white may have tone; but there is in it no quality that demanded a canvas of that size. It is a small conception of the subject expended on a very large surface. A picture ten inches by twelve would have given all that this picture contains probably better than a larger one. Indeed, French art, in my opinion, scarcely rises to the dignity of landscape—a swamp and a tree constitute its sum total. It is more limited in range than the landscape-art of any other country.

“I am not an admirer of Millet. His pictures are coarse and vulgar in character; they are repulsive. He shows us only the ignorant and debased peasant; he suggests nothing noble or high, nothing that is not degraded. His peasants are very little above animals; they do not look capable of education, or of being other than what he has made them. In fact, I think he libels the French peasantry. Jules Breton, on the contrary, impresses them with a mentality and vigor that are entirely wanting in Millet’s representations, and he is superior to Millet in *technique*. He is an excellent painter, and, so far as he introduces into his peasants the elements of possible progress, and gives them a character above their station, he is ideal. Gabriel Max repeats himself a little too much to be always interesting. Piloty is a very fine painter, rather Academic, perhaps; but this is a good failing, if a failing at all—an error that leans to the right side. He is an estimable composer. Carl Hübner is a man of very moderate abilities; a pretty skillful painter, but his subjects and the character indicated in them are of a low order. No refined connoisseur can tolerate pictures of this kind. Detaille is a thorough artist; he infuses a wonderful amount of character into his works. His soldiers are distinct and masterly types. Meyer von Bremen is too small to express an opinion upon. I place Verboeckhoven substantially in the same category. Bouguereau is a very fine painter—a little sentimental in contradistinction to dealing in sentiment—and lacks vigor, but his works are certainly of a very unobjectionable kind. Many of his earlier pictures, which are his best, are very beautiful from every point of view. The same is true of Merle. Troyon’s paintings are rather coarse in character, though always fresh in color, while not strictly pictures of color. He uses very few and simple pigments, and hence

obtains tonality with ease. I shouldn't call him a colorist, by any means. Van Marcke is a better artist; his imagination is more lively and more varied. Modern English landscape-art is wanting in great names. Leighton and Poynter in figures are admirable."

The ancestors of Mr. ASHER BROWN DURAND, who are said to have been of Huguenot origin, came to this country in 1680. Two brothers, one of them a surgeon, settled in Connecticut. Samuel Durand, the grandfather of the artist, established himself in what is now South Orange Township, in New Jersey, in a village named Jefferson. His son, John Durand, the father of the artist, was an ingenious mechanic, and, though a farmer, could repair his neighbors' watches. The mother of the artist was the daughter of a Hollander. She had eleven children, of whom Asher Brown Durand, born on the 21st of August, 1796, was the eighth. In his boyhood he used to beat out copper cents in order to get plates on which he could make engravings, the village blacksmith occasionally lending a helping hand. A Frenchman, living at Elizabethtown, near by, having seen the young engraver's efforts, lent him one day a snuff-box, on which was a miniature portrait, in order that he might make a copy of it. Mr. Smith, a lawyer, took him to New York to call on a Mr. Leney, an engraver, who offered to admit the youth into the mysteries of his craft for the modest sum of one thousand dollars. Not long afterward an engraver in Newark, New Jersey, took him as an apprentice, and saw him excelling his new master. An engraving of an old beggar, from a head painted by Waldo and Jewitt, attracted the attention of Colonel Trumbull, and brought from that gentleman an order for an engraving of his painting, "The Declaration of Independence." The price named was three thousand dollars; the time consumed was six years; the best result was the establishment of Durand's reputation. Orders for prints came in abundance, and the successful artist proceeded to engrave original portraits of celebrated clergymen—of Romeyn, Macleod, Boudinot, Summerfield, and others. To the National Portrait Gallery he made important contributions. He furnished plates annually to the *Tulisman*. But perhaps his most notable achievements with the burin were the celebrated ideal figures, "Musidora" and "Ariadne," which he en-





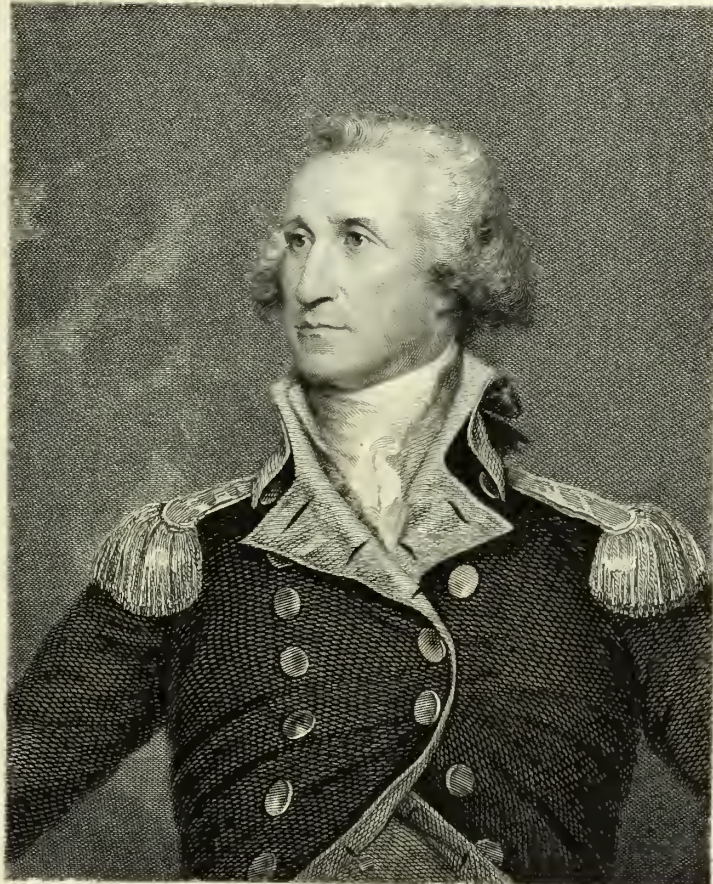
Painted and engraved by A. B. Howard.

AARON OGDEN.

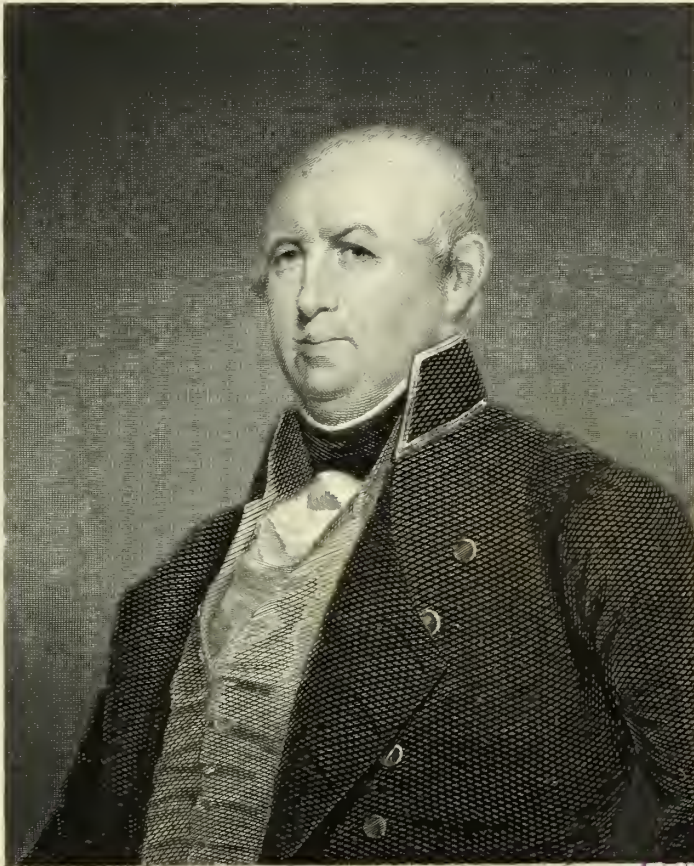
Aaron Ogden



engraved in the year 1834 by James Herring in the clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.



George Washington



Painted by W. W. Phelps



ISSUED BY THE

Isaac Shelby

According to a bill introduced in 1853 by James H. Hammond, clerk of the
District Court of the Southern District of New York



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



THE DYING SCENE



SISTERS



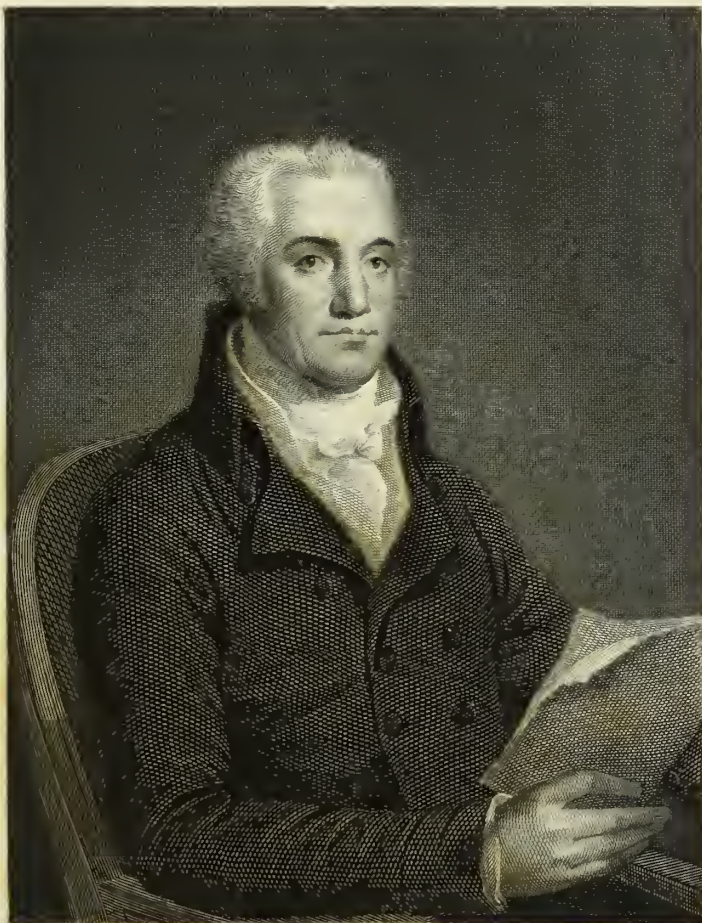


Jac. Brown



STEPHEN DECATUR

Stephen Decatur

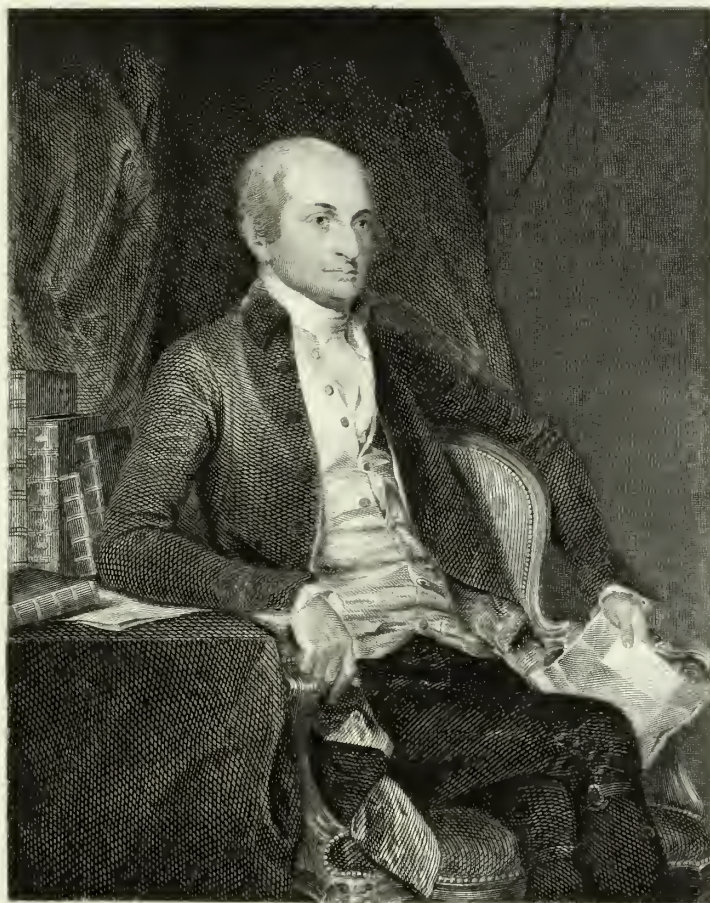


Painted by Ralph Fulton

JOEL BARLOW.

J. Barlow





John Jay —



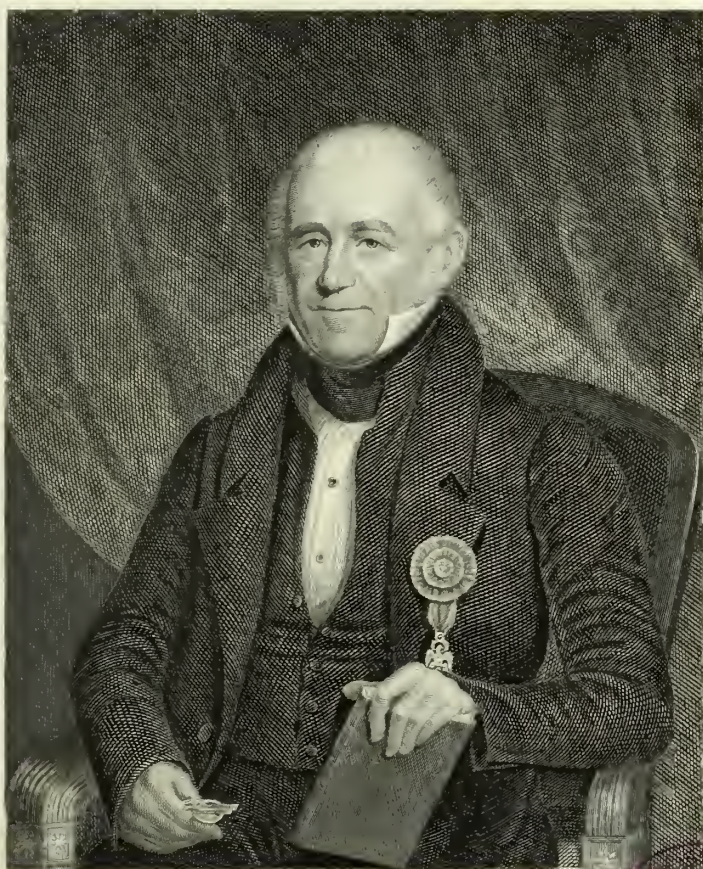




THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY'S, BOSTON









Miss. by 2. 1852



W. J. M. 1852

ON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

THE

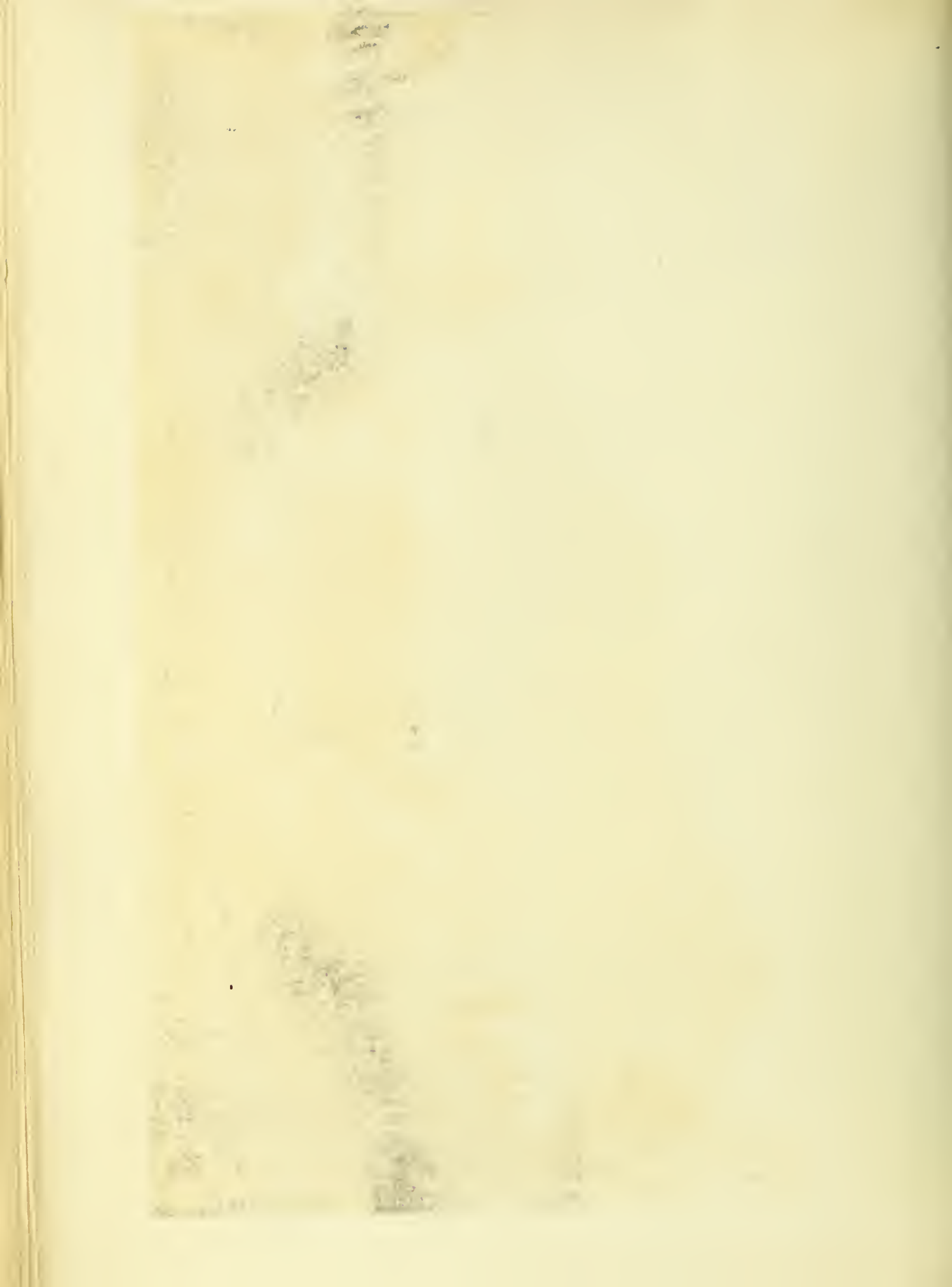




BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

W. C. B. LIBRARY









BROOK, AND VISTA IN THE MOUNTAINS.

From a Painting by Asher Brown Durand.



graved from designs of his own, and in which his success in the representation of flesh was almost marvelous.

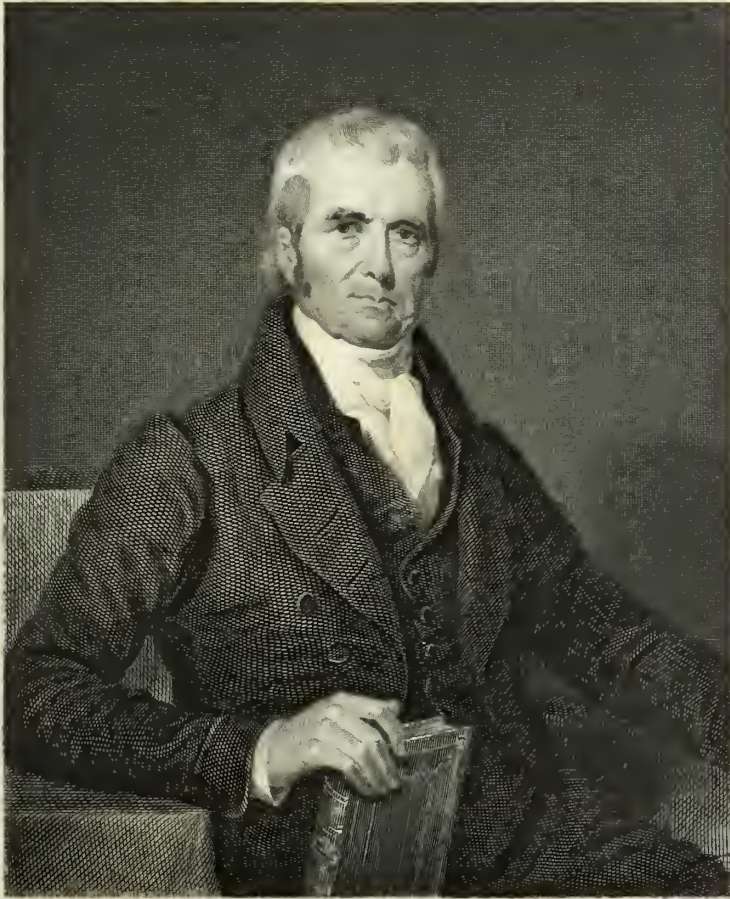
As early as the year 1836 Mr. Durand had turned his attention to painting, and in 1840 he went to Europe to prosecute his studies in that direction, staid a year, and made copies of some Titians and Rembrandts. On his return, his first preference was for historical figure-painting, but the general absence of models, costumes, and other facilities, having discouraged him, he resolved to try himself in portrait-painting—not, however, until he had produced his “Wrath of Peter Stuyvesant,” now in the New York Historical Society’s gallery, and other works. His portraits became very popular, and he received orders sufficient to have occupied all his available time. He was on the road to wealth. He found that every American, who had a hundred dollars to spare for pictures, wished to get portraits of a wife and child. But, as he had abandoned the burin for the brush because he desired larger artistic liberty and opportunity, so, for the same reason, he discarded the lucrative painting of portraits for the painting of landscapes. He had already produced verisimilitudes in oil of John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, James Madison, Edward Everett, William Cullen Bryant, and Luman Reed, who was one of his earliest and most generous patrons, and had been a faithful friend to Cole and Mount. “Did you ever find a man,” once asked Mount of Durand, “who entered into your feelings as Mr. Reed does?” The pictures of Adams and Madison are hanging in the rooms of the Century Club of New York City.

The mention of Mr. Bryant’s name suggests the fact of a resemblance between the aims and the methods of Mr. Durand and those of the author of “Thanatopsis.” The works of each are replete with American woodland feeling, which tells not only of the observant eye, but also of the sensitive soul. They are the outcome of personal communion with Nature, the expression of the man’s sentiments in the presence of the stillness and the solitude of insensate things. They are poetry “inspired by love and delight in that benignant, bounteous, and beauteous Nature which, all over the earth, repays with a heavenly happiness the grateful worship of her children.” Mr. Durand’s “In the Woods,” owned by Mrs. Jonathan Sturgis, of New York, and his “Primeval Forest,” in the gallery of Mrs. E. D. Nelson, of the same city,

are "Forest Hymns." They are not views or landscapes in the ordinary sense of those words. Even his studies in the White Mountains, in the Catskills, in the Adirondacks, on the Hudson River, and on Lake George, are not actual representations, but compositions arranged and selected so as to produce special impressions. "Where did you get that?" asked a fellow-artist one day, while looking at an elaborate study in Mr. Durand's collection; "I never saw that place." Of course, he had never seen it before. It had been made to order. Some of Mr. Durand's pictures are considered to be too green in tone; but the painter of them replies that in our American landscapes green predominates: our mountains are covered with trees, while in Europe the peaks and crests are often all rock.

Mr. Durand has long had great pleasure in the appreciation and friendship of his brother-artists. When he was seventy-six years old, a number of these gentlemen and their wives planned a surprise-party at his home in South Orange, New Jersey. The intention was to have a picnic in the woods, but when the day arrived—the 8th of June, 1872—the rain was falling fast, and they set their table in the wide piazza of the charming house. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Jervis McEntee, Mr. Sanford R. Gifford, Mr. George H. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. William Hart, Mr. and Mrs. David Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Eastman Johnson, Mr. Launt Thompson, Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, Mr. J. Volmering, Mr. J. R. Brevoort, Mr. J. M. Falconer, Mr. W. J. Hays, Mr. R. W. Hubbard, Mr. J. F. Kensett, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Whittredge, Mr. William Page, Miss Bascomb, and several other ladies. Mr. William Cullen Bryant also was present, and made one of his felicitous speeches. Other speakers were Messrs. Palmer, Gifford, E. Johnson, Hicks, McEntee, Kensett, Page, Falconer, Brevoort, and F. B. Mayer, who tendered the congratulations and best wishes of the company to the venerable artist. Of sports of various sorts there was an abundance. The occasion was one that will not soon be forgotten by the persons who brought it into existence. No other American painter, perhaps, has ever been the recipient of such a token of affection and esteem.

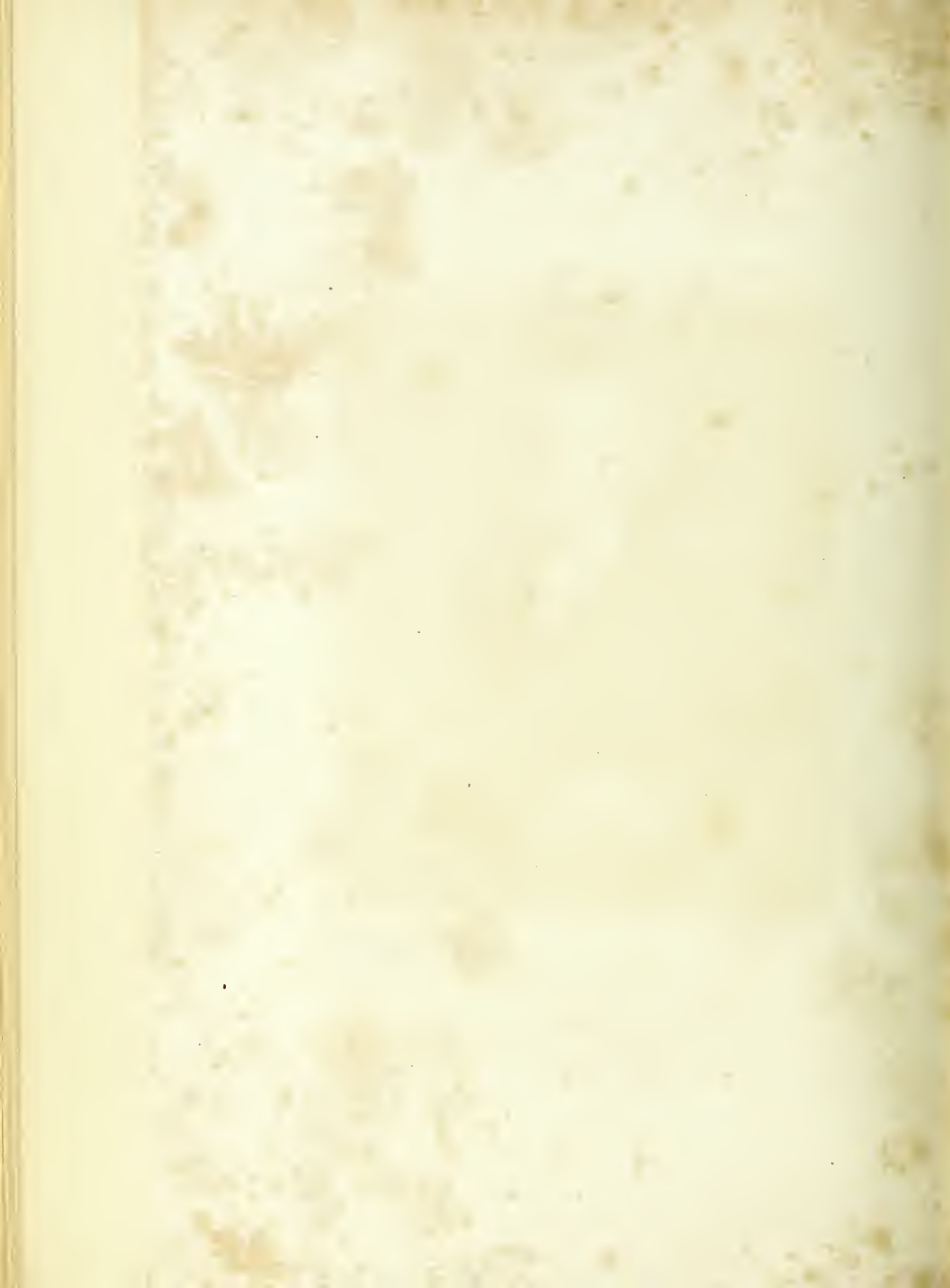
Twenty-five years ago Mr. Durand wrote a series of letters to a young landscape-painter, and published them in *The Crayon*, an art journal, owned by his son, Mr. John Durand. The following extracts from those letters are



JOHN MARSHALL LL.D.

John Marshall









Engraved by A. J. Wren.





STEPHEN PARRISH.



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

W. H. Smith & Co.

Printed by J. W. Smith



STEPHEN PARRISH.

“THERE are not many names,” said Mr. Lambdin in an article which he wrote for the *Philadelphia Times* in 1886, “of which, as Philadelphians, we should be more proud than that of Parrish. For several generations there have been bearers of the name who would have been an honor to any city. But it is not a little curious to find the son of the calm and gentle philanthropist, who so lately departed from us, in one of the most artistically picturesque of artists. No one could suppose, who looks at one of Stephen Parrish’s etchings, that the artist had nothing but pure Quaker blood in his veins. That a Quaker boy who grew up in a rectangular brick house in Philadelphia should thus develop a sense of the graceful and the beautiful in art, and bring it to such perfection in so short a time, seems to be a contradiction of all our theories of heredity, and a proof that, after all, genius is only strong mental capacity accidentally directed. At all events Stephen Parrish was a Quaker boy, and now he is one of the best etchers in the world.”

STEPHEN PARRISH was born in Philadelphia July 9, 1846. He is of English ancestry, being the son of the late Dillwyn Parrish, the well-known druggist and philanthropist, and a grandson of Dr. Joseph Parrish, an eminent Philadelphia physician in his day. After leaving school in his eighteenth year he engaged in mercantile pursuits, in which he spent several years that he probably considered wasted, for commercial life proved to him neither congenial nor profitable. As opportunity offered he “dabbled a little in paint,” to use his own expression, and after thirteen years’ experience of business he determined to devote himself to art. In 1877 he produced his first painting, which was subsequently exhibited at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, and demonstrated that he had found a pursuit in accordance with his natural gifts. In the following year he read Hamerton’s “Etching and Etchers,” which excited in him a desire to try that art practically, and to that branch he has since devoted the greater part of his time. His first plate bears date November 28, 1879, and in the few years which have elapsed since then he has achieved a position which places him, in the opinion of the ablest art critics, at the very head of landscape etchers. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, editor of the London *Portfolio*, styles him “one of the most sincere and straightforward of living etchers.” He is particularly happy in the delineation of old huts, wooden buildings and shipping scenes, and in the rendering of aerial effects. Mr. Hamerton remarks: “The subjects of Mr. Parrish’s etchings are generally found about the rivers and ports of his native land, but some of them are taken from its plains and hills. He delights in shipping and in picturesque nooks and corners about fishing villages. He has etched on the Schroon, the Passaic, the Delaware, the Annisquam, the Upper Hudson, on flat plains and among the Adirondacks. Everywhere he seems to have taken the

same hearty interest in his subject. Among his sixty etchings known to us as yet there are none that betray dullness or fatigue, and, although some of them may be more completely successful than others, they are alike in honesty of purpose, and hardly ever fail to give the pleasure we feel when a true lover of nature attempts to convey his impressions."

Mr. Parrish was one of the first Americans who was elected a Fellow of the Painter-Etchers' Society of London, where he has frequently exhibited. His pictures have also been exhibited in the galleries of Paris, Munich, Dresden and other European art centres, as well as in the principal American exhibitions. In 1882 the Austrian Government purchased for the Imperial Museum one of his etchings, "Low Tide—Bay of Fundy," which was exhibited at the Vienna Exposition of that year.

In 1885-86 Mr. Parrish travelled in Europe. He wisely postponed his foreign study until he had so far mastered the fundamentals of his art that when he went to Europe he already knew just what it was wise for him to do. He made the acquaintance of some of the best artists in England and France; he corresponded with some of the best critics, and he was employed by Hamerton to prepare plates for the illustration of his *Portfolio*, and also for those specimens of art work which illustrate the sumptuous English edition of his fascinating book on Landscape. Mr. Parrish travelled also in Italy and Switzerland, and made studies everywhere. He etched little plates on the spot in Normandy, along the Mediterranean in Italy, and in England.

Mr. Parrish is a member of the Painter-Etchers' Society of London, the New York Etching Club, the Society of American Etchers, the Art Club of Philadelphia and the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

On April 21, 1869, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Bancroft, and has one son, Frederick Maxfield Parrish, born July 25, 1870.

C. R. D.



SUNNY BANKS OF THE AUSABLE.

From a Painting by Horace Wolcott Robbins.

NEW
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

competent representatives of his views on the functions of art: "I maintain that all art is unworthy and vicious which is at variance with truth, and that that only is worthy and elevated which impresses us with the same feelings and emotions that we experience in the presence of the reality. True art teaches the use of the embellishments which Nature herself furnishes; it never creates them. All the fascination of treatment in light and dark and color are seen in Nature; they are the luxuries of her storehouse, and must be used with intelligence and discrimination to be wholesome and invigorating. If abused and adulterated by the poisons of conventionalism, the result will be the corruption of veneration for and faith in the simple truths of Nature, which constitute the true religion of art, and the only safeguard against the inroads of heretical conventionalism. If you should ask me to define conventionalism, I should say that it is the substitution of an easily-expressed falsehood for a difficult truth. But why discuss this point? Is it not a truism admitted by all? Far from it. Or, if it be admitted as a principle, it is constantly violated by the artist in his practice, and this violation sanctioned by the learned critic and connoisseur. The fresh green of summer must be muddled with brown; the pure blue of the clear sky, and the palpitating azure of distant mountains, deadened with lifeless gray; while the gray, unsheltered rocks must be warmed up and clothed with the lichens of their forest brethren—tricks of *impasto* or transparency without character; vacant breadth and unmitigated darkness; fine qualities of color without local meaning, and many other perversions of truth, are made objects of artistic study to the death of all true feeling for art—and all this under the name of improvements on Nature. To obtain truthfulness is so much more difficult than to obtain the power of telling facile falsehoods, that one need not wonder that some delusive substitute holds the place which Nature should hold in the artist's mind.

"Every experienced artist knows that it is difficult to see Nature truly; that for this end long practice is necessary. We see yet perceive not, and it becomes necessary to cultivate our perception so as to comprehend the essence of the object seen. The poet sees in Nature more than mere matter-of-fact, yet he does not see more than is there, nor what another may not see when he points it out. His is only a more perfect exercise of perception, just as the

drapery of a fine statue is seen by the common eye and pronounced beautiful, and by the enlightened observer who also pronounces it beautiful; but the one ascribes the beauty to the graceful folding, the other to its expression of the figure beneath, while neither sees more nor less in quantity than the other, but with unequal degrees of completeness in perception. Now, the highest beauty of this drapery consists in the perfection of its disposition so as best to indicate the beautiful form it clothes, not possessing of itself too much attractiveness, nor losing its value by too strongly defining the figure. And so should we look on external Nature. Why have the creations of Raphael conferred on him the title of 'divine?' Because he saw through the sensuous veil, and embodied the spiritual beauty with which Nature is animate, and in whose presence the baser 'passions shrink and tremble and are still.'

"All that has made Claude preëminent is truthfulness of representation in his light, and atmosphere, and moving waters—if other portions of his works were equally true, he would be still greater. And why have the nobler compositions of Gaspar Poussin given him only an inferior rank, unless it is because they lack in corresponding truthfulness? I might instance hundreds of others, ancient and modern, who owe their reputation to the degree of representative and imitative truth which distinguishes their works. All the license that the artist can claim or desire is to choose the time and place where Nature displays her chief perfections, whether of beauty or majesty repose or action. There is not a tint of color, nor phase of light and dark, nor force nor delicacy, nor gradation nor contrast, nor any charm that the most inventive imagination ever employed, or conceived worthy to be regarded as beautiful, or as in any other respect fitting to the aim of art, that is not to be seen in Nature, more beautiful and more fitting than art has ever realized or ever can. Pictures abound which display the complete mastery of all the technicalities of art, fascinating by the most dexterous execution and brilliancy of color, yet false to Nature and destitute of all that awakens thought or interests the feelings.

"Much has been said by writers on art as well as artists, in disparagement of what they call servile imitation of Nature, as unworthy of genius and degrading to art, cramping invention, and fettering the imagination—in short, productive only of mere matter-of-fact works. What is meant by 'servile



MORNING.

From a Painting by Horace Wolcott Robbins.



imitation,' so called, is difficult to understand. If its meaning is limited to that view of realism which accepts commonplace forms and appearances, without searching for the ideal of natural beauty, the objections are valid; but if it comprehends the faithful representation of all that is most beautiful and best fitted for the entire purposes of art, really existing and accessible, and ever waiting to be gathered up by earnest love and untiring labor, then it is an utter fallacy, born of indolence and conceit. It is by reverent attention to the realized forms of Nature alone that art is enabled, by its delegated power, to reproduce some measure of the profound and elevated emotions which the contemplation of the visible works of God awaken."

The evening of his life Mr. Durand is passing in his charming country-home, within the shadow of the Orange Mountain, in the presence of all manner of comfort and luxury, amid the constant oblations of the fondest and most considerate filial affection, his eye undimmed, his brush still active, his fame secure, his retrospect unperturbed, his prospect sunny as the landscapes that he loves, himself and his surroundings a subject to allure a painter. Whom the gods love do not always die young.

MR. HORACE WOLCOTT ROBBINS was born in Mobile, Alabama, on the 21st of October, 1842. His father and mother, who were natives of New England, removed to Baltimore in 1848, and in a few years placed him in Newton University in that city. After taking lessons in drawing of August Weidenbach, a German landscape-painter, he went to New York and entered the studio of Mr. James M. Hart. In 1863 he was elected a member of the Century Club, and in 1864 an Associate of the National Academy. In 1865 he visited the island of Jamaica in company with Mr. F. E. Church, and sketched industriously for several months. Then he crossed the Atlantic to England; spent many weeks in Holland in the presence of the landscapes of Ruysdael, Hobbema, and other masters, and opened a studio in Paris, where he was fortunate enough to receive some instruction from Rousseau, and to meet Fromentin, Diaz, and similarly distinguished men. "It is always a problem," says Mr. Robbins, "to determine how far or how much a favorite painter may be studied. One's temperament, of course, must be taken into consideration.

A mind too easily impressed is with difficulty able to resist the fascinations that beset it, and the result may be a sickly dilution of a great man's mannerism, without his ability or originality. I have tried to be myself, and to represent Nature as she impresses me. While a firm believer in the doctrine that an artist must be an interpreter of Nature, I believe also that long years of close study of facts and details, of careful drawing and local coloring, are requisite to accomplish this successfully. It is the well-trained artist alone who is competent to give his 'impressions' or 'renderings' of Nature's moods, to paint 'broadly' and 'suggestively;' and, as a matter of fact, it has been observed that good artists paint more broadly as they get older. There is a facility that is fatal to permanent success in art—that makes close study seem torture and improvement impossible. The world appears to forget that even men like Corot, whose work is characterized by breadth and freedom, did, in the earlier period of their lives, make laborious and faithful transcriptions from Nature. Having for years studied her anatomy, her material form and parts, they became able, later in life, to give original expression to her subtle moods and phases."

In 1866 Mr. Robbins sketched in Switzerland, and again took a studio in Paris. The next year was the year of the great International Exhibition in that city—a season of unusual opportunities, which he proceeded to make the most of. He returned to New York in the autumn of 1867, and has painted seven or eight landscapes annually ever since. His summers have been passed principally in the Farmington Valley, in Connecticut, where he found the materials for his "Roadside Elms" and "Mount Philip," which were exhibited in the Goupil Gallery in New York. His views in Virginia, New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine, Jamaica, Germany, France, and Switzerland, embrace landscapes of widely-varied beauty.

Mr. Robbins is the Secretary of the Artists' Fund Society, and the Treasurer of the American Water-Color Society. To the exhibition of the latter organization in 1878 he contributed a picturesque old New England homestead at Simsbury, Connecticut, and to the National Academy Exhibition in the same year a large picture of "Harbor Islands, Lake George." These works represented him also in the Paris Exhibition of 1878, soon after his election as an Academician. He is a member of the New York Etching Club.



TON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY





THE INDIAN CHIEF.

From a Painting by Joseph Rusling Meeker.



Messrs. W. S. G. Baker, William Keyser, and George H. Small, of Baltimore, own some of his important landscapes. The gallery of Mrs. Attwood, of Poughkeepsie, contains his "Roadside Elms." Messrs. George D. Phelps, Jacob Vanderpoel, D. C. Blodgett, and F. N. Otis, of New York, have bought other of his paintings. The "Aiguille du Midi," once in the Goupil Gallery, is now in the collection of Mr. Trevor, of Irvington, New York, and the "Blue Hills of Jamaica" in the collection of Mr. Sheldon, of Philadelphia. His works are spirited and refined, his artistic sympathies are in a line with those of Mr. F. E. Church and Mr. Sanford Gifford, and his style is descriptive and original.

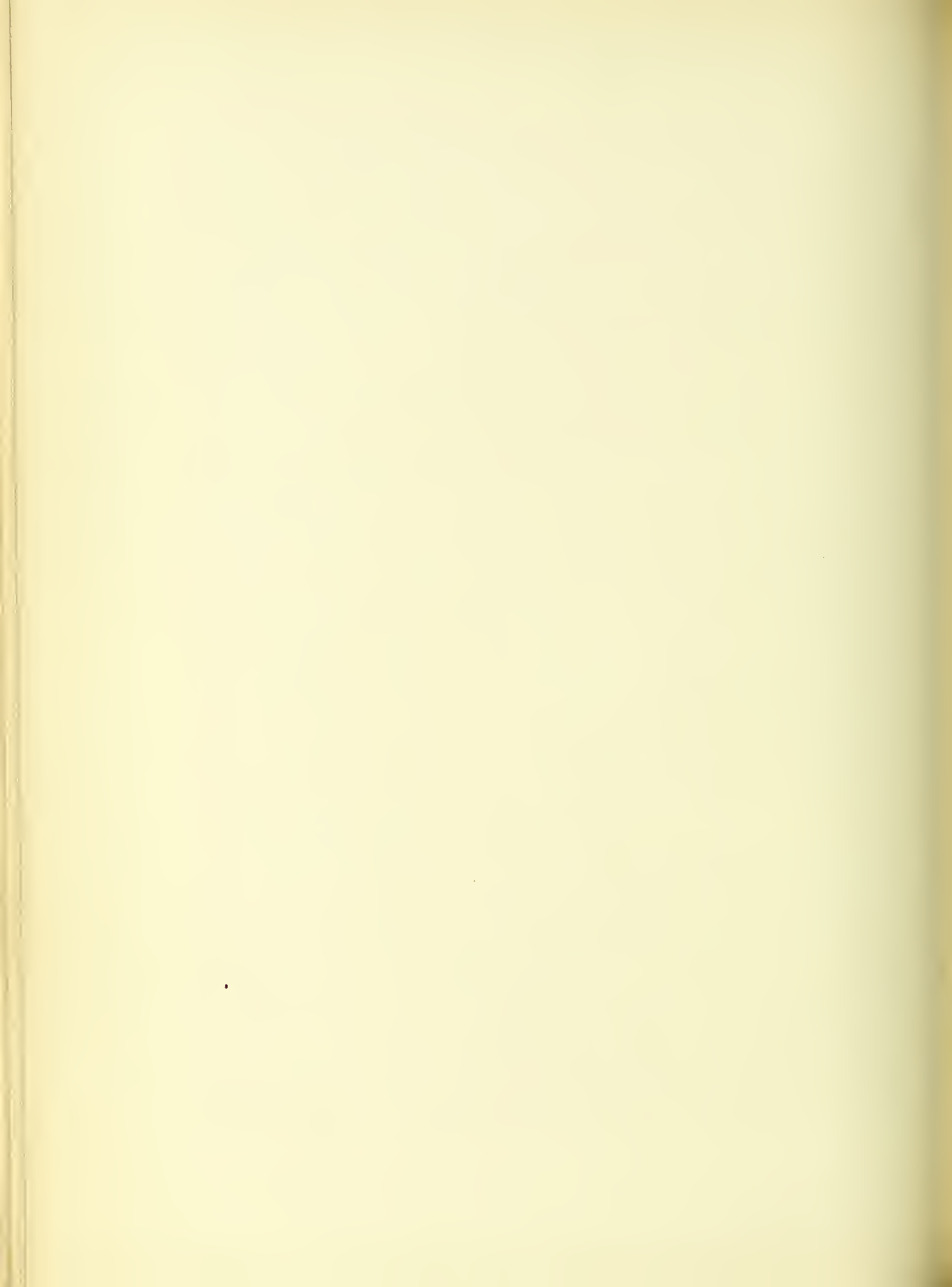
The literary tastes of Mr. JOSEPH RUSLING MEEKER, of St. Louis, are not less marked than his artistic tastes. He is a writer for the magazines as well as a landscape-painter. In the January-February number of *The Western* for 1878, a periodical published in that city, is an article by him, entitled "Some Account of the Old and New Masters;" and in the December number of the same review for 1877 a paper on Turner, from which is taken the following extract of a criticism on that artist's picture "Heidelberg," which possesses autobiographic interest: "Search the whole composition through, and you will not find a square inch that is not filled with infinite detail. Passing to other qualifications which belong to this grand composition, we note one which determines the merit of the whole work—which involves the harmony of lines, the contrast of light and shade, and the entire value of the tones. This is the quality of unity, which dissipates all crudeness, causes an harmonious juxtaposition of light and dark, and compels all the lines in the picture to flow so gently one into another that the eye shall receive no offense. When there is perfect unity the composition is perfect. Each object assumes its proper relative position; the colors are disposed so as to produce the utmost harmony; and the major and minor lights and shades are so arranged that the tone of the work shall give a satisfying sense of completeness—a high light here, a lesser light there, and so on through the scale, repeating a like gradation in the darks, and at last carrying the eye by deft combinations of line and tone to the final element of repose beyond all. Another quality will be discovered

which belongs to all great art, and is quite as essential to the completeness of a picture as either of the others named. This may be termed the quality of mystery. Understanding the value of this, the artist vaguely defines such of his outlines as would offend the eye by their boldness, and by the use of mists and nimbus clouds lending obscurity to portions of the picture suggestive of something more than can be seen, making us wish to explore the half-hidden vistas. In this element of mystery lies much of the poetic sentiment of a work of art, and no work can really and truly inspire the soul with lofty aspirations unless it possesses this quality.

"We now come to an element which is perhaps the most important in a composition—the element of repose, where the eye finally rests, quietly and peacefully, in refreshing indolence, after scanning the multitudinous detail. This valuable element is introduced or heightened by a sun-burst, a bank of light clouds, or a rainbow, the eye always naturally seeking this one brilliant spot. A picture generally contains two or three points of repose, though the final one in the sky must be the most prominent and attractive. In the 'Heidelberg' we find one quite important point of repose in the bridge that crosses the Neckar, and another lesser one resting in the castle on the hill-side. But the final one which the eye seeks with the greatest delight is in the rainbow which rests on the top of the mountain and loses itself in the darkness of clouds at the top of the picture. I have seen several hundreds of engravings after designs by Turner, and I might almost assert that one-half of them had rainbows in the sky, which were put there by the artist for no other purpose than to gain that charming element of repose.

"Turner's first studies were made among the ruins of old castles and abbeys in England, and thus there became deeply implanted in his nature a love for the picturesque. So strong did this passion become, that he was forever introducing into his pictures rugged and broken forms, which he used as contrasting lines to the elements of repose. It is impossible to view any dilapidated, moss-grown structure, whether of wood or stone, without a feeling of sadness and melancholy stealing over the heart; it is natural, and belongs to all ruin and decay. That is why Ruskin, seeing Turner's works through his own imagination, discovers a vein of sadness in them which did not actually exist. Analyze the faces of the two men: you will find the former full of









NEAR THE ATCHAFALAYA.

From a Painting by Joseph Rusling Mecker.

a sorrowful longing for something unattainable, while the latter contains an expression of general good-nature and an entire freedom from anything like woe. It is certain that Turner painted with the childlike, unpretending simplicity of all earnest men, and did what he loved and felt, and sought what his heart naturally sought. And so every artist ought to paint what he himself loves, not what others have loved. If his mind be pure and sweetly toned, what he loves will be lovely. All true art is the production of the age, the country, and the climate. Neither the antique nor religious art can ever be reproduced. 'The times are out of joint' for any revival of what the great masters did. In the palmy days of Greek art the imitators all failed, and even the schools of religious art dwindled into insignificance because their followers had not strength enough to be original. There is a future for art yet. Give America another hundred years, and genius, born and educated on her own soil, will outstrip the past. But it is a great mistake to suppose there is no high art produced in these modern times. However humble the theme, the touch of genius ennobles it, and we are forced to gaze in astonishment, sometimes, at the power exhibited in subjects very far removed from the antique."

Mr. Meeker was born on the 21st day of April, 1827, in Newark, New Jersey. His paternal ancestors came from Belgium in 1640 to Norwalk, Connecticut. His maternal grandfather, an artist of some pretensions, made a sketch of Washington on horseback in 1775. His mother's brother, Andrew Joline, was also an artist. The charming pastoral scenery of Cayuga and the surrounding counties, where Mr. Meeker spent his boyhood, impressed itself on his mind, and at the age of eight years he was dabbling in water-colors and stealing time during school-hours to draw on his slate, receiving many reprimands therefor from his teacher. At about sixteen he and Mr. George L. Clough occupied a studio together, and struggled at once to gain bread and knowledge. Thomas J. Kennedy, a decorator, was of great assistance to him in those days, lending him colors, and giving him much good advice. In 1845 he found himself in New York, busily drawing from casts in order to gain a scholarship in the Academy of Design. His efforts were successful. His first commission was from Mr. Hoyt, a teacher whose kindness he holds in remembrance. After living three years in New York he became discouraged, and resolved to try the West. The autumn of 1849 found him in Buffalo, where W.

H. Beard and Thomas Le Clear were then painting. Here he found some excellent friends, his pictures went up to paying prices, and the American Art Union purchased them occasionally. In 1852 he removed to Louisville, and remained there seven years. In 1859 he pitched his tent in St. Louis, where the Western Academy of Art had been formed, and the outlook for artists was inviting. The war of the rebellion came, and he entered the United States Navy as a paymaster. It was during the time he was on a gunboat in the Mississippi squadron that he had opportunities for making those sketches of Southern swamp and bayou scenery which have made his name well known in the Southwest.

Since the war Mr. Meeker has exhibited at the Academy of Design in New York, at the Boston Art Club, and in various other cities East and West. Some of his pictures have been engraved. He was active in establishing the St. Louis Art Society, the St. Louis Sketch Club, and the St. Louis Academy of Fine Arts. He has been thrice elected President of the Art Society.

Mr. Meeker's most popular pictures are his Southern swamps, with cypresses and hanging moss. Many of his landscapes, especially those concerned with the scenery of the Osage, Gasconade, and Missouri Rivers, betray the influence of Mr. A. B. Durand, who was President of the National Academy when Mr. Meeker was a student in New York, and in most of them are seen sycamores.

BENJAMIN F. REINHART, portrait, *genre*, and historical painter, was born near Waynesburg, in Western Pennsylvania, on the 29th of August, 1829. At the age of fourteen, and with scarcely any previous instruction, he began to exercise himself in portraiture, succeeding so well that by the time he was twenty-one years old he had laid up money enough to obtain the immediate goal of his desires, namely, a visit to Europe. For three years thereafter he studied art in the schools of Düsseldorf, Paris, and Rome. On returning to America he resumed the practice of portrait-painting, and was invited into service by the friends of President Buchanan, Vice-President Dallas, Judge Coulter, and many other distinguished men, both in the North and South, including officers in the Confederate army and navy. In 1861 he went to



KATRINA VAN TASSEL.

From a Painting by Benjamin F. Reinhart.



and winning in expression, Pocahontas herself being the ripest and fairest of them all. Mr. Fletcher Harper, Jr., is the owner of Mr. Reinhart's fine character-study called "Evangeline," which, like the "Katrina Van Tassel," is painted entirely in black and white, and exemplifies his best traits. "If you have neither taste, imagination, nor much technical skill," said an English lecturer recently to a class of art-students, "it will be well for you to turn your attention to portraiture or to landscape-painting, for in neither of these departments are those qualities required." In this country landscape-painting can defend itself. It is the one domain in which American art has become celebrated throughout Christendom. But portraiture is not so well off, in spite of the indisputable triumphs of Daniel Huntington, George A. Baker, Thomas Le Clear, Eastman Johnson, and young artists so masterly as Julian A. Weir, Walter Shirlaw, and Wyatt Eaton. The limits of the present essay do not permit justice to be done to these and other later and most promising painters, to Frederick Dielman, for instance, to William Sartain, to Charles S. Pearce, to William H. Low, to W. H. Macy, and to John D. Sargeant, some of whom are already in the front rank of our artists. What we were saying, however, is that portraiture on this side of the Atlantic has not yet won for itself the name that landscape-painting has; and there is some propriety in the English lecturer's advice, so far as this pertains to the portraits that our native school has produced. Many of them certainly do not display a great deal of taste, imagination, or technical skill; but Mr. Reinhart's works are not among these. His perception of character is facile and penetrating; his execution is straightforward and competent. The portrait of Alfred Tennyson, which he painted in England from life, is an exceedingly interesting performance. It hangs in his studio, and reflects credit upon the genuine artistic gifts of the draughtsman and the colorist. The representation of a daughter of one of our most distinguished generals, which Mr. Reinhart has lately produced—a life-size, three-quarter canvas—is a striking and pleasing delineation; and if all his delineations are not so happy as are these two, a similar remark may be made concerning the works of many of his peers. Mr. Reinhart sometimes, it must be admitted, seems careless of his reputation. He has painted so many portraits in so many places and at so many periods of his growth, that occasionally the desire of excelling is not conspicuously before the spec-



"BY THE SAD SEA-WAVES."

From a Painting by John G. Brown.



tator of them, and was not perhaps a vital force in his own mind. In parts of the country where the best art is not much known, and where the price paid for a verisimilitude in oil is a matter of tradition rather than of special worth, the temptation is strong to paint quickly and superficially. One does not trouble himself to cast his pearls before a low species of animal, even if he has plenty of the former in his possession. But of Mr. Reinhart's "Alfred Tennyson" the critic can speak without reluctance or regret. It is a portrait forcible and rich in tone and color, expressive in calmness and reserve, and truly refined and honest in treatment. It recalls the poet at once to those who have seen him, or a photograph of him, and at the same time contains much more than the best efforts of the *camera-obscura*.

"Art," said Mr. JOHN G. BROWN, while talking with the writer, "should express contemporaneous truth, which will be of interest to posterity. I want people a hundred years from now to know how the children that I paint looked, just as we know how the people of Wilkie's and Hogarth's times looked. I paint what I see, and in my own way. With Munich art I have no sympathy; you can't go out to Nature and find the things the Munich artists produce. And this is the test of the merit of a picture. Suppose that I wished to paint a horseshoeing scene: I would go where they shoe horses; I would study the performance on the spot, and endeavor to reproduce it faithfully. I desired to paint some Grand Menan fishermen, and I went to Grand Menan and painted them from the life—their fish, their clothes, their boats. In other words, I did precisely what a good newspaper reporter would have done, and the result differed only in the means by which it had been obtained. Of course, I embellished my fishermen: I did not copy them as they stood before me as models. I put J. G. Brown into them. And a good reporter in like manner would have put himself into them.

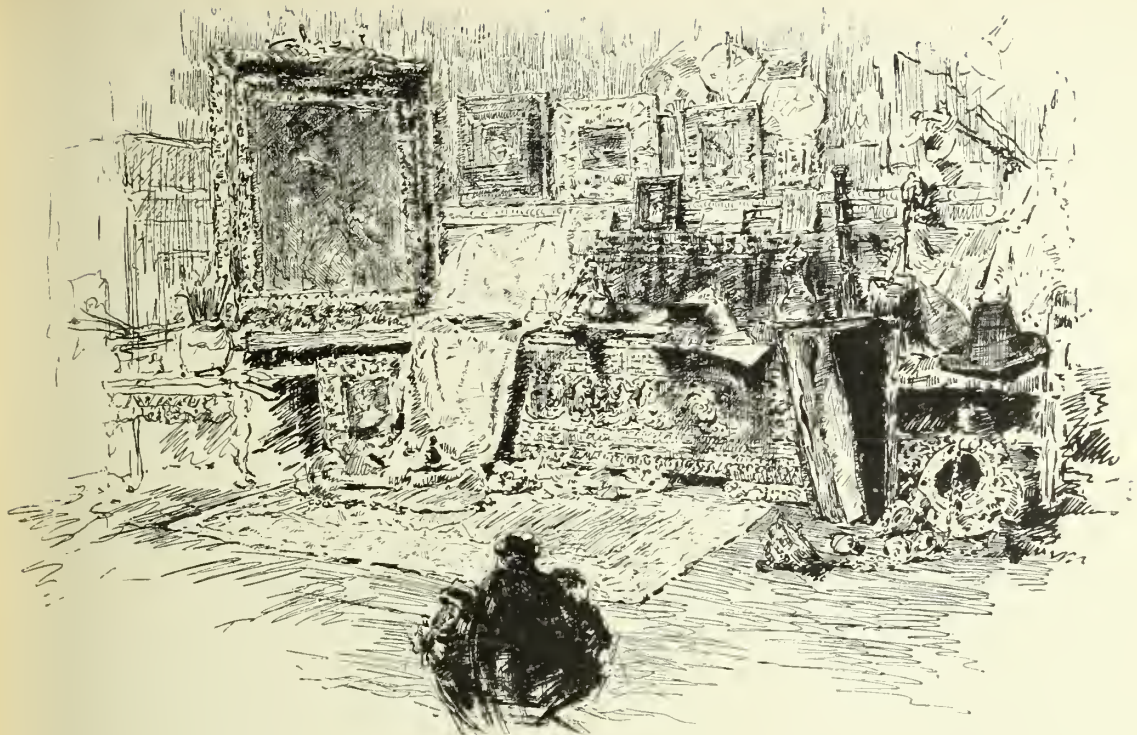
"Half of the foreign stuff that is sold here I feel is a swindle on the public. The works of Jules Breton, L. Knaus, Oswald Achenbach, Meissonier, and Gérôme, are admirable, to be sure; but I can't think anything of Corot. I can't understand him; I can't understand how an intelligent being can paint clearly the windows in a house across a river, and then make the

trees on this side of the same river look like smoke. The trees are nearer than the windows, but they are all blurred and obscured. Corot's 'Orphée' does not seem to me to be even an idealization of Nature. Diaz, while not true in his facts, is nevertheless beautiful in color. But I can't see anything in a Corot.

"Morality in art? Of course there is. A picture can and should teach, can and should exert a moral influence. Carl Hübner's 'Poacher'—a man shot simply because he stole a hare—revolutionized the game-laws. It made their cruelty and injustice so obvious that they were wiped out. Millais's 'Huguenot Lovers'—you can't look at the picture without being better for it, can you? Landseer's 'Chief Mourner'—a dog resting his head on his master's coffin—is finer, more pathetic, than anything that ever was written. French views on this subject, I know, are altogether of another sort; but a Frenchman's education and training are different from an Anglo-Saxon's. Nevertheless, there is a moral in everything—in the way a man looks and talks, and his work ought to have this in it, and will have it in it. Detaille and Bouguereau I admire: every figure in one of Detaille's paintings is a bit of character; if he introduces a piece of landscape, it is just as good as any one can paint anywhere. In the catalogue of the recent Cottier collection of pictures, I marked at least fifty canvases that had been painted right from Nature, and were fresh and unconventional. And I don't condemn an artist because he belongs to a particular school. If you look sharp, you will find good in any work of an earnest man. Beauty in tone, in harmony, we can all recognize at a glance, but I can't see where Corot's 'Orphée' has it, although the picture is valued at ten thousand dollars. How is it? Am I mistaken? I must be. Yet my eyes are always freshened by Nature every twenty-four hours, and it seems to me that I should see something in these men if they have it in them. I can show you in Whittredge's studio some of the most beautiful studies ever made—studies that will compare favorably with the work of any landscape-painter in the world—studies of American scenery seen with his own eyes. Why don't we worship Whittredge instead of worshipping foreigners?

"People like to be gagged a good deal—perhaps that is the reason—and the picture-dealers are the ones that do it. They have made it fashionable to buy European works. They have caused it to come about that Americans





MR. CHASE'S STUDIO. (*Drawn by himself.*)

WILLIAM M. CHASE.

THE artist whose name is at the head of this article was born in the state of Indiana, and is still comparatively a young man. He early showed a very decided turn for art, manifesting a disposition to draw almost as soon as he could handle a slate and pencil. But, although his parents were in excellent circumstances, he met with some opposition when he first spoke of becoming a painter.

It is the most common thing in the world for boys who show an inclination to follow painting to be opposed in their wishes; but if they have a real genius for such a life no opposition can prevent them from succeeding, but will rather strengthen their character, and the opportunity comes sooner or later which they desire. And so it proved in the case of the

young Hoosier lad. His father finally permitted him to take lessons in painting, and placed him with an artist in his native place, who soon declared that William was destined to succeed in the pursuit he so ardently loved.

But, after a year with his first master, young Chase was seized by the war fever which inspired so many with a love of arms at the breaking out of our great civil war, and partly, also, from a love of adventure and an idea that he should like the sea, he entered the school-ship at the Naval Academy of Annapolis. There he had rather a severe experience, which took away whatever ambition he may have had at one time for a sea life. One of the petty officers, under whose charge he was, seemed to employ every way

he could think of to worry and abuse the boys of the school-ship, and took an especial spite to young Chase because he appeared above the position in which he was placed. It was therefore a matter of sober exultation among the young sailors when this tyrant lost his foothold one day while they were catting or getting the anchor on board and, falling into the sea, was drowned. To the boys whom he had so cruelly treated this dreadful fate seemed only a just retribution.

This rough experience soon took away from William whatever fancy he might have had for a sea life; and his desire to return to his palette and brushes again was greatly increased by seeing one of the officers, who was something of an artist, employing his leisure moments in painting on deck. The boy-artist would steal up behind the long-boat and snatch a glimpse of the artist at his easel.

After being three months under the discipline of the school-ship, William Chase gave up all idea of becoming a sailor and went back to his brush with more enthusiasm than ever.

After a year in Indianapolis he came to New York and studied awhile, and then resided two years in St. Louis, where he chiefly painted still life, that is, fruit pieces and game.

Returning again to New York, and after painting and teaching there until 1872, he decided in that year to gratify his yearning for larger opportunities for study and improvement than seemed to offer in his native land, and embarked for Europe, whose galleries,

teeming with the works of old masters, and whose studios, thronged with the students of all lands, are a perpetual fascination to the enthusiastic art-student.

It was in the old city of Munich, in the heart of Germany, that William Chase decided to settle and study art for several years. Munich is the capital of Bavaria. The name means the "City of the Little Monk." It lies by the river Iser, of which you may

have read in Campbell's ode on the "Battle of Hohenlinden." The river there divides into many channels, and rushes with great speed through one of the most beautiful parks in the world called the Englischer Garten; it was laid out by an American scientist named Thompson, who became prime minister to the King of Bavaria, and was ennobled by him under the title of Count Rumford.

Munich is a beautiful city, laid out in broad streets and adorned with many splendid buildings—palaces, picture-galleries, triumphal arches, and churches which are very hand-



Wm. U. Chase

(Drawn by himself.)

some and often highly artistic.

The late King of Bavaria was an eccentric man but he had a great love of art and did all in his power to encourage artists to settle in Munich. It became, therefore, more a city of artists than any other place, in proportion to its population. Fine art-schools were established, and the best painters and sculptors in Germany were invited to become professors in the Royal Academy of Art.

OUR AMERICAN ARTISTS.

When the young American artist arrived in Munich he found quite a colony of his fellow-countrymen already studying art there; and the number increased from year to year while he remained at the

art progress. Meetings were held weekly, at which papers were read on art subjects and afterwards discussed in a friendly but earnest manner.

There is no question about which there is room for greater difference of opinion than art, or more opportunity for individual expression and improvement. For what art undertakes to do is to reproduce nature with such material substances as paints, crayon or marble. But as these means for doing so are at best very imperfect, the most that can often be done is to suggest nature, and in this way, also, to suggest what is called the ideal; that is, to represent scenes as they appear to the fancy or imagination.

But there are many things in nature. It would be impossible to give in any one work of art everything that may be actually seen in any particular scene, or any imaginary composition if it resembled nature. Therefore some artists, either deliberately or because their talents lie in one direction, undertake to represent one or two of the objects in nature which most interest and impress them; while others attempt to reproduce another class of objects or impressions.

Thus one artist is most interested in light and shade, and gives more attention to that than to color. Another painter, like Titian or Rubens, may be more moved by color than anything else in nature; while a third artist may care most for form, and devotes his attention to sculpture or to very careful drawing. Each artist of original ability also tries to express his thoughts in a style of his own; and as there are many truths in nature and many artists to express them, there must be many different styles.

Every age and every country also

has a class of subjects or methods distinct from others. Some are better, others inferior; while others, which may be equal in value may not be equally liked by all.



THE APPRENTICE-BOY. (From painting by Wm. M. Chase.)

Bavarian capital. Soon these American art-students became sufficiently numerous to establish among themselves an association for the encouragement of

This diversity naturally causes great variety of opinions and often very earnest talk among artists and art-lovers, each being anxious to find the best style, or thinking that the style he follows or prefers is, by far, the best.

It is by talking of a thing that we often learn how to understand it. But every one should try to be modest about his own opinions and tolerant of the opinions of others, and not be too sure that he is the only one who knows the question thoroughly. While this is true about everything, it is especially so regarding art matters.

Mr. Chase entered the government Art School at Munich, and became a pupil of Piloty, who is one of the great German historical painters of this century.

Many art-students have studied with him, some of them men of genius who have in turn worked in styles more fresh and original than that of their master. Among these able artists are Leibl, Diez, Defregger and Lembach. While studying with Piloty these painters also carefully examined the time-mellowed paintings of Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Velasquez, and other great Flemish and Spanish artists, which were hung in the royal galleries at Munich—artists who, in strength, boldness and beauty of style, were among the first painters of modern times.

While studying with Piloty and having a great respect for him, Mr. Chase found his inclination leading him rather to follow the guidance of the later painters of Munich, and to prefer simple subjects, carefully and harmoniously composed, with a strong method of laying on color. He had his studio in the upper story of the royal Art School, which is a vast, ancient building that was in olden time a convent, and stands next to a church. The monks have left it and now the artists fill its cells and halls, and with the brilliant tints of their canvasses give life to the gloom of the mouldering pile. Duveneck, who is one of the most talented American artists now in Europe, had a studio in the same corridor.

Besides gaining decided success in painting some vigorous and interesting pictures, before leaving Munich, Mr. Chase also won the approval not only of his countrymen but also of the German artists themselves. His master, Piloty, paid a very high compliment to his abilities by asking him to paint the portraits of his family, which the young American artist did with much credit.

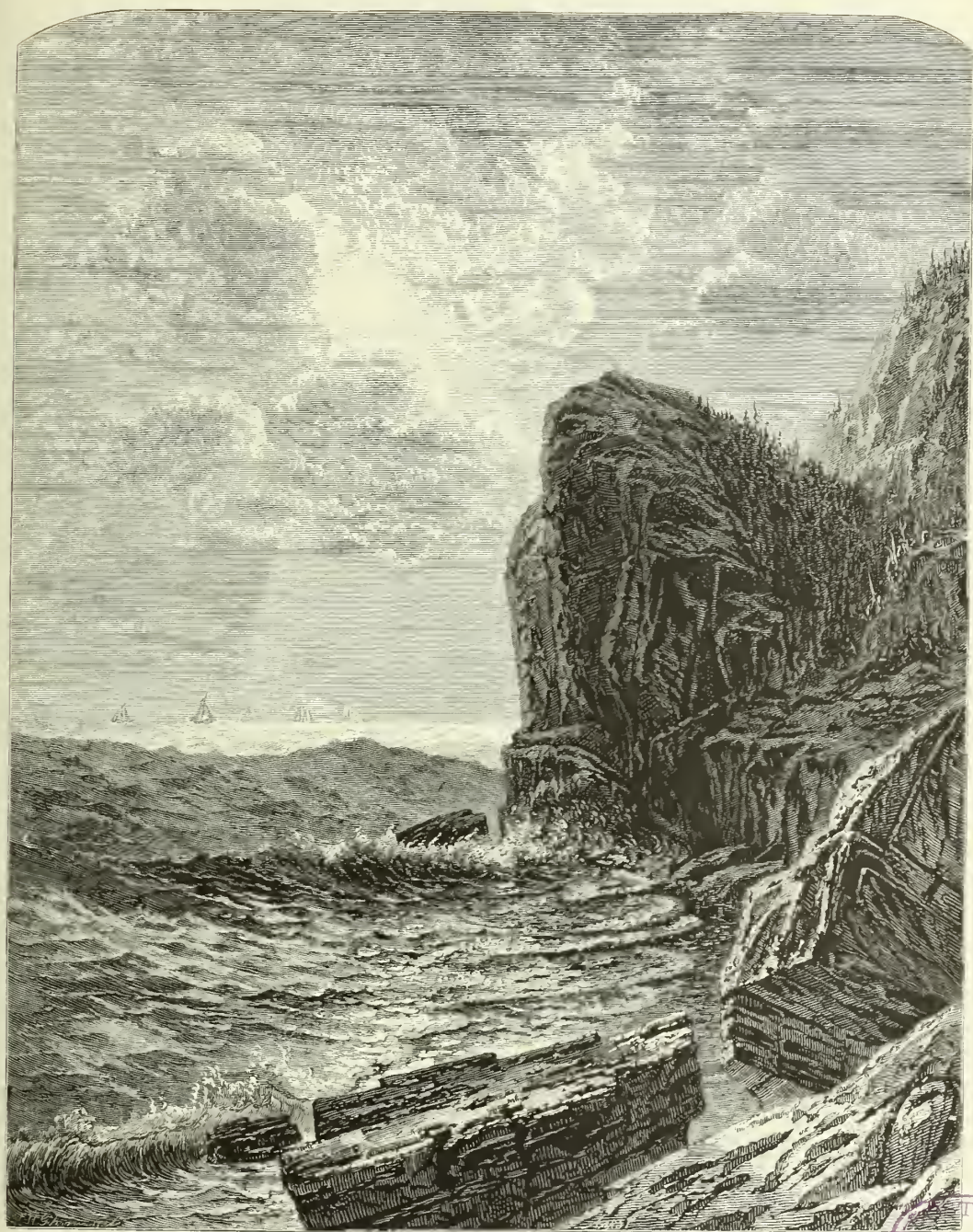
Among the later works Mr. Chase executed during his residence at Munich were two or three of marked excellence which have attracted much attention. One of them is called the "Court Jester." It represents a humpbacked clown with cap and bells, such a character as used to entertain kings and nobles in old time with comical wit. He is clad in scarlet coat and hose, and is pouring out a glass of wine. The general effect of color is superb.

Another picture called "Waiting for the Ride," is a most complete contrast to the "Jester." It is extremely simple but none the less effective. A young lady of a delicate complexion and a refined style of beauty appears before us dressed in a black riding-habit, and wearing a picturesque, broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat. She holds a whip in her hand and is in the act of drawing on her glove.

Mr. Chase uses color with freshness and vigor. He has given very careful study to the many tints of flesh, and is equally successful in giving the soft complexion of a young girl or the rough, highly-colored features of a veteran or an apprentice-boy. His handling or style is what would be called broad; because everything is sacrificed or made to contribute in his paintings to the general effect. The danger of such a style lies in the unfinished appearance to which a painting is liable if left off too soon.

In the summer of 1878 Mr. Chase accepted a position as a professor in the new art school of New York, called the Art Students' League. His studio is in that city, in the Tenth Street Studio Building. It is one of the most artistic in the country; for the artist brought home with him a great variety of curious and interesting objects which he picked up abroad, especially during a visit which he made to Venice. There he collected wonderful bits of old bronze and beautifully carved oaken chests, like the one in which Geneva hid herself on her bridal day when the lock sprung and the falling lid closed her in forever.

Faded tapestries that might tell strange stories, quaint decorated stools, damaskeened blades and grotesque flint-locks, and elaborately carved mugs and salvers, are picturesquely arranged around the studio with a studied carelessness, together with choice specimens of the works of several of the leading German artists of the day. It is altogether a nook rich in attractions which carry the fancy back to other climes and the romance of bygone ages.



CLIFFS OF IRONBOUND ISLAND, MAINE.

From a Painting by Alfred Thompson Bricher.



who profess to enjoy the sight of American pictures are considered to be 'off color;' so that, according to the ideas of the last ten years in this country, there cannot be anything more degrading than to be an American artist. Why, if Whittredge had gone to England and lived there, he would have made a fortune! That is what Boughton did. Some of his beautiful little winter-scenes, painted while he was in New York, brought here only fifty dollars. They are selling in England for five hundred. He never would have gotten thirty per cent. of his present prices if he had staid here. Winslow Homer, one of our truest and most accomplished artists, has never been appreciated in this country; but he carries things in his pictures a thousand miles farther than Corot ever did.

"The fact is, that an artist should go direct to Nature and use his own eyes—or his glasses, if he has to wear them. I teach my pupils to see—that is all. First, I set them to drawing things that are still, that don't change; in this way they learn textures. Meanwhile, I let them paint a little in order to rest themselves till they draw again. Beginning early, they get to handle the brush as easily as they breathe. Next, I put before them flowers and fruit, things that do change; then I take them out-doors to Nature, and let them draw objects that are changing every moment in the sunshine—and that is all there is in teaching art. Geometry and mathematics the pupils can learn at home at night. Guy is one of the best painters in his knowledge of these branches, which are indispensable in the delineation of perspective. I never let a pupil paint from one of my pictures; no one of my pupils ever copied a picture of mine, or ever desired to. Hence their paintings have individuality; they paint like themselves, not like Piloty or any other man. *Technique* I don't teach; it comes by practice. Here are two studies by Mr. Gilbert Gaul, which are equal to anything they bring over from Europe. I taught him simply how to see, not how to put on the paint."

Mr. J. G. Brown was born in Durham, in the north of England, on the 11th of November, 1831. His earliest pictures were portraits of his mother and a little sister, and were painted when he was nine years old. When in his teens he had a strong prejudice against schools of art; but having seen in his eighteenth year how superior to his own were some drawings made by a comrade who had attended school, he entered the government art-school at

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, then under the direction of W. B. Scott, "God bless him, the fine old fellow!" For one year he studied in the Edinburgh Royal Academy, and received a prize in 1853. He went to London, painted a few portraits, in the autumn of that year came to this country, and in 1856 opened a studio in Atlantic Street, Brooklyn, where he resumed his portrait-painting. In 1860 he took Mr. Boughton's studio in the Tenth Street Building, New York City. He was elected an Academician in 1863, and has been a Vice-President of the Academy and the chairman of its school committee. He is now a Vice-President of the Artists' Fund Society, and a member of the Academy hanging committee.

Mr. Robert Gordon, of New York City, owns Mr. Brown's "Curling in Central Park;" Mr. J. J. Stuart, of New York City, his "Marching along," children playing soldier and crossing a rustic bridge; Mr. Denis Gale, of Philadelphia, "The Passing Show," boys standing on the curbstones and watching a traveling circus, each face being a study of character; Mr. Hurlburt, of Twentieth Street, New York City, his "St. Patrick's Day," a little girl pinning a green rosette on the lapel of a boot-black's coat; Mr. Fairbanks, of New York City, his "Hiding in the Old Oak," three children in the hollow of a tree, which the sunshine warms; and Mr. Guild, of Boston, his "Little Strollers," young Italian musicians with harp and violin in the snowy street. All Mr. Brown's pictures are stories. Concerning "The Passing Show," which was in the Paris Exhibition of 1878, the London *Athenæum* said, "The painter has set himself to portray a bit of genuine Nature in a careful, natural manner, and he has succeeded in calling forth corresponding sympathies in the spectator." "By the Sad Sea-Waves," which we have engraved, was exhibited at the National Academy Exhibition of 1878.

Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON BRICHER was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1837, and during his boyhood he lived in Newburyport, Massachusetts. He was a clerk in a dry-goods house in Boston. At the age of twenty-one he abandoned the counting-room for the studio. He made sketches on the coast of Maine, and in the neighborhood of Newburyport. In 1868 he removed to New York City, where he has a studio in the Young Men's Chris-



THE MILL-STREAM.

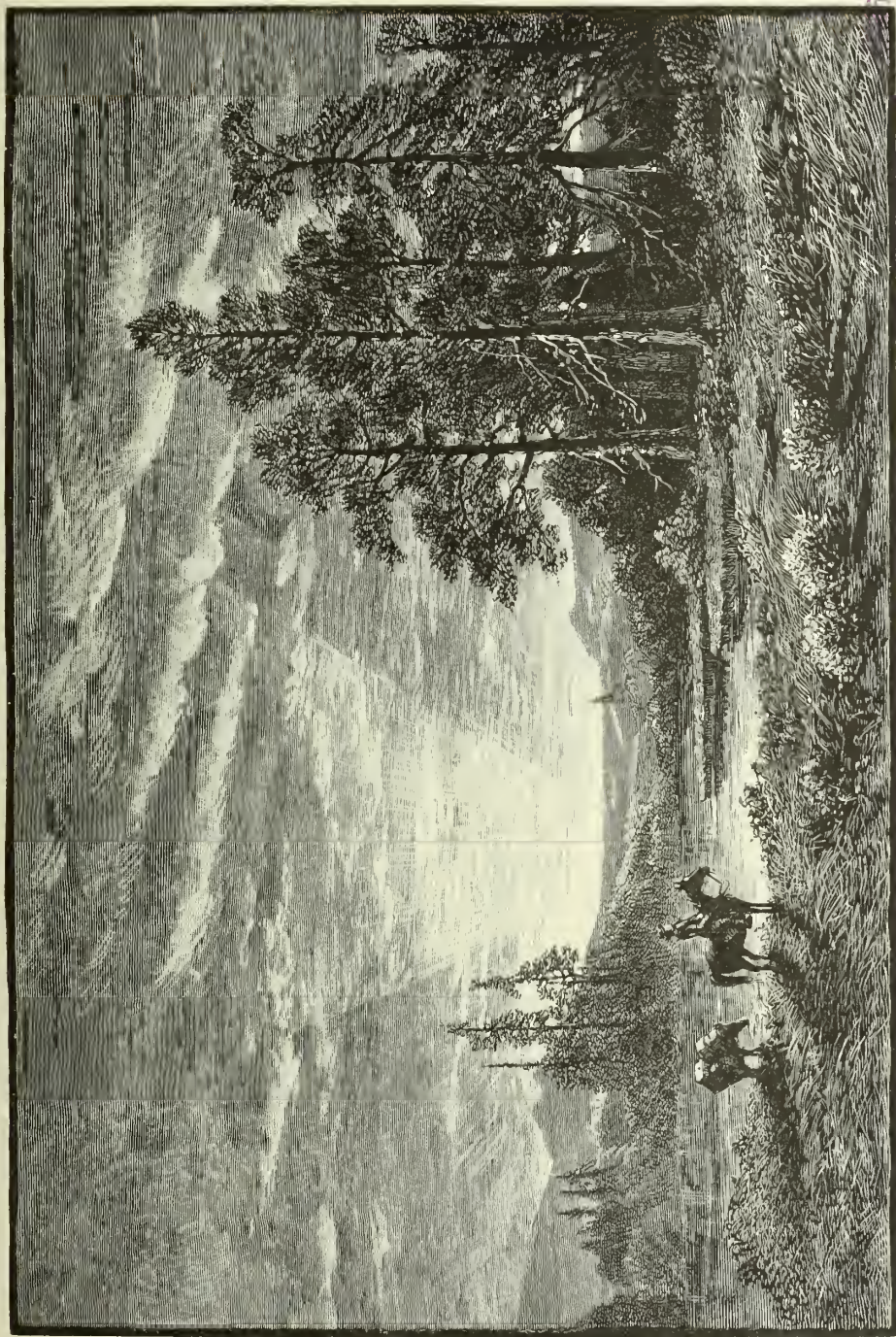
From a Painting by Alfred Thompson Bricher.

tian Association Building. The most of his pictures are marines in water-colors and in oils. To the annual exhibitions of the American Water-Color Society he usually sends several large and important drawings. He is a leading member of that organization. He is fond of depicting the indolent and easy swaying of the summer sea in the Grand Menan region; the rocks and weeds along the coast; the sunlit stretch of waters, flecked with distant white sails. "His first sketching season," says a writer in Appletons' *Art Journal* for November, 1875, "was passed on the island of Mount Desert, coast of Maine, and while there he fell in company with William Stanley Haseltine and the late Charles Temple Dix. These artists were men of genius, and young Bricher derived great benefit from their kindly advice. After the season spent at Mount Desert, Mr. Bricher turned his attention to the bays, creeks, and pastoral scenery, in the neighborhood of his early home at Newburyport, and many of his most successful pictures have been painted from sketches made there. He pursued his profession with considerable success in Boston, but, with a desire to seek a wider field for the development of his genius, he removed to New York. One of his first pictures in the latter city was in the exhibition of the National Academy of Design in that year. It was a study 'On a Mill-Stream at Newburyport,' and attracted considerable attention, owing to the beauty of the subject and the fresh and truthful style of its treatment. From that year he became a constant contributor to the Academy exhibitions, but from the character of his work he is, perhaps, better known as a marine painter than a painter of landscapes. In 1873 he became interested in water-color painting, and in that year contributed his first drawing to the exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors, and was at once elected a member of the institution. His water-color works are noticeable for their force and brilliancy of tone. In the delineation of 'Ironbound Island, Mount Desert, Coast of Maine,' Mr. Bricher has softened the inhospitable character of the place by the introduction of a brilliant sunset effect, which lights up the distant sea, and shimmers upon the breaking surf in the foreground with great power and beauty. The sky, with its cloud-cumuli, is particularly pleasing, and exemplifies in a marked degree the poetical power of his pencil. 'The Mill-Stream at Newburyport' is remarkable for its beauty, and the subdued yet brilliant way in which it is

treated. It is a midsummer scene, as the boating-party on the left and the rich and luxuriant foliage of the overhanging trees evince; and the broken forms of the clouds and the shadows upon the water lend to the view an idyllic charm."

MR. ALBERT BIERSTADT, one of the most widely-known American painters, was born in Düsseldorf, Germany, in 1829, and came to this country in 1831. In early manhood he returned to Europe and studied in the city of his birth and also in Rome. When General Lander's expedition to the Rocky Mountains was organized, he became a member of it, and made his reputation as an artist by painting some of the striking scenery of that region. His celebrated "Rocky Mountains" was displayed in public for the first time at the great Fair of the Sanitary Commission in the city of New York in 1863, where it and Mr. Church's "Heart of the Andes" were the principal pictorial attractions. In 1878 Mr. Bierstadt left America for an extended journey in Europe and the East.

His "Mount Corcoran, Sierra Nevada," recently purchased by the trustees of the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, and engraved for this volume, has been described as follows: "The peak rises to a height of fourteen thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven feet, and is about five miles distant from the little lake fed by the snows of the mountain-range. The picture is considered to be a happy combination of the best points in Mr. Bierstadt's style, and, while treated with a bold, broad effect, abounds in finished truthfulness of form and color. The engraving well conveys the impression made by the drawing, but none of the effect of the fine local and ærial color in the rolling mass of clouds, the gigantic trees, the exquisite green depths of the water into which recede the submerged rocks and trees of the foreground, and the yellow curve of the shore dotted with the scarlet dwarf willows. From the sombre skirts of the storm-clouds swooping down the mountain-gorge leaps a glittering cascade that is mirrored by a trail of light in the lake. The sentiment of wild, solemn solitude, blended with a beauty not too intrusive, is heightened by the figure of a black bear crossing the beach for a bath or a drink. The picture is five feet by eight, and occupies a prominent position in the main gallery."



NEAR THE BLACK HILLS.

From a Painting by Albert Bierstadt.



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



— 876

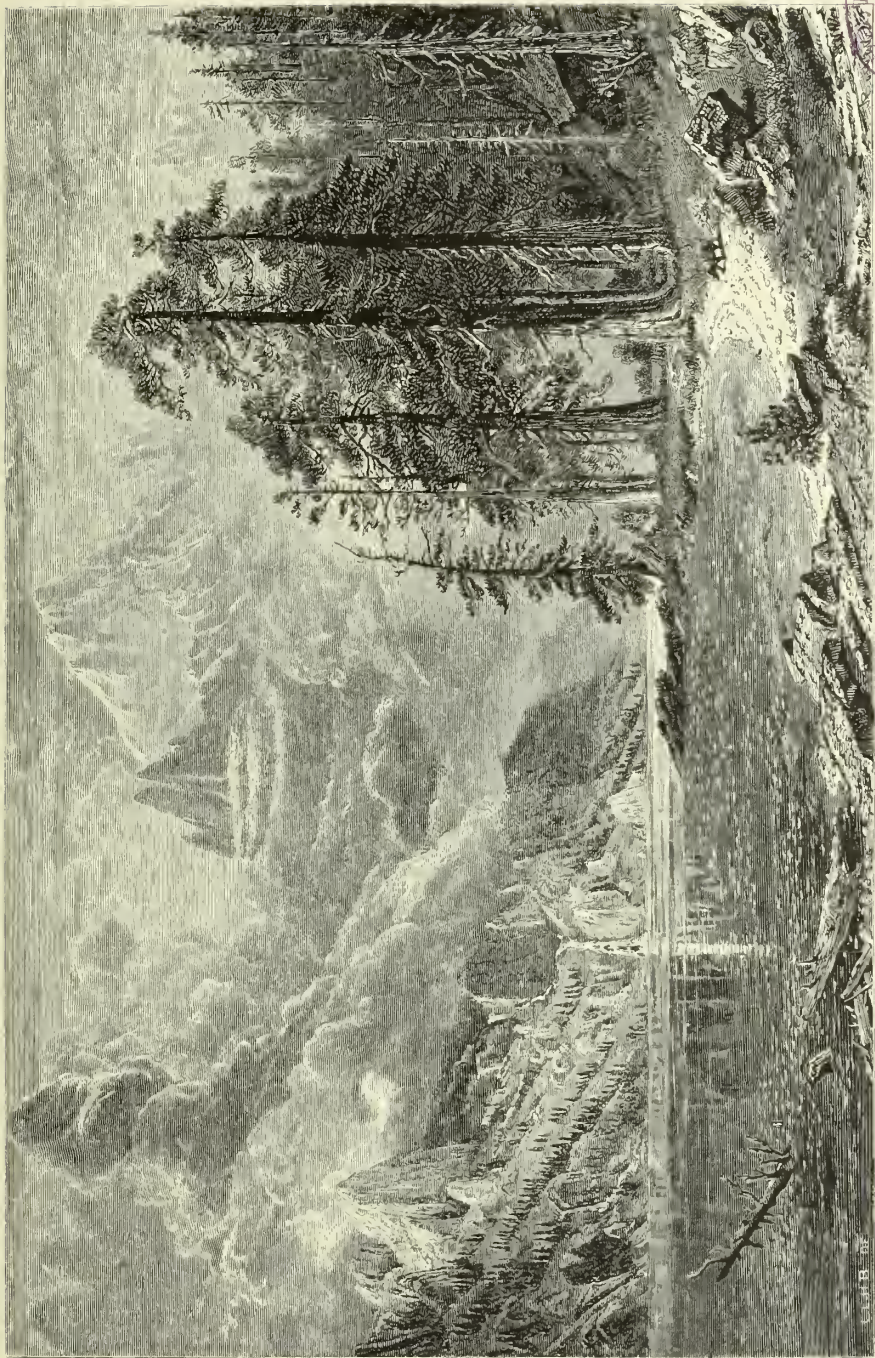


One of Mr. Bierstadt's earliest works is a street-scene in Rome, painted in 1853, and hanging in the Boston Art Museum. It is rich in color, skillful in composition, and simple in design. Its greeting surprises the visitor, who has known Mr. Bierstadt through his great Western landscapes only. But these landscapes it is that have made the artist's reputation. Especially in England have they been praised and prized, and for the reason, perhaps, among others, that they described to a people, fonder than all others of travel and books of travel, the novel and majestic beauty of our vast Territories. When the "Storm in the Rocky Mountains" was on exhibition in London, a leading review of that city was enthusiastic in the recital of its merits. "We are somewhere," it said, "in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, at a height of a few hundred feet from the level of a lake below us. This lake, which is small and very beautiful, receives a stream from another lake, on a considerably higher level and at a distance of several miles. Over the distant lake broods an immense mass of dark storm-cloud, which attracts our attention because it is so terrible, and, toward its toppling summits, so elaborate. In the middle distance the rocky barrier between the two lakes rises to a great elevation at the right, and a still nearer mass, also to the right, fills the field of vision in that direction. Near a little pool, and on the sloping pasture land in the foreground, are groups of many trees, and an alluvial plain near the lake is watered by a winding river, on whose banks grow beautiful clusters of wood. The qualities which strike us in Mr. Bierstadt as an artist are, first, a great audacity, justified by perfect ability to accomplish all that he intends. He is not a mere copyist of Nature, but an artist having definite artistic intentions, and carrying them out with care and resolution. . . . He is always trying for luminous gradations and useful oppositions, and he reaches what he tries for. The excess of his effort after these things may be repugnant to some critics, because it is so obvious, and seems incompatible with the simplicity and self-oblivion of the highest artist-natures. We believe, however, that in art of this kind, where the object is to produce a powerful impression of overwhelming natural grandeur, a painter must employ all the resources possible to him. This may be condemned as scene-painting, but it is very magnificent scene-painting, and we should only be too happy to see more of the same kind. . . . Mr. Bierstadt's picture is full of courage and ability, and his nature, which has a

strong grasp of realities, is well fitted for the kind of work he has undertaken."

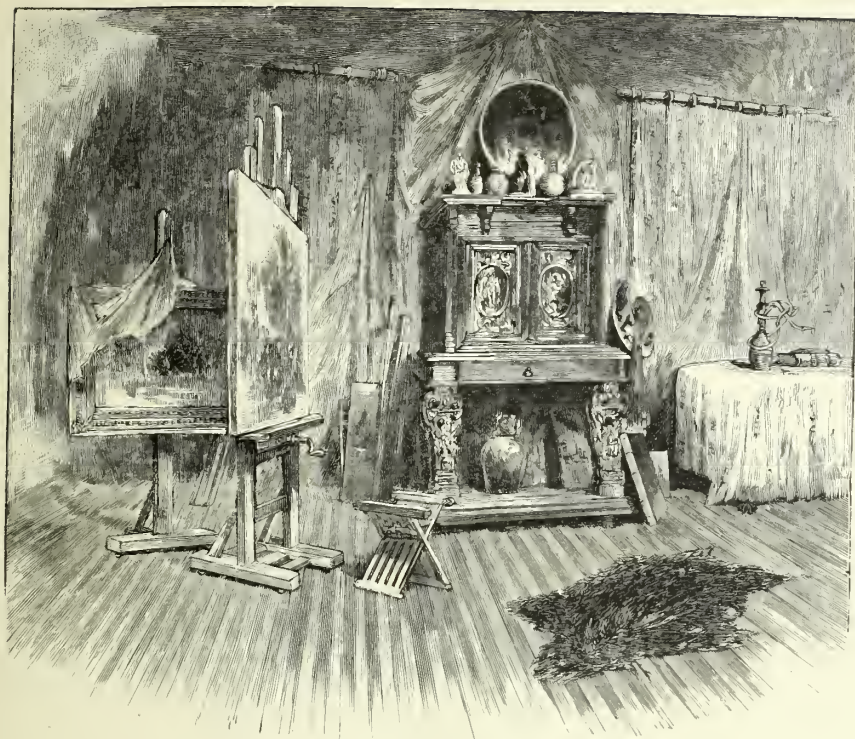
Mr. Bierstadt's frequent trips across the continent have furnished him with abundant opportunities for sketching and for study, and have cultivated to the fullest extent his tastes for grandeur and sublimity in mountain-scenery. The pictures, of which those sketches were the foundation, can be seen in almost all the principal galleries of the United States. Mr. James Lenox owns "The Valley of the Yosemite;" Mr. Legrand Lockwood formerly owned "The Domes of the Yosemite;" and Mr. U. H. Crosby bought the "Looking down the Yosemite." "Laramie Peak" is in the collection of the Buffalo Academy of the Fine Arts; "Cathedral Rock" in the collection of Mr. William Moller, of Irvington, New York; and "The North Fork of the Platte" in the collection of Judge Hilton, of the same city. The impulse which the late war gave to American picture-making reached Mr. Bierstadt at the most favorable moment. He had more studies of fine and novel scenery than any other artist in this country, and he knew how to use them in the most effective style. It soon became fashionable for gentlemen of means, who were founding or enlarging their private galleries, to give Mr. Bierstadt an order for a Rocky Mountain landscape, and during at least ten years the artist's income from that source was princely.

In like manner, the Franco-German War stimulated the activity of the Prussian studios. "A great number of people," says a German correspondent, "who had gone to bed poor, awoke in the morning millionaires. Their millions, to be sure, were only on paper, but the world believed in their reality, and the owners, perhaps, too. Yesterday they had lived in a house they rented, to-day they must have a house of their own, and the house must be as large and stately as that of the X. Y. Z. Joint-Stock Company; the façade richly ornamented, if possible, with frescoes; the vestibule enlivened by marble statues, and the rooms too. The upholsterer had done his best: he had ordered carpets from Lyons, mirrors from Venice, furniture from Paris. That was not enough. Herr So-and-so, who represented a rival firm, had as much; something unique was wanted. 'The picture was in the dealer's window yesterday; everybody knows the price—ten thousand thalers—and to-day it hangs in my dining-room.' For that family group of A. B——'s the modest



MOUNT CORCORAN, SIERRA NEVADA.

From a Painting by Albert Bierstadt.



MR GIFFORD'S STUDIO.

ROBERT SWAIN GIFFORD.

THE boy or girl who will turn to the map of New England will see on the southern coast of Massachusetts a gulf, called Buzzard's Bay. The southern or seaward side of this bay is formed by a picturesque group called the Elizabeth Islands. Tufted with wild, weather-beaten cedars, and lashed by the terrible surges of the Atlantic storms, these gray, granite isles have seen many a shipwreck since the Pilgrims first landed on the shores of old Massachusetts.

One of these islands bears the Indian name of Naushan; and there, some forty years ago, was born the landscape and marine painter, R. S. Gifford.

While he was still very young his father moved to New Bedford, famous as a whaling port; and in

those days its wharves were thronged with whalers returning from far off seas or fitting out for long cruises in arctic regions. Everything about the water-side of the old town was adapted to stimulate a love for the sea in the boy who rambled about the docks and jostled against burly tars who had strange, wild, and often incredible yarns to spin of adventures by land and sea. Young Gifford's father owned a sailboat, and the lad passed many exciting hours sailing about the bay, until he began to have a longing to express his feelings with a pencil.

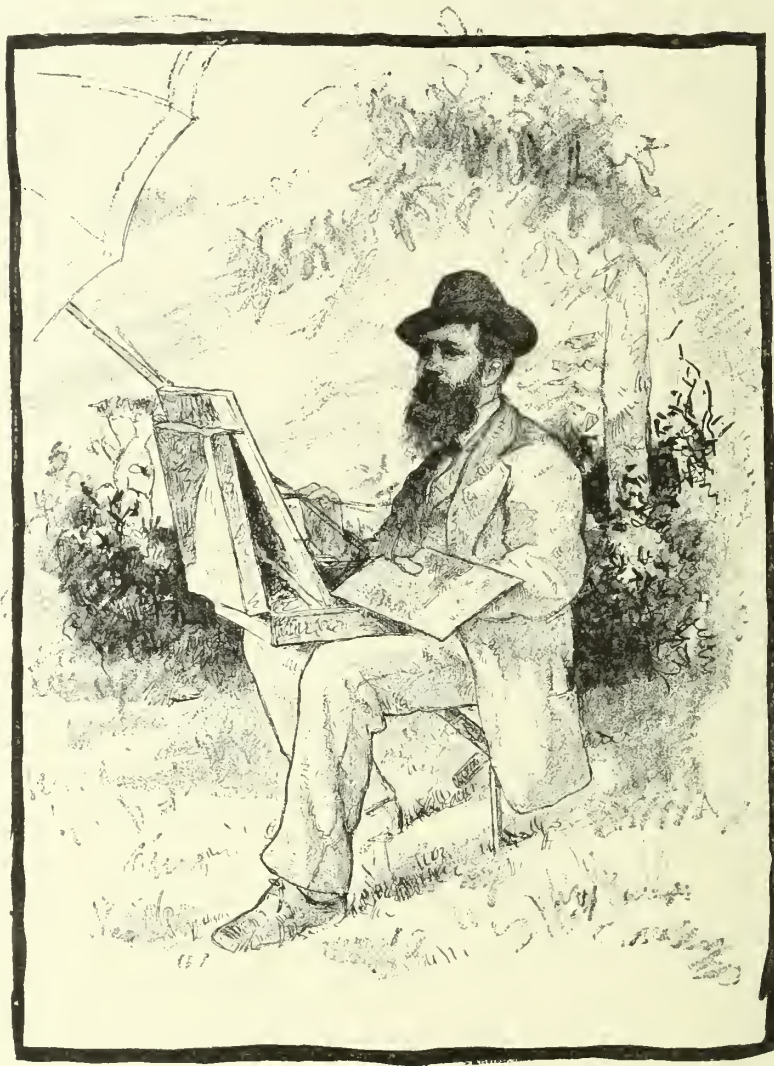
About that time the marine painter Van Beest, who was a bluff, hearty, outspoken Dutchman, came to New Bedford and put up a studio. But this artist knew little about the rig and build of American

ships, and therefore sometimes employed Mr. Bradford, who has since become famous for painting icebergs, to draw the ships for him. After Mr. Bradford left, Van Beest asked young Gifford to become his ship-builder, if we may so use the phrase. The youth had already found his way to the studio of the Dutch artist and taken lessons from him in drawing and painting. This was done at first in the face of much opposition from his friends, although they relented when they saw how bent he was to become an artist, and what ability he seemed to have for such a pursuit.

After a while Van Beest returned to New York and proposed to his assistant to accompany him, offering him a proportionate share of the sales from his paintings, if he would continue to work with him as before.

This arrangement lasted for several years, until the young artist, feeling that he was now able to work better alone, settled in Boston in 1864, where he soon achieved a decided success; although it must be added that, while he gained rep-

utation in Boston, he sold most of his pictures in New York and elsewhere. In 1866 Mr. Gifford returned again to New York, where he has since resided, even when abroad, and has been elected an Associate



R. Train Gifford

went to Europe, and gave himself up to wanderings through the South of Europe; and the Mediterranean, allowed his fancy to roam wonderfully interesting and picturesque

National
emy, and b
professor a
Art School
Cooper In

During t
half of his
Mr. Giffor
fined him
the paint
marine an
scenes; a
others a
from th
ocean yac
sailed by
mous yac
rietta, Ve
Fleetwing

Anxious
large his
observati
experie
made
through
and Cali
1869, w
scenery
tracted
he took
teresting
which lo
not alto
abandon
art, at le
vote his
chiefly
scape p

A ye
later M

OUR AMERICAN ARTISTS.

olds of Egypt and Morocco, which resulted in some very interesting works and had a very decided influence on the aims and methods of his art.

In 1874 Mr. Gifford again visited the Old World with Mrs. Gifford, who accompanied her husband through the grandly savage mountain passes of Corsica, the island where Napoleon was born. Herself a spirited artist, Mrs. Gifford was able to appreciate the romantic beauty of the bare, lion-haunted mountain crags of Algeria, where they next passed several fascinating months, studying the oriental customs and architecture of Algiers, and the swarthy Arab tribes who dwelt in goats'-hair tents on the edge of the desert, or in grim fortresses on the pinnacles of the Atlas mountains.

Although the French have been masters of Algeria ever since the long warfare which ended in the capture of the heroic Abdel Kader, who for long years bravely resisted the invaders in vain at the head of his mounted warriors, the country is still much as it was of old. The people are allowed to follow their own customs, and so long as they do not resist the authority of the French, are left very much to themselves. They are mostly descended from the Mauritians, of whom some of you have read in Roman history. They were fierce horsemen who, under Jugurtha, gave the Roman legions much trouble before they could be conquered.

They are Mohammedans. Their women go veiled in the street, and in the cities live in houses whose windows are carefully screened with lattices to prevent anyone from looking in. The men are tall, handsome, massively built, and stern and warlike; and the laws, as with all Eastern people, are very strict.

The scenery of Algeria is half tropical, and the climate dry and hot. Camels are employed to carry merchandise, and here and there a graceful cluster of palm-trees, outlined against the cloudless sky, indicate where wells may be found to slake the thirst of the passing caravan. Overhead the buzzard watches for his prey; or the vulture, circling a mere speck in the sky, wheels his long flight over the solitude, ever waiting to dart on a dying camel or a wounded Arab.

Amid these strangely attractive and romantic scenes Mr. and Mrs. Gifford lingered several months, enriching their portfolios with vivid pictures of the

people, the wild birds, and the wilder scenery about them.

At one time they halted for the night in the house of an Arab chieftain, where they were very hospitably entertained with pilaff, made of rice, a whole roast lamb, and tropical fruits. Around the reception-hall niches were seen in the thick wall, in which the retainers of the chief slept at night. Their long guns and spears were hung here and there on the walls. Some weeks before the travellers were there, a dozen men, who were supposed to have formed a conspiracy against the chief, had been treacherously seized and beheaded without trial in that very hall, and their heads were arranged about the room.

Some of Mr. Gifford's most interesting paintings are from scenes suggested by his travels in Algeria. One of his largest works, that was exhibited at the Centennial, is a painting of the famous Rock of Gibraltar, which looks southward towards the opposite coast of Africa and the land of the Moor.

Another result of his last trip to Europe is also evident in a gradual change in the style of this artist. His earlier art was executed in a very finished way; but his observations of French art have led him to adopt a bolder method of using colors.

The tendency of art at present, in Europe and with the younger and newer American artists, is to treat a subject broadly. This term does not refer to the size of the picture but the way in which a subject is treated. Some painters finish their work with great delicacy and very careful reproduction of every detail. The most remarkable instance of this kind of treatment is shown in the portraits painted two hundred years ago by Denner, a German artist, who actually reproduced every hair, and seemed even to represent the down and pores of the skin of the face. This is an extreme instance of painting carried to the last degree of finish.

The danger of this sort of art is, that the general effect, which is after all the chief thing in a picture, is in danger of being sacrificed to details. American landscape art has never approached such a degree of laborious finish; but it has sometimes showed too much regard for details. Another fault of which it might be accused is, that it has too often been weak because the pigments were laid on too thinly. This is not always a fault, as it is a matter which depends very much on the subject. Still, it is

perhaps better to err on the other side, after the methods followed by the old Dutch painters, and now adopted by most of the leading artists of the age; that is, to lay on the colors solidly, thus gaining more force and freshness in the representation of nature.

Now, to paint the reverse of the extremely finished style I have been describing, is called painting broadly. A landscape painting or a portrait in which many of the details are entirely omitted or merely suggested, and in which the general effect is always the prominent idea of the work, is said to have breadth.

It is the latter style that Mr. Gifford has gradually

adopted, keeping the light and shades, and the objects of a painting well massed, and thus gaining a grand effect. There is no uncertainty in the way in which he handles his brush; he knows what he wishes to do, and does it. Painting in water-color has doubtless been of value to him in producing the desired effect in his oil paintings, for the certainty required in using water-colors leads to readiness of knowledge, and thus one is able to lay on his color in such a way that he does not need to work over them too much. Some of the water-color paintings of Mr. Gifford are remarkably fresh, pure and luminous in their effect. He paints much out-of-door during the season, and his most recent trips aff



LITTLE RIVER, DARTMOUTH, MASS. (*From painting by R. Swain Gifford.*)

studies have been to the coast around Buzzard's Bay and to the lovely, palm-encircled shores of Fort George Island on the coast of Florida.

It is an interesting fact in the art-life of this artist, that after wandering from California to Algeria for studies, he has at last returned to the haunts of his boyhood as the field which offers him the most congenial subjects for his brush. Many of you have doubtless often seen along our New England coast brown, ragged clumps of solemn weird cedars, whose gnarled and singularly twisted branches spread like deers' antlers. Tufted with tough, spiky foliage, they sway and moan drearily in the gales which scourge the shores, as if they were ancient, age-withered

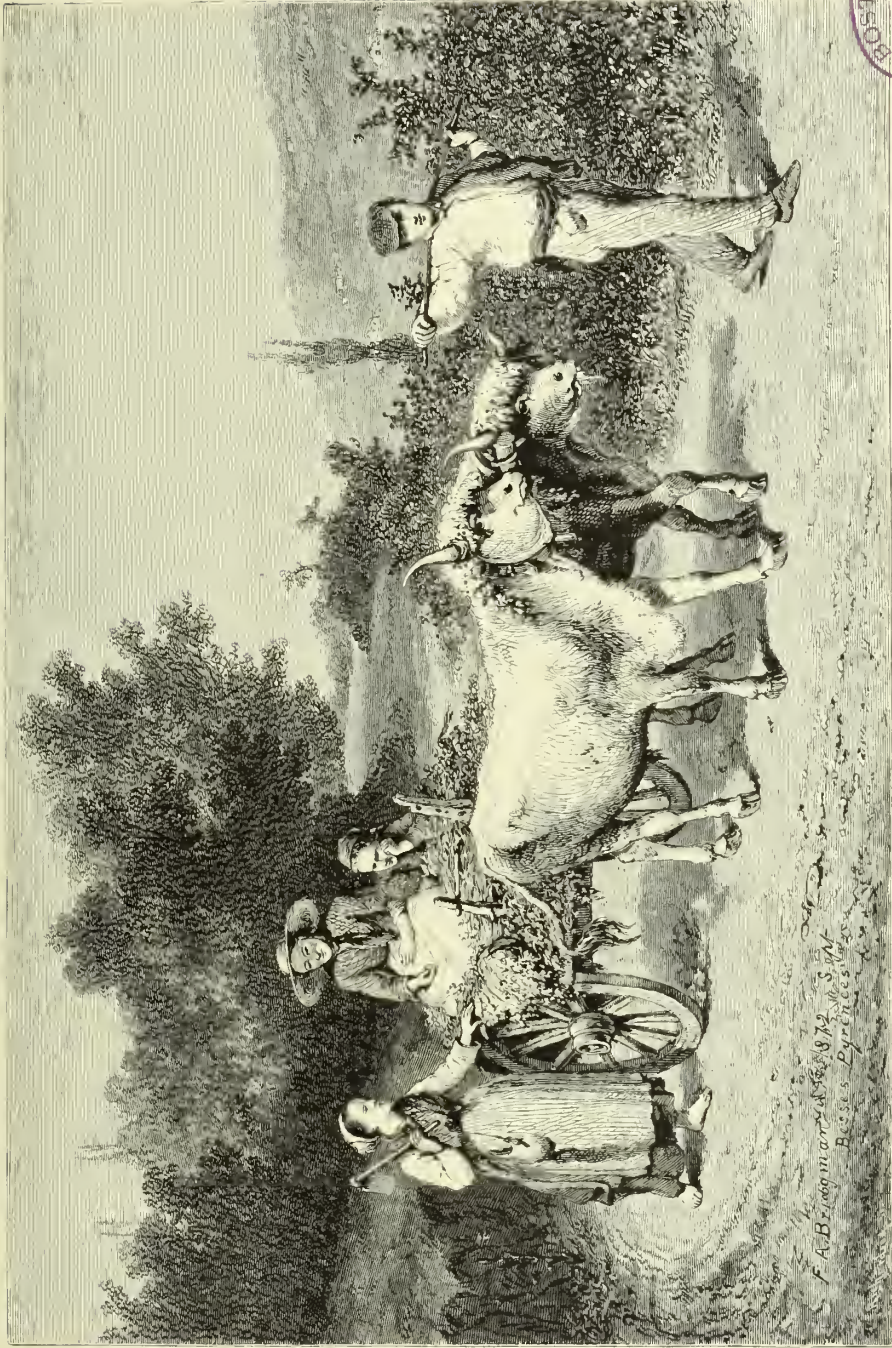
Indian sachems left there alone to wail for their departed race. These wild cedars, these gray shores, the russet grass which sighs in the autumnal wind on the bare rocks and lonely moors, fading off in the far-off horizon, and canopied by cool gray masses of clouds through which a gleam of light steals here and there, these are what Mr. Gifford has chosen for his fit subjects from which to gather inspiration for his versatile talents.

Mr. Gifford's studio is in the building of the Young Men's Christian Association in Twenty-third Street, New York, whose two upper stories are occupied exclusively by artists. The studio is adorned with many interesting objects collected in the East.

painter asked fifteen thousand thalers. 'I will give you twenty thousand if you will set to work to-day.' Every child knows the story. Such arguments were irresistible; those were halcyon days for artists. But artists, even the ablest, are but men. You know the inglorious nickname which the clever and light-hearted mannerist, Luca Giordano, bears in history? Well, our artists were in those years, almost without exception, *fa presto*. In the spring of 1873 came the recoil. The millions proved but glittering bubbles, or rather something much worse. Like exploding shells, they scattered about death and destruction. The palaces, which had been conjured out of the earth, certainly remained in their places, though they passed into other hands; but the costly marble statues and the priceless pictures—a legend was current that, in the hours of darkness, the portals of those palaces opened, and strange funereal processions passed through the still streets to some picture-dealer or other who had not yet lost all heart, and, in hope of better days, was willing to risk a bit of capital. And that, unfortunately, was not mere idle rumor. The private galleries which came into existence between 1870 and 1873 have almost all been privately sold, or publicly dispersed under the hammer. For artists the fat days of the 'Promoters' have been followed by the lean days of the 'Great Crash.' The artists had, and alas! they still have, plenty of time to reflect upon their sins during those years, and to paint better pictures. To their credit be it said, they have used the opportunity well. The last great Academy Exhibition showed this. The characteristics of the display were earnest effort and conscientious industry." With but few exceptions, the words written concerning Germany are descriptive of America also.

Mr. Bierstadt is a believer in Wagner's principle of the value of mere quantity in a work of art. He has painted more large canvases than any other American artist. His style is demonstrative and infused with emotion; he is the Gustave Doré of landscape-painting. With Mr. Cross, the English Home Secretary, he doubtless holds that art from beginning to end is nothing more nor less than imitation—imitation inspired (if not controlled) by veracity, refined by taste, and, we may add, assisted by artifice; and, with the sculptor, he likes a subject that is noble in itself, and disdains to illumine common things.

On the occasion of the successful Loan Exhibition under the direction of the Young People's Association of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, in Brooklyn, in 1878, twenty-four of Mr. FREDERICK A. BRIDGMAN's paintings were hung side by side in what was called the "Bridgman Gallery." The series comprised his first work in oil, namely, a head of a boy; his "American Circus in France;" his "Prayer in the Mosque," owned by Mr. Edwin Packard; his "Rameses II.," "Fête in the Palace of Rameses," and portrait of himself, owned by Mr. B. Sherk; and his "View on the Upper Nile," "Tête-à-tête," "Pride of the Harem," "Woman of Kabzla," and "Normandy Peasant-Girl." Large and beautiful as was the Loan Exhibition, containing as it did bronzes, laces, embroideries, water-colors, and many foreign and domestic oil-paintings, Mr. Bridgman's collection was one of its most attractive and notable features. The young artist appeared with distinction in the presence of the friends of his boyhood. Having been for several years a pupil of the celebrated Gérôme, and an enthusiastic disciple of that master, it is not strange that the influence of the latter should be visible in many of Mr. Bridgman's pictures. The work that we have engraved does not suggest Gérôme strikingly; but others, in subject, in composition, and in coloring, reveal very clearly the source of their inspiration. In the recent exhibition of the Society of American Artists, for example, Mr. Bridgman was represented by his "Fête in the Palace of Rameses," certain parts of which remind one easily of the painter of "L'Almée" and "Cléopâtre et César." But a similar remark might be made concerning four-fifths of the contributions to that exhibition, and in general concerning nearly all of the first productions of American artists who have studied in the *ateliers* of Europe. In such cases the intelligent spectator is little inclined to find fault. He remembers how closely Raphael's earlier Madonnas resembled the creations of his teacher, Perugino, and how natural it is, for a child that is learning to walk, to lean upon somebody or something. A beginner in art must begin with copying; and, the more slavishly he copies at first, the better is he likely to become. His initial works are, or should be, exact transcriptions of natural facts, and of selected models. The results of elaborate convention, the penetration of imaginative conception, the personal impress stamped upon the canvas or the clay, come afterward. Imitation first, and then originality.



PYRENEES PEASANTS RETURNING FROM THE HARVEST-FIELD

From a Painting by Frederick A. Bridgman.

The "Pyrenees Peasants returning from the Harvest-Field" was painted by Mr. Bridgman for the French *Salon* of 1872, and bought by Mr. A. A. Low, of Brooklyn, in whose gallery it now hangs. In the evening sunshine, and along a picturesquely winding and bordered road through a rolling region of country, a pair of oxen is drawing a wagon-load of garnered grain, upon which are seated two women, apparently much more weary than the faithful beasts in front of them, or the bright young fellow who leads the procession. By the side of the wagon another woman trudges on, her face wearing an expression of ill-humor and disrelish. She and her sisters, evidently, have been working harder than either the oxen or the driver. She is barefoot, too, while the man and the animals are shod. Beyond the shadows of the middle distance the hill-slopes lie in brightest light, which glows also on the distant landscape and the horizon. The principal elements of the scene are emphasized so as to make a picture of them—and a very pleasant picture it is, sound and harmonious, without showiness and without triviality.

Mr. Bridgman's "Burial of a Mummy" had the honor of bringing to the artist a third-class medal in the *Salon* of 1877, and of receiving from the French critics an award of praise unusual for an American work. The novelty and richness of the incident, the freshness and courage of the treatment, the relief and distinctive characterization of the principal figures, and the decidedly scenic handling of the subject, are easy of discernment in this successful picture. It was in the American department of the Paris Exhibition for 1878, where it elicited from the London *Athenæum* highly-favorable comment. "The scene," says the *Athenæum*, "represents the Nile, with the dead being transported by water to their place of burial. The centre of the composition is occupied by a barge, on which is fitted a sort of catafalque, whereon rests the mummy-case; at the head and feet are two figures, who may be supposed to be the mother and son of the deceased; an altar, with priests and some musicians, occupies the fore-part of the barge, the stern being filled with a group of lamenting women; the barge is towed across the river by a boat manned by a body of rowers. Another barge, with similar freightage, is seen in advance. All the details of costume and accessories are thoroughly studied, and the drawing and painting are deserving of high commendation, as will be understood by those who remember Mr. Bridgman's 'Nile-

Boat' in the last year's Academy Exhibition. Especially beautiful is the landscape, showing the mountains, with the last rays of the setting sun lighting up their tops, and the stretch of river beneath reflecting cool and pellucid sky-tints."

Mr. Bridgman's contribution to the *Salon* this year is a representation of an Assyrian king killing lions in the amphitheatre. "The monarch," says the Paris correspondent of the *Art Journal*, "has just bent his bow, and is in the act of launching his shaft at a superb lion, who has been released from one of the two clumsy wooden cages dimly visible in the background, and who, with extended tail and lip upcurled in a portentous snarl, is evidently meditating an attack." A dead lion lies on the ground. The sky is seen through an opening at the left of the crowded amphitheatre. One of the artist's latest works is a view of an old-fashioned *diligence*, with six galloping horses, entering a village on a bright summer morning. His feeling is strong for the literary aspects of his subjects—for stories that tell themselves, and are interesting, if not startling, in the telling. His principal works thus far have been concerned with reproducing the customs and the types of the ancient Egyptians and the modern Turks.

A contributor to Appletons' *Art Journal* for February, 1876, writes: "Visitors to the exhibition of the National Academy of Design, last spring, were struck by a very spirited painting of a circus exhibition, described in the catalogue as 'An American Circus in France.' The painter is Mr. Frederick A. Bridgman, an artist yet in the youth of his career. Mr. Bridgman was born in Tuskegee, Alabama, in the year 1847. He showed a strong love for the arts at an early age. His father having died, his mother removed North with her children, and decided to apprentice her son to bank-note engraving. Accordingly, he began work with the American Bank-Note Company in 1862. During this period he painted at home, and in the winter season studied in the art-schools in Brooklyn. After remaining in the employ of the Bank-Note Company nearly four years, his engagement was canceled, at his own solicitation, that he might go to Europe to study painting. He sailed for France in May, 1866, and on landing went direct to Paris. After entering the *École des Beaux-Arts*, he began his studies under Gérôme, who gave him much kindly advice, and has since that time taken great interest in his progress.



RIVER-SIDE.

From a Painting by John W. Casilear.



During the first three years spent abroad, he experienced the usual discouragement of young artists struggling for recognition, notwithstanding that *Le Monde Illustré* had engraved a number of his paintings, which was an honor; but in the fourth year he painted his 'Circus' and 'De quoi partent les Jeunes Filles,' the success of which at once brought him into notice. At this time his pictures were well hung in the *Salon*, and the Messrs. Goupil, of Paris, purchased many of his works. Young Bridgman spent his summers in Brittany, in the little town of Pont-Aven, the quiet resort of a little colony of artists, and his winters in Paris. The winter of 1870-'71, however, found him, together with a number of American, English, and French artists, again in Pont-Aven, the war interfering with arts in the cities. This happening to be an unusually severe winter, there were two weeks of snow and ice—a thing unprecedented in the annals of Brittany. Taking advantage of this opportunity, he and other Americans extemporized skates at the village blacksmith's, and astonished the peasants by their manœuvres on the ice. It was at this time that he painted 'Girls in the Way,' 'Up Early,' and other works. The summer following the war he went to England, but, not liking the fog of London, after a brief sojourn of a month or two, he returned to Paris. It was in London that he conceived his 'Apollo bearing off Cyrene,' finishing it in Paris. This picture was hung between two of the famous masters of France, Jules Breton and Bonnat. He then journeyed south and settled in the Pyrenees, on the Spanish border, where he met Fortuny and other painters, and spent two years, being charmed with the country and costumes. It was from this place that he sent one of several pictures to Mr. A. A. Low, of Brooklyn. Thence he went to Algiers, staying for a season. The winter of 1873-'74 he spent in Egypt and Nubia, among the temples and obelisks, taking this occasion also to make an excursion up the Nile as far as the second cataract, engaging a boat and crew, in company with several painters. Returning from the Orient in the spring of 1874 to Paris, he brought with him three hundred sketches in oil, water-colors, and pencil, mostly of landscapes and the ruins of temples, as only a few models were to be had, owing to the religious scruples of the Mohammedans. With the aid of these sketches, together with the costumes and curiosities which he had also secured, he was enabled to finish, after his return to his studio in Paris, some fine Oriental subjects. One of the most

important of these subjects was entitled 'The Interior of a Harem, or the Nubian Fortune-teller.' It was in the last *Salon*. Mr. Bridgman's 'Circus' was painted when he was scarcely more than a student, and, when exhibited, the masterly character of the composition and its brilliancy of coloring excited general admiration, even among the critics of Paris. The scene represents the interior of an American circus. A famous athlete and woman rider are performing a 'two-horse act,' as described in the bills of the day. The trained horses are making their round of the ring in a gentle canter, urged by the crack of the master's whip; and the so-called 'trick-clown' and his companion the jester are engaged in their usual antics for the delectation of the crowd. In the original painting this central tableau forms a superb study of color. The athlete, in crimson jacket and buff trunks, and the woman in her gauzy costume glittering with spangles, together with the sturdy horses, and the clowns in their raiments of many colors, was a bold subject for so young an artist to handle, but it was successful. As a study of character, the little group of rustics on the left can scarcely be excelled. In the faces the different emotions are ably expressed. There are the woman spectator, with her hands clasped, and spellbound at the equestrian act, and the fellow behind her, with a different temperament, clapping his hands at the vulgar antics of the clown. Again, the lout seated near the tent-pole has more admiration for the woman at his side than the performance in the ring. In the background the usual mixed audience is shown, with the band throwing out its sweet strains to the measured tread of the horses, and the 'Rocky Mountain Indian' seated in the broad light near the grand entrance. This painting is in the gallery of Mr. Edward F. Rook, of Brooklyn."

Until middle life, Mr. JOHN W. CASILEAR was an engraver. He was born in New York City; in his sixteenth year he went into the atelier of the late Peter Maverick; he afterward studied under Mr. A. B. Durand. At one time he was a partner in the firm of Toppan, Carpenter & Company, bank-note engravers. One of his principal efforts with the burin is a reproduction of Mr. Daniel Huntington's oil-painting, "The Sibyl," which was published by the American Art Union. In 1840 he went to Europe with Messrs. Durand,



NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY





MOONLIGHT IN THE GLEN.

From a Painting by John W. Casilear.

Kensett, and Rossiter, and directed his attention to painting; and, like Mr. Durand, Mr. Kensett, and many other celebrities whose careers began in the workshop of the engraver, abandoned the burin for the brush. He came back to New York with a good number of original sketches, and with a determination to paint, although it was many years later that he finally relinquished his hold upon wood and steel. He passed his summers in the mountains of Vermont and in the adjoining States, made studies industriously, forwarded some of them to the Academy exhibitions, and in 1835 became an associate of that body, which, Mr. Casilear modestly though rather ambiguously says, "took in anybody at that time!" His first painting exhibited there was a simple storm-effect upon a summer landscape. It was a cabinet-picture. His works are usually small in size, measuring about two feet by three. He went to Europe again in 1857. Switzerland was his chief attraction on that continent, as Lake George and the Genesee Valley, in Western New York, have been on this continent. His success has been most conspicuous in the portrayal of simple pastoral scenes. If he abandons them, and paints a subject like "Niagara Falls," the public response is imperfect. His name has become identified with sunny, peaceful "river-sides" and meadows. He is an Academician, and a member of the Artists' Fund Society.

Although the influence of an engraver's mental and manual habits is apt to appear in his oil-paintings, exceptions to this rule, as to all others, occur, of course. Mr. Shirlaw's canvases, for example, discover no traces of his early devotion to steel and copper plates. The engraver who is compelled to represent aerial perspective by the fineness and coarseness of his lines, and by the varying distances between them, is liable when using the brush to be hampered consciously or unconsciously by restrictions similar to those that beset him when using the burin; and that very precision of touch which in one sphere of work is an excellence becomes in another sphere a positive demerit. Moreover, while the art of engraving is essentially an imitative art, the art of painting is essentially interpretative, and interpretative chiefly by means of the qualities and tones of colors. So little imitative is it that the professed design of some of the greatest painters is the faithful representation of nothing in heaven, air, earth, or sea. They imagine a harmony of colors and lines, and they set forth simply their imagining. If the record of it gives the spectator

merely a part of the pleasure which the original gave them, they are more than satisfied. If he receives no pleasure at all, they can only pity him, and proceed to paint something more of the same sort. It would be too much to say that Mr. Casilear's landscapes are entirely free from reminiscences of his early craft. Their excellence, however, is very well defined.

Mr. WILLIAM M. CHASE was born on the 1st of November, 1849, in Franklin County, Indiana. In the year 1868 he studied portrait-painting under the direction of Mr. B. F. Hayes, and in 1869 became a pupil of Mr. J. O. Eaton, of New York, and attended the school of the Academy of Design. In 1871 he removed to St. Louis, and painted fruit and still-life for one year, and at the expiration of that time went to Europe. He staid six years in Munich, with the exception of thirteen months spent in Venice, and was a student in the Royal Academy. His first picture sent thence to this country was "The Dowager," and his next "The Court-Jester," which we have engraved. A picture entitled "Feeding the Pigeons" went to St. Louis, and is now owned in New York. "The Apprentice," "The Poacher," and the "Ready for the Ride," were hung in the Kurtz Gallery Exhibition, in New York, in the spring of 1878. Mr. Chase is a teacher in the rooms of the Art-Students' League.

To the National Academy Exhibition of 1875 Mr. Chase, Mr. David Neal, Mr. J. Alden Weir, Mr. Wyatt Eaton, and other young artists, contributed a series of works which possessed features so new and striking that public attention was directed to them at once. In breadth and freedom of treatment, in tone, in a certain freshness and vitality of conception, these pictures were altogether apart from most of those that surrounded them, and that the traditional visitor to the Academy expected to see. It was on this occasion that some of the rising young members of the present Society of American Artists made their first appearance in public. Not long afterward, in the rooms of Messrs. Cottier & Company, in New York, a similar collection was displayed, Mrs. Helena De Kay Gilder, Miss Oakey, Mr. Francis Lathrop, Mr. A. H. Thayer, and Mr. Albert Ryder, being also contributors. In the Academy Exhibition of 1877 the young artists had a fine representation, and



THE COURT-JESTER.

From a Painting by William M. Chase.



were treated with unusual courtesy by the hanging committee; and the next year, though many of them sent works to the regular Academy Exhibition, an exhibition of their own was organized in the Kurtz Gallery, in the same city. Notable among the artists there represented were Mr. W. H. Low, Mr. William Sartain, Mr. Thomas Eakins, Mr. Thomas Moran, Mr. William E. Bunce, Mr. Charles H. Miller, Mr. William M. Hunt, Mr. John S. Sargent, Mr. W. S. Macy, Mr. R. Swain Gifford, Miss Elizabeth Booth, Mr. Frank Duveneck, Mr. W. Twachtmann, Mr. Charles S. Pearce, Mr. T. W. Dewing, Mr. A. H. Wyant, Mr. Charles G. Dyer, Mr. John La Farge, Mr. Samuel Colman, Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, Mr. James M. Whistler, Mr. Homer D. Martin, Mr. J. C. Beckwith, Mr. J. McClure Hamilton, Mr. C. B. Comans, Mr. Frederick Bridgman, Mr. George Inness, Mr. George Inness, Jr., Mr. Frederick Dielman, Mr. William Dannat, and Mr. Olin L. Warner, in addition to the artists already mentioned. The portrait-studies of Mr. J. Alden Weir received especial attention. Concerning one of them, which Mr. Weir elaborated into a life-size representation of his father, Professor Robert W. Weir, and sent to the National Academy Exhibition, the writer said, at the time: "Mr. J. Alden Weir's portrait of his father is an exceedingly artistic work, well worthy of serious study on the part of visitors to the exhibition. It has not been treated very favorably, nor, we think, fairly, by the hanging committee, but that makes absolutely no difference whatever, so far as its reception by intelligent men and women is concerned. If the hanging committee think that this picture is inferior to a score of other productions hung upon the line, the hanging committee are greatly to be pitied. If, on the other hand, they conceive it to be their duty to honor the Academicians simply for the reason that the latter are Academicians, they should say so at once, and let the public understand the matter. Mr. Weir's portrait, however, can be seen quite well where it is. It discovers a sensitive and refined perception of character, a naturalness, zest, and individuality of treatment, and a robust nobleness and severity of purpose which are not less delightful than rare. With mere superficial cleverness, with paintiness, prettiness, and polish, it has no concern. The subject is handled as an organic whole—handled broadly, and at the same time with sufficient attention to details. Look, for instance, at the modeling of the hands—how faithfully, intelligently, and solidly it has been done! and consider how miserably it is

usually done in modern portrait-painting. The picture has feeling and soul; it depicts a live man, a real man, who thinks, and whose thoughts are worth something, who has a brain and a heart, and whose experience is of value. Of how little need are elaborate and carefully-arranged accessories in a work like this! What accessories, indeed, could be fewer or simpler than the ones in use here? The representation is sculpturesque in its simplicity and dignity. Everything transient, accidental, and unimportant, has been passed by in order to concentrate the unity and the force of the impression intended to be transmitted. The artist has seen his subject, not in parts but in mass, and his treatment of it is free from studio-tricks. High art is not often popular art, because, in order that a work shall be popular, its excellences must be, to a certain extent, obvious; and obviousness is usually the very last element of æsthetic merit. In ancient times a pig was considered to be the proper sacrifice to the goddess of the lower world, and figures of pigs were dedicated to her in this world. Now, a pig is the most obvious of creatures. His attributes, being all on the surface, can be appreciated at once. But sometimes high art is popular too, probably for the reason that there are exceptions to every rule. Mr. Chase's 'Apprentice,' for example, in the Society of American Artists' Exhibition last month, was high art, yet almost everybody seemed to like it. Mr. Weir's portrait also contains certain elements of popularity which commend it to the common throng. The greater number of visitors to the Academy, doubtless, are struck by it and pleased with it. We wish that they could be induced to study it under the direction of a competent expounder. They would learn excellently well the nature and the value of a really artistic portrait."

The earlier works of Mr. ALBERT F. BELLOWES were painted in oils; the later ones almost exclusively in water-colors. His ancestors came to this country from England in 1634. When sixteen years old he was apprenticed to a lithographer in Boston. After a course of instruction in Europe, he painted "The First Pair of Boots," "The City Cousins," "The Sorrows of Boyhood," and other *genre* pictures, and in 1861 was elected an Academician. In 1865 he crossed the Atlantic again, and spent many months in the study



A. H. Bell



AFB-110115





YON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



DISC 111



W. & A. G. & S. 1847

Printed by W. & A. G. & S. 1847



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY





A BY-WAY NEAR TORQUAY, DEVONSHIRE.

From a Painting by Albert F. Bellows.





DEVONSHIRE COTTAGES.

From a Painting by Albert F. Bellows.



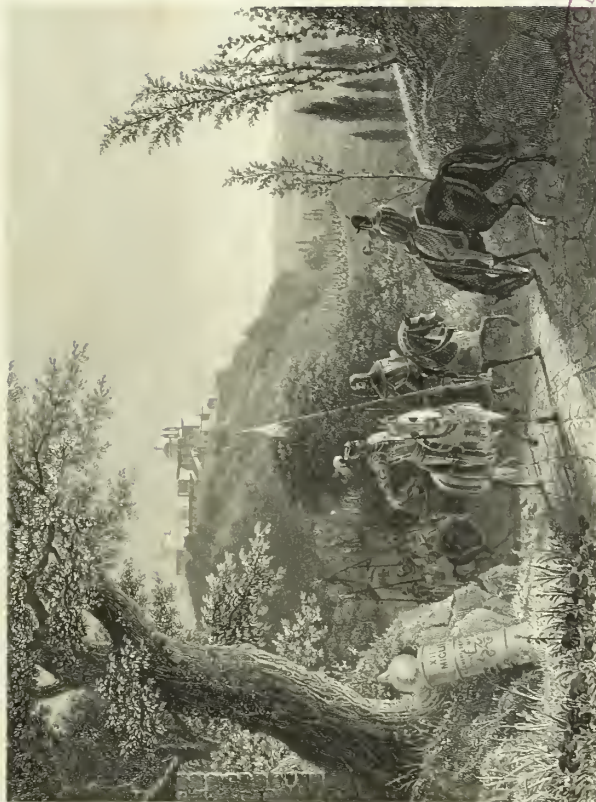


of the English water-colorists, making sketches of farmhouses, hamlets, and country lanes, which he used in such pictures as "A By-way near Torquay, in Devonshire" and "Devonshire Cottages." He is one of the principal contributors to the regular exhibitions of the American Water-Color Society. His studio was in Boston, and is now in New York. A recent biographer in Appletons' *Art Journal* writes: "Mr. Bellows has been a constant and large exhibitor in the New York exhibitions, and probably no class of subjects finds so much favor in the eyes of connoisseurs and the public as that presented by him. To the recent exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors he sent several charming pictures, two of the most important of which are engraved here, both illustrating English rural scenes. To many admirers of art the 'By-way near Torquay' will be accepted as one of Mr. Bellows's most delightful pictures. The subject gives a view of a farm-lane embowered in trees, leading, perhaps, from the village street, where the cottages cluster in the distance, to the foreground brook. Across the pool a huge log has been thrown, and another projects over the water, and from this causeway two girls with rods and lines are fishing. The subject has no sensational feature to commend it to favor; its success consists solely in its simplicity of treatment and the presentation of a real scene drawn from Nature—one which not only embodies a pleasant expression of sentiment, but appeals to the heart. The stretch of cool, transparent water in the foreground, and the bit of blue sky which shows above the house-tops in the distance, together with the sparkling effect of light and shade which intervenes along the shaded lane, will be appreciated by all as beautiful incidents in the composition. In the picture of 'Devonshire Cottages' is a group of cottages with thatched roofs and rude chimneys, poor and unpretending structures, but so embowered in running vines and shrubbery that they assume striking features of beauty and picturesqueness. There are no children here, but, as an evidence of life, an English matron stands in the door of her cottage, and is apparently watching her flock of geese on their march to the foreground pool. There are but few American artists whose works are more popular than those of Mr. Bellows, and this is due not only to the taste shown in the selection of subjects, but also to their artistic treatment."

In a conversation originally reported in the *New York Evening Post*, Professor ROBERT W. WEIR, recently of West Point, said to the writer, while showing his picture of "Christ in the Garden": "The age is materialistic, but few persons buy religious pictures; and then, not every painter is in a condition to paint them. Haydon, you remember, tried a Christ, and, as somebody said of it, the head he produced resembled his own, 'with red hair and a mouth like a letter-box.' The tenderness of Christ always seems to me to have been his dominant characteristic; and I prefer to represent him as in the act of saying, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me,' rather than as in the act of commanding the winds and the waves to be still. Very touching are such words of human sympathy. Yet to delineate his character is impossible. A year or two ago I painted the two Marys at the tomb, and left the figure of Christ to be imagined. I have often so left it. One feels a delicacy in even attempting the delineation."

"Is not the modern landscape," I asked, "with its presentation and interpretation of the beauty of Nature, truly a religious work?" "Undoubtedly it is," he replied; "it raises the aspiration of the beholder from earth to heaven; it lays before us the work of the Creator. Nature—truth—gives the value to all works of art. A very ordinary subject, when treated truthfully, is always impressive. Sometimes the sight of a cloud in the sky brings tears to my eyes. I have tried to connect the sight with something I have seen before; but the effort was useless. The emotion was simply spontaneous—beyond my control."

"Turner's 'Slave-Ship,'" observed the professor, "is a wonderful piece of painting, but it tells no story whatever, and was not intended to do so. It is simply an effect of color, and of light and dark; and as such it is the very cream and poetry of painting. Thackeray said of Turner's 'Téméraire,' 'If that picture could be translated into music, it would be a national anthem;' and a similar remark might be made concerning the 'Slave-Ship.' Turner, in my opinion, painted rapidly from the inspiration of the moment, laying on his colors furiously, with perhaps only a knife or trowel. When he had done enough to suggest a thought, he would stop, and then tack on a name to the canvas—any name that his fancy dictated, or a quotation from some poem like the 'Fallacies of Hope,' for example, a poem which never existed. In his



LIBRARY
PUBLIC
EDUCATION

187. 1874

'Slave-Ship' the black figure in the foreground has a leg ten feet long, the fish have eyes as big as dinner-plates, and iron is made to float on the water. He fastened a manacle around that leg, and called the picture the 'Slave-Ship.' He didn't know what he intended to do when he began to paint it."

The professor proceeded to illustrate how, in his opinion, the work had been done. From a corner of his studio he brought out a marine of his own—gray-toned, cloudy, stormy, the sun setting behind a bank of dark cloud, and tipping some of the troubled waves with light, the whole scene expressive of immensity and of desolation. "I painted that," said he, "in an hour one morning, after looking at the 'Slave-Ship,' just to illustrate for myself my own idea of Turner's process; I mixed my colors hurriedly on the palette and transferred them to the canvas with a small trowel. I did not once use a brush. Now, if I wanted to give the picture a name, I should put some object on the canvas, and append a title in accordance with it. Ruskin, you remember, observes that no two inches of Turner's pictures have the same tint. In that respect they are just like Nature; and this result can be produced in no other way than that I have described."

The professor's humor played brilliantly around his philosophy of Turner, and it was pleasant to hear his version of some stories about his English brother—the story, for instance, of the lady looking over Turner's shoulder, and telling Turner that she didn't see anything in what he was doing. "But don't you wish you *could*, though?" replied the painter. "Somebody," continued the professor, "once remarked that a marine of Turner's at the Royal Academy Exhibition in London was 'too cool.' It was hanging beside a very warm landscape by Constable, and opposite it, on the other side of the room, was a representation of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, dancing in the fiery furnace. The criticism was repeated to Turner. It seemed to nettle him. Soon afterward he threw a fistful of bright-red pigment into one corner of the 'too cool' picture. One of the artists at the exhibition remarked that a coal had popped out of the fiery furnace opposite. In a day or two Turner shaped the coal into a buoy, which shed red light upon the neighboring waves. The whole tone of the picture was transformed; and Constable's picture became the one that was 'too cool.'"

When American artists were touched in the conversation, the touch was

always generous and gentle. The veteran had no bitterness of spirit. Jealousy and envy simply had no place. I wish that I could transcribe all his tributes and his estimates. Many of his observations on foreign painters, also, would bear repeating. Gérôme has immense technical power, he thinks, but lacks refinement of feeling, and is fond of the theatrical. His "Cleopatra before Cæsar" was admirable in background; but the frail queen herself was miserably done. The "Circassian Slave" dancing was vulgar, coarse, badly drawn, and hard and resonant as porcelain. "Knock it, and it will ring." But here, again, the background was beautiful. The "Sword-Dance," however, was a very remarkable piece of execution, and a truthful representation of the scene, the figure of the woman being delightfully managed so that the green veil which floats about her does not injure the rest of the color. Still, in general, Gérôme's productions have in them more of work than of pleasure. Wilkie's honest scenes were rich in sentiment and masterly. "Meissonier is all very well; gets enormous prices for his pictures, far beyond their worth. I suppose he is so well known that everybody who has a collection wants one of his pictures. But his 'Man smoking a Pipe'—what is it? Wonderfully made out; no one could have executed it better: a piece of ingenuity, like that of a man playing a trick, who does something you can't comprehend, almost. He doesn't come out with human feeling, like Wilkie in his 'Gentle Shepherd,' for example. Wilkie's work always has in it that 'one touch of nature'—human nature—which interests, brightens, awakens the sympathy. The heart is the object that a work of art appeals to. The appeal to the intellect is only incidental. That is why Meissonier is not so great an artist as Wilkie. At the same time a work of art should elevate as well as excite the emotions." The professor was getting upon delicate ground, and I resolved to ask him point-blank whether the infusion of a moral design into a work of art is artistically legitimate. His reply was quick and clear. "A moral end *is* legitimate," he said; "painters have immoral ends, why can't they have moral ones? A good deal of modern art-work is a prostitution of art. A good many pictures excite immoral feelings in the spectator. They have this effect, whether they were intended to or not. Why should not a painter aim to excite moral feelings? Much of the present representation of the nude is all wrong, and has no reason for existing. Take any young girl with you



COLUMBUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL OF SALAMANCA.

From a Painting by Robert W. Weir.

into a room where some French figure-pieces are hanging, and she will withdraw her arm from yours and walk out. In Europe, of course, they are more accustomed to this sort of thing. But a great deal of French art is really lewd and immoral, whatever people may say they think about it, and its cleverness does not excuse it. After all, a picture is a register of the artist's own moral state. A vulgar mind cannot produce a refined picture. Most of Stuart's portraits contain an expression that he had on his own lips—yet they are all good portraits. He reflected himself in his works—and he couldn't help it."

"What is art?" I asked.

"Art," he replied, "is man's interpretation of beauty, expressed not only in form and color, but in every truth which can be represented or suggested by poetic words or by pictorial skill. It is the chiseled, colored, or written index of the mind; and for this reason, in its purity, in the integrity of its purpose, it is a strong incentive to good. To study the language which all visible objects speak, and by this means to bring out the higher relations which they bear to human thought and life, is the poetry of art."

Professor Weir's modesty prevented me from hearing much about his own pictures. He read me a sketch of the history of painting, which I should like to see in print—the subject is so dull and has been so often "botched," and he treats it so gracefully and so luminously. The variety of his subjects in painting and the charm with which he handles them are too well known to justify extended description at this time. In "A Child's Dream," one of his latest unfinished pictures, the scene is very simple—a little naked boy lying on his side on a bed, his left arm under his head, and his right resting on some flowers that have fallen from his hand. He is as sweet and pretty as one of Bouguereau's children, and his dream is of an angel standing by him and attended by three cherubs—the boy's dead sister and brothers. The blue eyes of one of the brothers express the tenderest solicitude for the little sleeper; and the arm of the angel is raised in benediction. In truth of expression, in dramatic force, in absence of studio-marks, in pathos, in unity, in softness and delicacy of flesh-tints, the picture is obviously rich. "You will finish it?" I asked. "Well, perhaps so—for the next Academy Exhibition. It requires some stock of health to do so and a good deal of

study;" and then he added in an undertone, "Art with me is not a play-thing." As I turned to leave the studio, with its easels, its hanging-casts of feet, arms, legs, and heads, its pictures on the walls and on the floor, its large, old cabinet of carved wood, its high-backed, comfortable chairs, its rug before the cozy fireplace, its loaded bookcases, its store-boxes for paint and brushes, its standing groups of spears, swords, and bows, its collections of armor and numberless curiosities, its general air of pleasantness and full equipment, the artist accompanied me to the door, and when he opened it there were the cloudless azure and the honest sunlight of a perfect September day. As he stood with one hand grasping the knob, the other resting in his trousers' pocket, and his face illumined with a smile to speed the parting guest, I forgot that he had told me he was seventy-five years old. It was noon out-doors, and the foliage was ripe but not yet faded, beneath a firmament gradationed from zenith-sapphire to horizon-gray. To me it seemed that it was high-noon also in that serene and generous soul, amid the glory and the fruitage of autumn without a withered leaf.

Mr. R. W. Weir was born at New Rochelle, New York, on the 18th of June, 1803. He studied art in Europe, and was the successor of the painter Leslie as Professor of Drawing in the United States Military Academy at West Point. His works are principally historical and *genre*. Among them are "Columbus before the Council of Salamanca," "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims," "Christ and Nicodemus," "The Landing of Hendrik Hudson," "Pæstum by Moonlight," "View of the Hudson from West Point," and "Child's Evening Prayer." One of his latest pictures is a delightful cabinet marine, in the possession of Mr. Isaac Henderson, Jr.

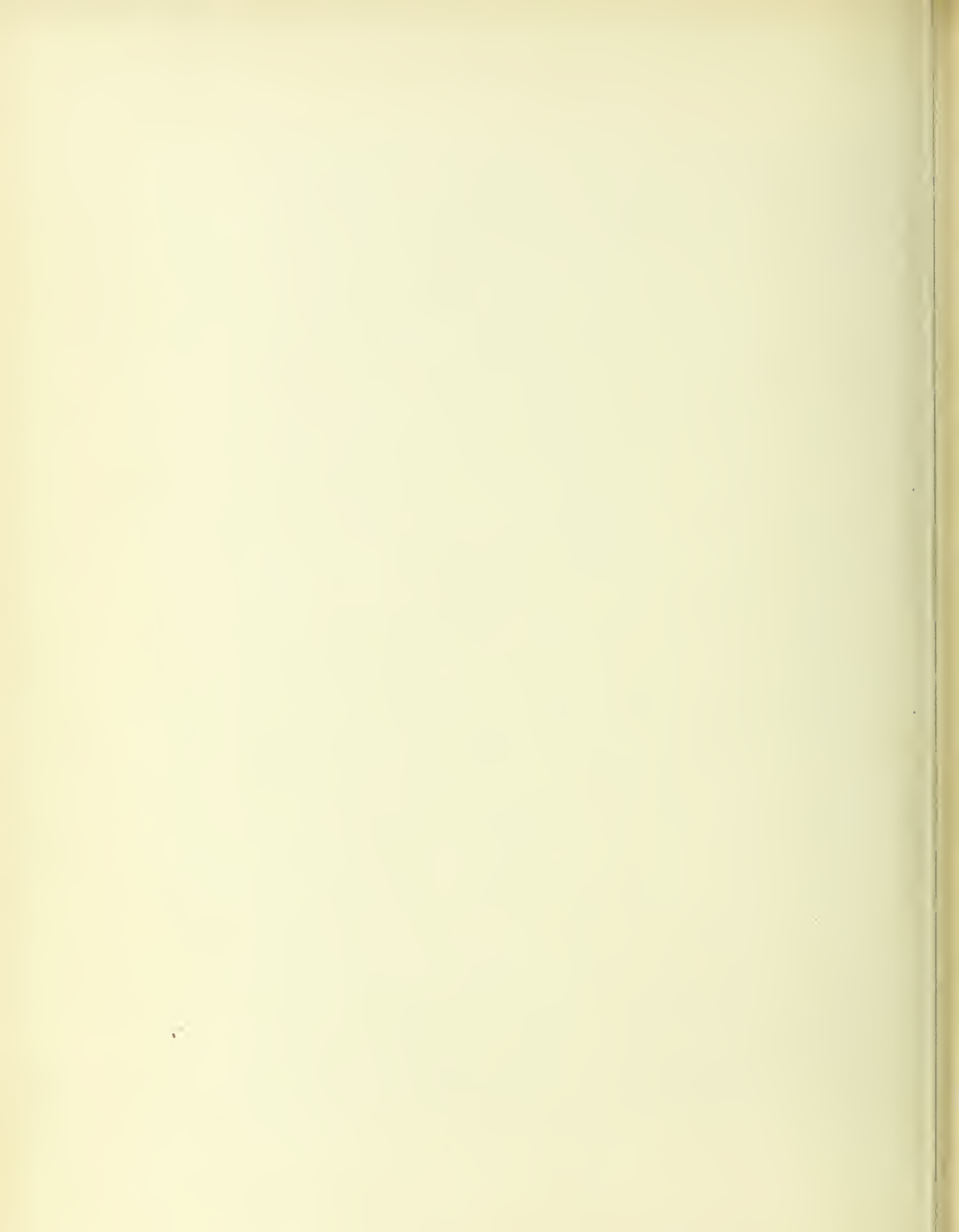
Mr. ALEXANDER H. WYANT, the landscape-painter, was born in Port Washington, Ohio, in 1839. For several years he was a sign-painter in that village. He removed to Cincinnati and painted some pictures, which commended themselves to the art-patrons of the city, and brought him money enough to go to Europe with. At Düsseldorf he studied under the direction of Hans Gude, and became slightly acquainted with Lessing—"a strange, silent man," he says, "who, when I called on him, sent his portfolio to me, and went off into



A MIDSUMMER RETREAT.

From a Painting by Alexander H. Waut.





DAVID NEAL.

THE art career of this painter has been passed in Europe; but he is an American by birth, most of his paintings are owned in this country, and he may justly be included among the leading artists America has produced.

David Neal was born in the manufacturing city of Lowell, in the year 1838. His boyhood was unattended by any striking incidents, and there was nothing in the influences of the place to arouse in him a turn for art. The dull routine of a factory town would seem to be rather against the awakening of art feeling in the boys and girls who played about its streets. But contrary to what one might expect, David showed a talent for drawing at an early age, and earned the admiration of his school-fellows by amusing them with sketches illustrating whatever happened to strike his childish fancy. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and a boy's eyes often see far beyond the hills which surround his native town, catching faint visions of his after-life in the dim distance fading away into the mists of the future.

This was the case with young Neal, who was equipped with a good fund of energy and resolution. Thus furnished with two of the most essential qualities for winning a way in life, he determined, when only fifteen, to go out into the world and seek his fortune. He went first to New Orleans, where he found a situation which gave him support, but at the same time prevented him from devoting himself to the study of art for which he longed. All he could do was to give his few spare hours to imperfect attempts at improving himself; but scarcely any assistance could he get in his studies, for there were no art schools or museums in the city from which he could obtain hints in the pursuit which he had determined to follow.

At length David Neal decided to go to San Francisco and see if he could improve his advantages there. He went by way of Central America and was

greatly impressed by the grandeur and luxuriant splendor of the tropical scenery through which he passed on his way to the Pacific. In San Francisco he soon found employment in making drawings on wood, constantly keeping before him, however, the purpose of going sometime to Europe to study art.

In the city of the Golden Gate young Neal passed several years, not only designing on wood but also painting an occasional portrait, and endeavoring to save up enough to carry out his cherished plan. His patience and perseverance found their reward at last.

In the year 1862 he made the acquaintance of a generous-minded gentleman, S. P. Dewey, Esq., who became interested in the success of the young engraver, and volunteered to aid him to obtain the art education he so much desired. Mr. Dewey furnished him with the funds necessary to take him to Europe and support him there for several years.

Mr. Neal proceeded at once to Munich, the great centre of German art at the present day. Although ignorant of the language he did not lose a moment, but began at once to take his first study from antique models at the Royal Academy.

In the following year occurred an event of great importance in his career. He married the daughter of the Chevalier Ainmüller, an artist of note who was also superintendent of the Royal Manufactory of stained glass of Bavaria. As there was no school of painting at that time in Munich which was exactly to his taste, Mr. Neal entered the studio of his father-in-law and there began his first regular lessons in oil-painting.

With the advice of the Chevalier, Mr. Neal applied himself first to the painting of interiors, chiefly of ecclesiastical architecture. The thoroughness he had given to learning how to draw correctly was now of great use to him, for while he employed color in these paintings with success, the perspective and drawing, in which many painters are very weak, and the light

and shade, were rendered with excellent effect. These works met with ready sale and soon established the reputation of this rising artist.

One of the most effective of Mr. Neal's architectural

and many of her great soldiers and poets are buried there. The chapel of Henry VII., which is attached to this noble structure, is one of the most exquisite specimens of the Gothic style of architecture which remain in existence.

It is in one of the aisles leading to this chapel, with tombs on either hand surmounted by marble effigies of the great departed, that Mr. Neal has laid the scene of what is really a very fine piece of painting. He has reproduced the details with remarkable truth, but at the same time without sacrificing the grandeur of the general effect; and such a sublime solemnity pervades the painting that one gazes on it almost with the awe that impresses him when he is actually under the roof of the building itself. This painting was purchased by the Art School of Chicago.

But during all this time, while he was studying and composing these works, Mr. Neal kept steadily in view his original purpose of devoting himself to the painting of the figure. The occasion at length occurred when he made the acquaintance of Professor Carl Piloty, in 1869, who advised him to delay no longer from the life, but to begin at once with portrait painting.

Mr. Neal now entered the school of Professor Wagner, who is celebrated for the great painting of a Roman Character Race, and the following year he became a pupil of Piloty himself, and was associated in his studies with Deeg, Grützner and others who have since become widely known as artists of genius.

Piloty is one of the most celebrated German painters of this century. He studied with the famous Paul Delaroche at Paris, and after his return to Munich was made Professor of painting in the Royal Academy in that city. He is a fine colorist, and his subjects are drawn

paintings was a study of part of Westminster Abbey in London, which is among the most celebrated buildings of Europe. The kings and queens of England,

from historical scenes. One of his best works is the "Death of Wallenstein" the celebrated imperial general of the Thirty Years' War.



David Neal

No better master could have been found for one of Mr. Neal's talents and turn for historical painting. In the studio of Piloty the American artist now made rapid progress, and soon completed his first elaborate figure composition. It represented James Watt, the modern inventor of the power of steam — I say the modern inventor, for the Romans knew something about it, but never put their knowledge to practical use. Watt is sitting by the fireside when a boy, and getting his first ideas on the subject while watching the steam hissing out of his mother's teakettle. This painting was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, and was purchased by Sir B. Phillips, the Lord Mayor.

The most important painting by Mr. Neal, and the one by which he is best known is entitled "The First Meeting of Mary Stuart and Rizzio," for which an engraving accompanies these pages. It has established his reputation in Europe as well as in this country; and even the leading critics of Germany have pronounced it to be in its general qualities equal to the best work of his master Piloty, and perhaps superior in color. It received even yet greater honor, for when

it was first exhibited it received the large silver medal, the highest reward in the gift of the Royal Academy of Munich.

The painting was commenced in 1875, and represents the abilities of this artist at his best. Mr. Neal is not a rapid worker, but his art shows careful drawing, harmonious composition and superb color. His style is broad without being slovenly and unfinished, and the pigments are laid on with a solidity and firmness that gives the massiveness and effect

of reality; in other words his colors are applied with a good idea of textures, as artists say, and all that he does shows earnest and thoughtful study of art methods.

The subject of this admirable work is taken from this history of the celebrated and unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. You have all heard about her; how extraordinary was her beauty, how romantic and tragical her career; how she was driven from her throne by her subjects and forced to fly for refuge to

England and ask the hospitality of Queen Elizabeth. But for reasons of State the English queen was obliged to treat her royal guest as a prisoner and shut her up in a castle. After nineteen years of imprisonment, during which she made several useless attempts and plots to escape, the beautiful Mary of Scotland was at last executed as one whom it was dangerous either to release or to keep imprisoned; and ever since the world has rung with the story of her beauty and her doom.

Well, it is one of the most critical moments in the life of Queen Mary which the artist has chosen to represent in this beautiful painting. The meeting of Mary with



ALSATIAN PEASANT GIRL. (From painting by David Neal.)

Rizzio was the turning-point in her career. A strolling Italian musician, he arrived dusty and worn at the castle of Holyrood at Edinburgh. Being very weary he besought the porter to let him have a bed on which to rest. This the surly warden refused, but he said: "There is yonder chest; lie there if thou wilt."

The tired minstrel threw himself on the chest and was soon lost in a heavy sleep. As he lay there unconscious of what was passing around him, the

queen, accompanied by her maids of honor, came down the marble stairway and saw the sleeping wanderer resting there.

Interested by his attractive appearance, she gladly permitted him at times to play his guitar and sing to her, and thus he remained for a time at Holyrood. Her enemies, for she had many, including probably her young husband, Lord Darnley, made her liking for the playing of the Italian musician an excuse for plotting against her royal power.

They began by assassinating Rizzio one evening when he was at supper with the queen at Holyrood. Without heeding her commands, her entreaties or her frantic screams, they pierced him with their daggers while he was clinging to her skirts for safety; and when they dragged away his corpse tradition says it

was laid in its last slumber on the very oaken chest on which he was sleeping when the Queen first saw him. From that day misfortune never ceased to pursue her until she ended her life on the scaffold.

In his painting Mr. Neal has represented the Queen raising her hand with a slight graceful gesture as if showing surprise perhaps at so suddenly discovering the handsome young Italian; but the movement also seems to indicate that she was touched in that fateful moment by a presentiment of some unknown coming misfortune, a foreboding of the sad years that even then began to cast a shadow over her lovely brow.

Mr. Neal now resides at Munich with his family, and his studio is at No. 6 in the street called the Maximilian Strasse, one of the leading thoroughfares of that magnificent art capital.



FIRST MEETING OF MARY STUART AND RIZZIO. (From painting by David Neal.)





YONKERS
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

the woods shooting." The Düsseldorf school seems to have made no impression upon the young artist. He held his sympathies in reserve until he saw the landscapes of Constable and Turner in London. He returned to America, opened a studio in New York, and contributed to the Academy Exhibition of 1865 some scenes in the valley of the Ohio River. In 1868 he was elected an Associate of that institution, and in 1869 an Academician, when he exhibited his "View on the Upper Susquehanna." The Adirondacks are his favorite resort; he speaks enthusiastically of the rich hues of the Northern woods. "A Midsummer Retreat" and "On the Ausable River" are studies of Adirondack scenery.

Mr. Wyant's landscapes in recent years have received a great deal of attention and intelligent admiration, and the spectator who appreciates them would think it almost incredible that their maker ever studied at Düsseldorf. The works of no painter in this country are farther away from the aims and results of the Düsseldorf school. Mr. Bierstadt, one might say, is a typical Düsseldorfian, and Mr. Wyant is the negation of Mr. Bierstadt. It is to the influence of Constable primarily that the pictures of Mr. Wyant, like those of the best French landscapists, owe their breadth and freedom of treatment; and Mr. Wyant would be the last person in the world to forgive a critic like Mr. Dawson for speaking of "the dauby and impudent Corot kind." He is emphatically a painter of wholes, of effects. He looks for, finds, and grasps the specific, essential, permanent truths of a scene, and when he portrays them he knows how to illumine and amplify them. His soft, far distances, and immediate foregrounds, are alike impressive in contradistinction to being didactic. The modern pre-Raphaelites are his aversion; the decorative school is his abhorrence; and all mere cleverness of composition and *technique*, all superficial artifices, everything that might come between the spectator and the true spirit of the scene, are an offense in his eyes. And his art, like all good art, is delicate, simple, and direct.

The principal failing of the modern impressionists, as they are called—and Mr. Wyant's sympathies are decidedly with the impressionists—is their frivolity, or, as Mr. Matthew Arnold would put it, their lack of intellectual seriousness. The spirit of their invention is groveling. Take, for example, M. Gustave Moreau's picture, "L'Apparition," which was a "sensation" in the *Salon*

a few years ago, concerning which a critic who saw it said: "It possesses a certain intensity and fascination which prove the artist to have been genuinely inspired, but his vision is keenest in regard to truths that the noblest order of design would take but little heed of. The gesture of the dancer, as she pauses in sudden terror at sight of the pale and bleeding face appearing, not as she had asked for it, but with a spectral presence, is strongly dramatic, and is finely contrasted with the unmoved calm of those who sit around. But it may be seen that even here the success belongs rather to a vivid picture of manners than to any deep penetration into individual character. We seem to realize the scene, with its rich dyes of furniture and costume and glittering jewels flashing out from the deep gloom of the interior, much as if it had been rendered by a painter in the court of Herod. The invention cannot escape from the sensuality and cynical luxury which it contemplates; and so closely has the artist identified himself with the very atmosphere of the life he strives to interpret, that what might have been a great ideal design sinks to the portraiture of a degraded court. If M. Moreau presents the limitations of the modern artist's imagination, he also illustrates with most remarkable effect the technical skill and taste of the modern French school."

Now, Mr. Wyant's aims are not at all frivolous. The impressions which he strives to record, and which he succeeds in recording, are worthy of himself and of the spectator. His penetration into the heart and the mystery of Nature gets deeper as he grows older; his insight and sympathy become more profound. We have not an American painter whose artistic purpose is less alloyed with conventionalism, with vulgarity, with opinionativeness, or with "clap-trap." Following the even tenor of his way, he interprets the beauty of the unseen and the lasting; and, if he is sometimes less perspicacious than he might be, the failing is one that leans to virtue's side.

When Mr. Lowell, in behalf of himself and some brother poets, wrote of "the coming race, who haply shall not count it to our crime that we, who fain would sing, are here before our time," his words, doubtless, awoke a response in the heart of his friend Mr. William Page; but an artist who has been as successful as Mr. EASTMAN JOHNSON is scarcely an object of poetic



ON THE AUSABLE RIVER.

From a Painting by Alexander H. Wyant.



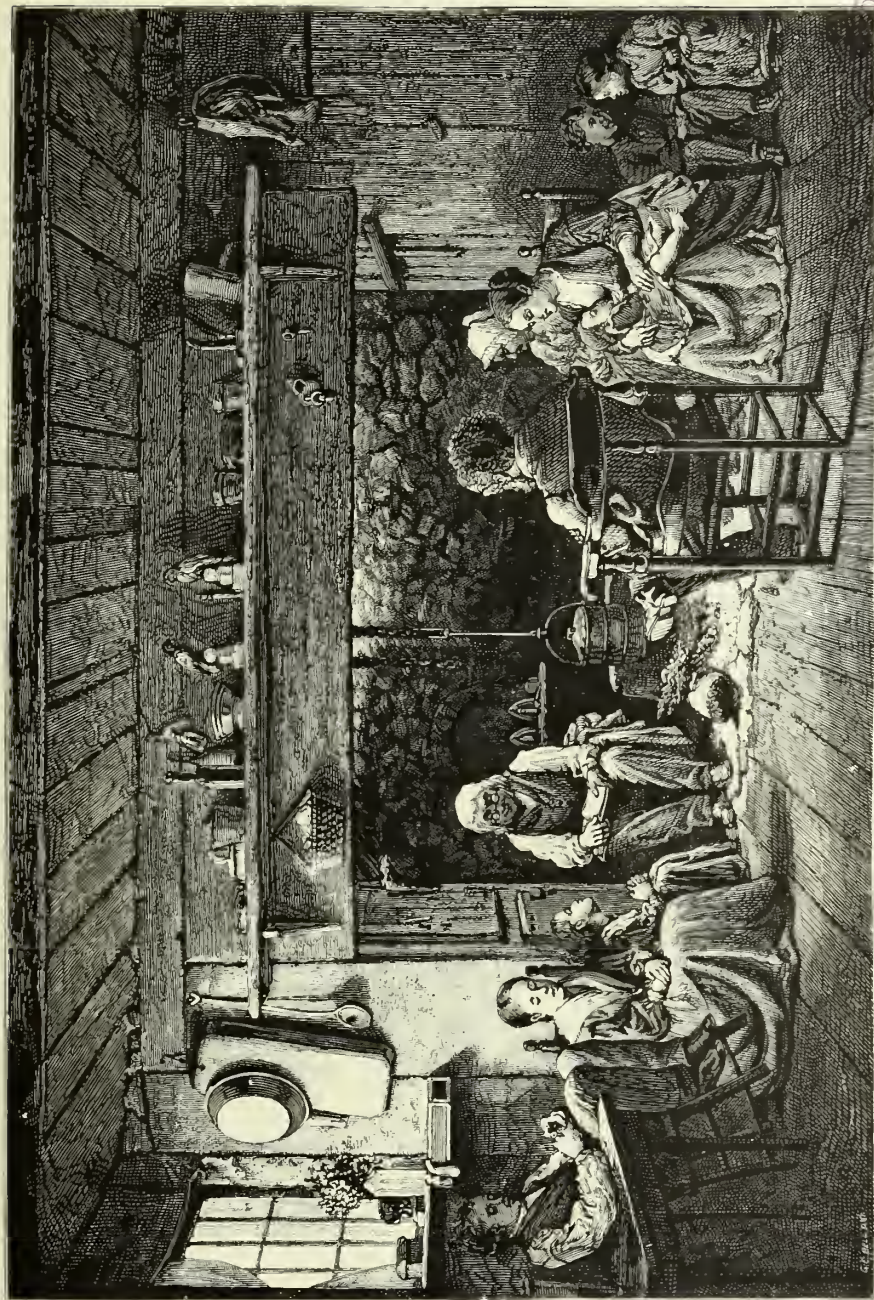
consolation. Almost from the start his pictures have been widely appreciated, and have brought him annually a handsome financial return. Many of them, perhaps the best of them, have the simple, tender characterization, the sweet, serene inspiration, that make Edouard Frère's *genre* works so pleasing; and almost all of them display a real original power that penetrates and discloses the newness and freshness of common scenes. Mr. Johnson's subjects are taken from American life—from the late war, as in his "Drummer-Boy," his "Convalescent Soldier," and his "Pension-Claim Agent;" from Southern slavery, as in his "Old Kentucky Home," and "Washington's Kitchen at Mount Vernon;" and from Northern homes and streets in country and city, as in his "Getting warm," a girl standing by a stove, "The Chimney-Sweep," and "The Organ-Boy." His pictures are presentations of national types.

"The absence of historical art in America," says Mr. O. B. Bunce, "is often noticed, and, no doubt, there exists good reason for it. But both our sculptors and painters have utterly ignored one character in our imaginative literature, that not only seems completely consonant with the spirit of our woods, but with the history of America. We refer to young Uncas of Cooper's 'Mohicans.' This graceful and splendid savage is the type of the American past. He personates the spirit of the woods. We think of him as an aboriginal Apollo, or as an epic hero of the forests. He possesses every attribute of the typical hero—youth, beauty, grace, and 'terrible daring.' He is conspicuously the subject for the sculptor, who would translate into stone the spirit of aboriginal life; he is equally the theme for the painter, who would illustrate the link between Humanity and Nature—for what Undine in German is to the waters, Uncas is to the woods. And what Apollo and Adonis are to Greek art, Uncas should be to American inspiration. There is nothing like him, indeed, outside of Greek imagination; and we may well wonder that he has never been accepted by art, either on account of his splendid personal qualities, or the typical character in which he may be viewed." The suggestion is a good one, and Mr. Eastman Johnson or Mr. Winslow Homer could finely carry it out in painting, while Mr. J. Q. A. Ward or Mr. William R. O'Donovan could do the same in sculpture.

Mr. Johnson was born on the 29th of July, 1824, in Lovell, Maine. He exhibited in boyhood the usual symptoms, and made the usual crayon-draw-

ings. In 1845 he painted portraits in Washington, District of Columbia, and the next year exercised himself over the faces and figures of some Harvard College professors and other literary celebrities in its neighborhood. In 1849 he went to Europe, and shared the studio of Emanuel Leutze, at Düsseldorf. He studied art four years at the Hague, and then proceeded to Paris. On returning home, he renewed his portrait-painting in Washington. In the Paris Exhibition of 1878 he was represented by his "Corn-Husking," which received considerable attention from the foreign critics, one of whom, after remarking that "it was not to be expected that the United States, whose energies are absorbed in opening out its resources, and in the perhaps too feverish development of its trade, could compete with states, some of them having schools of painting the outcome of centuries of practice and traditions," took the opportunity of observing that "in Mr. Winslow Homer's work we come on American ground. 'Snapping the Whip' is a very pleasant little picture: a string of urchins are joined hand-in-hand, while at the extreme end some have tumbled on the grass; we seem to hear their shouts of laughter—they at least do not take their pleasure sadly. More sombre in tone and sentiment, but not ungenial, is his 'Visit from the Old Mistress,' a lady coming to see some negro women in their cabin; the respectful, confiding air of the negresses and the kindly consideration of their old mistress, show great capacity for rendering the more subtle emotions. 'Sunday Morning in Virginia' is also a negro subject, four children learning their Bible lesson, and an old woman, with truly pathetic expression, quietly seated by them. These works are small in size, but painted with largeness of manner, low in tone, and rich in color. Another characteristic American scene is Mr. Johnson's 'Corn-Husking,' which, however, is little more than a sketch, but full of capital suggestions of color and effect. The figures are arranged in two lines, with baskets before them, all busily engaged in husking the Indian-corn; the straw makes a golden carpet, on which they are relieved; among the incidents is one of the girl who finds a red ear of corn, whereby her lover may claim a kiss; in the background is the farm; tables are being spread, poultry forage in the straw—altogether a more cheery scene could not be imagined."

Mr. Johnson's perception of character is quick and accurate; he does his own thinking; he prefers truth to melodramatic effect, but seldom puts in



THE EMIGRANTS' SUNDAY MORNING.

From a Painting by Eastman Johnson.

jeopardy the popularity of a design ; he is patient, industrious, and studious, never deficient in feeling, or in command over his resources, not always perfect in depth and luminousness of color or tone, but never metallic or coarse. He has a swift, sure sense of effect in composition, and his painting in general is solid and sound.

MR. WYATT EATON was born in Philipsburg, a small village of two hundred and fifty inhabitants, on Missisquoi Bay, a part of Lake Champlain, in Canada, on the 6th of May, 1849. His parents were Americans. At the age of eighteen he came to New York City in order to study drawing from the antique in the school of the National Academy of Design. In those days the institution had no regular professor. Mr. Edwin White, Mr. Emanuel Leutze, Mr. Henry Peters Gray, and Mr. George A. Baker, by turns furnished the instruction received by the students, one of the four giving two weeks' services, and then being succeeded by another one. The views and monitions promulgated by Mr. White were in pleasing contrast with the teachings of Mr. Leutze, Mr. Gray, and Mr. Baker, each one of whom also presented a similar contrast when in juxtaposition with either of the other two. "Every teacher," says Mr. Eaton, "contradicted every other teacher—a decided advantage to the pupils, because it made them think for themselves, and threw them upon their own resources." Having become acquainted with Mr. J. O. Eaton, a portrait-painter of repute in the city, but not a relative of Mr. Wyatt Eaton, the latter entered his studio the next year. During the summer of 1868 he painted portraits at his father's house in Canada. He had already been introduced in New York to Mr. William Marshall, the artist, whose suggestions and sympathy greatly inspirited and otherwise benefited him. He continued to paint portraits in the summer months in his father's house, and in 1870 produced his first landscape with figure—a picture called "The Farmer's Boy," a youth standing on a log in the fields, and whistling with his fingers. In spite of very natural crudeness in execution, the work displayed true poetic feeling and pictorial instincts. Two years afterward he went to Europe. In London the later landscapes of Turner were the source of his chief pleasure and deepest inspiration ; beside their bright, clear colors

the efforts of the old masters in the National Gallery seemed dark and discolored. He drank full draughts from that Pierian spring. The works of Mr. Whistler also, especially their decorative qualities, attracted him strongly, and the courtesies accorded him by that artist were very helpful and opportune. The renewed sight of the old masters in the Louvre awakened his profound admiration. In pursuance of his original intention, he entered the *atelier* of Gérôme (in the École des Beaux-Arts), a room about fifty feet square opening from an anteroom used for the hanging of hats and overcoats and for the study of the antique. Gérôme went there twice a week during the season, and staid an hour at each visit, criticising the performances of about sixty pupils. When the composition was a large one, too large to be brought conveniently to the *atelier*, he went to the student's own studio, and examined it there, charging, of course, nothing for his services in either place. Mr. Eaton began to draw from life, and, at the end of six months, to paint. During the winter he became acquainted for the first time with the works of Corot, Millet, Diaz, Rousseau, and Dupré—and was allured to Barbizon, a village on the outskirts of the forest of Fontainebleau, because Millet lived there. Half of his time for the next four years was spent in and near Millet's house. Gérôme he respected as a great teacher of *technique*; Millet he revered as a great master of art.

Before going into the country, Mr. Eaton had begun a picture—a group of two peasant-women and a child—which he finished in Paris the next winter. In Barbizon he was attracted more by the cultivated fields than by the forest; and it was not until a few days previous to the end of his first summer there that he mustered courage to call upon Millet, who received him with peculiar warmth. "I found as much to admire in the man," says Mr. Eaton, "as I had found in his works. His studio was unlike any other I ever saw, except John La Farge's; there had been less attempt to make a studio; his pictures in it were all turned to the wall, except the one that stood on the easel; he would not be diverted by them. The few that were visible were panels of the earliest Flemish school, and several casts of the Egyptian antique and the Renaissance. The room was almost like the interior of a barn; a yard separated the building from the artist's house. Millet was then for the first time at his ease financially, though he was not yet able to live in advance



HARVESTERS AT REST.

From a Painting by Wyatt Eaton.



of his work—up to the hour of his death, in 1875, he was living on money advanced to him on the pictures he was painting, and most of these were orders received several years previous when his prices were comparatively small. His deportment was quiet, even, and unaffected, and, except when he was brought out by a question concerning something that especially interested him, or was annoyed by the presence of an antagonistic idea, he talked very little. His aim was art; the peasants that he happened to see in early life were the subjects of his pictures, but he would have been equally at home with any other subjects. He sought for expression rather in attitudes than in faces—the largeness of his art so led him.”

In those summer evenings at Barbizon Mr. Eaton was a frequent and welcome visitor at the artist's house, one of the artist's sons being his friend. The party played dominoes, and occasionally discussed, in direct and simple fashion, the province and the trophies of pictorial art. Almost every meeting with Millet is marked with a white mark in his pupil's memory.

The winters in Paris brought him again under the instruction of Gérôme. In 1874 he painted his “*Reverie*”—a woman leaning against the mantel, her face in full light and reflected in the mirror—and exhibited it in the *Salon* that year. “After that I did all sorts of things, made studies of landscapes, designs for pictures, spending a great deal of time in doing nothing—beginning, throwing aside, experimenting in general.”

In the spring of 1875 he began to make studies for his “*Harvesters at Rest*,” which we have engraved, and in the spring of the next year painted the picture. The growth of this work was in this wise: First, the artist made a preliminary sketch just as he was leaving Paris for his summer stay in Barbizon. The subject he had had in mind for several years, and had intended to express it in a scene in the interior of a house into which a laborer, after his day's toil, was entering, while his wife, with a child in her arms, was waiting to welcome him. During the harvest of the previous season, however, a scene in a wheat-field had induced him to carry out the idea in the open air instead of within-doors. On arriving at Barbizon, he began to make studies in color and drawings for the picture—in rye-fields, so it happened, whose appearance is not dissimilar to that of wheat-fields—all the studies and drawings being in hand simultaneously, some of them being very slight and meagre;

others, like the study of the distant village, elaborate. The picture was a composition throughout, and, while no part of it was a literal transcript, every part was founded upon a separate study from Nature. The peasant's foot, as seen in the painting, was the result of very careful preparation, Mr. Eaton having examined many of the best models in Paris, after trying unsuccessfully among the peasantry of Barbizon. When he had become discouraged he mentioned the fact to a friend, who at once pulled off his boot and asked, "How'll mine do?" The friend's foot was just the model he had been wishing for: it met his idea with respect to pedal character, and it also enabled him to get the desired movement. He made a thorough study of it, and used it in the picture. Of the peasants in Barbizon he made a great variety of studies, and, when the weather began to be cold, returned to Paris, with his abundant materials, and occupied himself with the composition and drawing until February, when he proceeded to paint, having already devoted the best part of nine months to preliminary and preparatory work. In five weeks more it was finished—finished, at last, on the very day appointed for receiving contributions to the *Salon*, where both Americans and Europeans greeted it warmly. Mr. Eaton did not take the scene as a whole directly from Nature, as he might have done, because the harvest-season was so short, and the aspect of the fields changed greatly every few hours. Having resolved to paint his landscape from studies, he determined to paint his figures also from studies, for the sake of a more nearly perfect unity and harmony. Mr. Eaton's laborious, prolonged, and intelligent preparation for this picture of the "Harvesters at Rest" is exceedingly interesting, exemplary, and suggestive.

To the New York Academy Exhibition of 1875 Mr. Eaton sent his "Reverie," the hanging committee refusing one of his landscapes with figures, which two years afterward was accepted by another hanging committee in the same place. He returned to Canada in the summer of 1876, after an absence in Europe of four years, and painted portraits in Montreal. While on a visit to New York City in January, 1877, he was offered the position of instructor in drawing in the schools of the Cooper Institute, an offer which he gladly accepted because it enabled him to widen the range of his opportunities for study, and to increase the sympathy of his environment. Early in 1878 he made a portrait-drawing of the late Mr. William Cullen Bryant, who gave him eight or nine

sittings. The work was an order from *Scribner's Magazine*, was engraved for that periodical by the artist Cole, and is said to have been pronounced by the most intimate friends of the poet the best portrait of him ever produced. His latest pictures are portrait-drawings of Longfellow, Emerson, and Whittier, made at their homes in Cambridge, Concord, and Danvers, Massachusetts. His portrait-drawing of Abraham Lincoln, from a photograph, was also published in *Scribner's*. "In Mr. Bryant's portrait," says Mr. Eaton, "I aimed to give prominence to the principal fact of his character, to reproduce that which was most really Bryant, to portray the real form of his head, and the life that issued from his eyes. Everything was kept subordinate to the sense of that life; every detail of the hair and the flesh was generalized; hardly a wrinkle in the face was preserved—only enough to convey the impression of age. The effort was, along with the generalization, carefully to set forth the individuality of the man. I find myself more in sympathy with sculptors than with painters. Imitative painting I have no fancy for; and the painting of stuffs, *bric-à-brac*, and so forth, would be a burden. I like, most of all, bare Nature, the human form, landscapes, and effects of light and atmosphere. Art should take real Nature, and carry it out with simplicity and directness in the perfection of type, giving it meanwhile all the qualities of grace and decorative effect."

Mr. Eaton was the principal founder and one of the first four members of the American Art Association, which afterward became the Society of American Artists, and concerning which this place is perhaps as convenient as any other for saying a word. The occasion of the new organization was a certain act of the National Academy of Design. That institution, in view of what to it seemed to have been a partiality on the part of the hanging committee of 1877 for a few of our younger painters who had been or were studying in Europe, passed a law to the effect that thereafter in every annual exhibition eight feet of line should be reserved for the works of each Academician—eight feet at least, and as many more as a hanging committee should see fit to allow. The law, indeed, was very wisely repealed soon afterward, but its animus could not be forgotten by those to whom it was odious. To them it was the incarnation of the spirit of persecution. The reign of justice, they thought, was over. The Academy intended to take care of itself, letting outsiders eat of the crumbs that fell from the Academicians' table. The pride of the out-

siders was touched. Their strength they knew, because the public had admired their pictures, and the press had praised them. "Why not have a show of our own?" they asked. Four of them, Mr. Wyatt Eaton, Mr. Walter Shirlaw, Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, and Mrs. Helena De Kay Gilder, met in Mrs. Gilder's studio in Fifteenth Street, New York City, on the 1st of June, 1877, and organized the American Art Association. In conjunction with the American artists in Paris, they appointed a committee of judges in that city, who should accept or reject every painting or piece of sculpture there offered to the exhibition in this city. Their object was, least of all, to ingraft foreign art upon American art. They adopted the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That an Association be formed by those present, with the object of advancing the interests of art in America, the same to be entitled 'The American Art Association.'

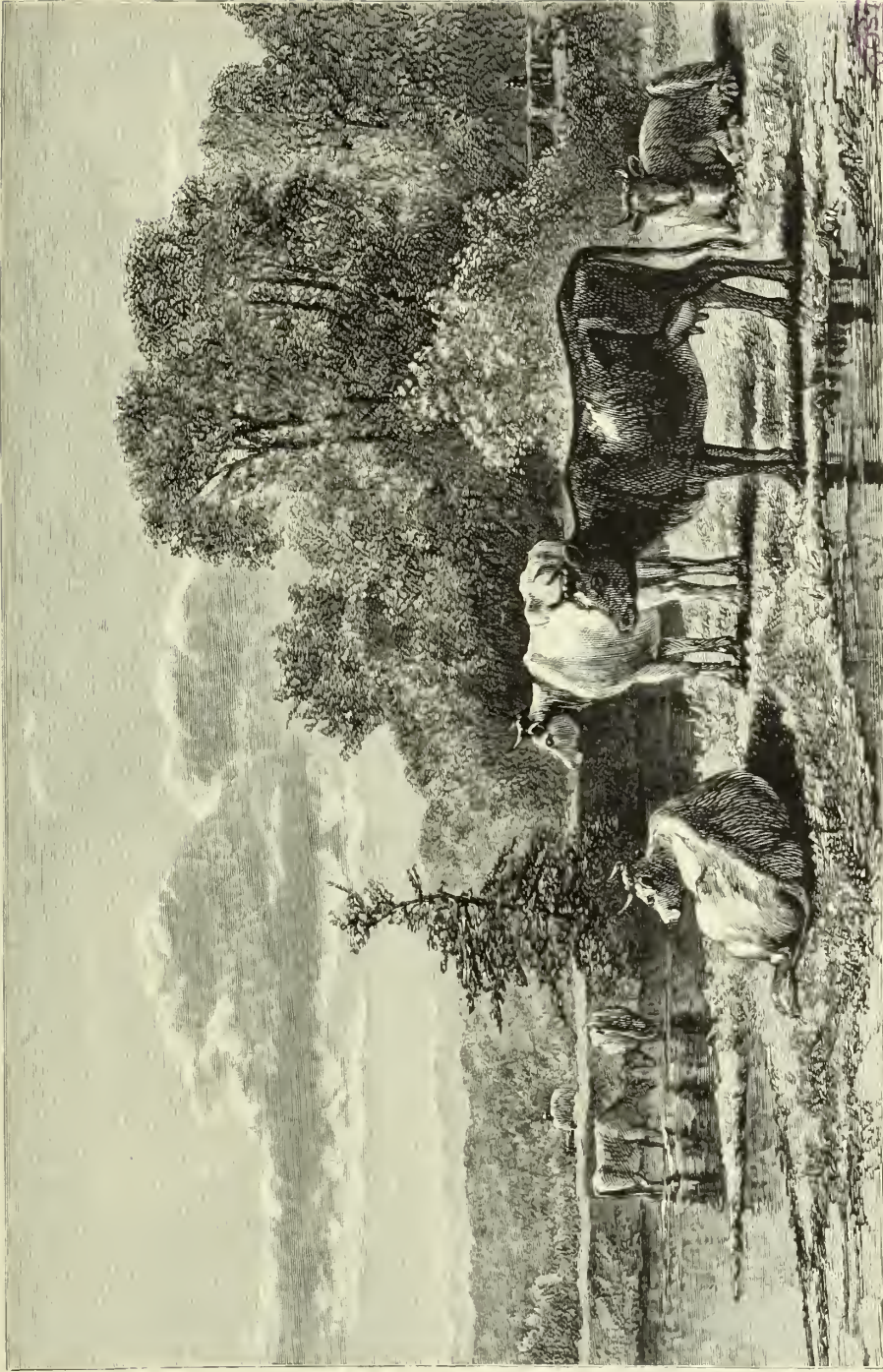
"*Resolved*, That the Association hold annual and special exhibitions of paintings, sculpture, and other works of art, and that the first exhibition be held in the city of New York during the coming winter."

Mr. Olin S. Warner, Mr. R. Swain Gifford, Mr. Frederick Dielman, Mr. Albert P. Ryder, Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, Mr. Francis Lathrop, Mr. Homer Martin, Mr. John La Farge, Mr. Thomas Moran, Mr. J. Alden Weir, Mr. W. H. Low, Mr. William Sartain, Mr. Samuel Colman, Mr. George Inness, Mr. A. H. Wyant, and a few others, were elected members, a principal bond of union being the reverence felt for the earlier Italian masters and the early Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch painters. "We are all of us," said one of them, "real admirers of the old masters; while the typical National Academician admires Lambinet, Bouguereau, Cabanel, Delaroche, Meyer von Bremen, and such men as Guido Reni and Murillo." Their first exhibition began on the 4th of March, 1878, and was a surprise and a success.

Mr. A. D. SHATTUCK was born in Francestown, New Hampshire, on the 9th of March, 1832. He painted the usual number of portraits, and entered the school of the National Academy in New York City. His principal works are landscapes with sheep and cattle, and sea-coast and lake scenes. They are



Wm. H. R.

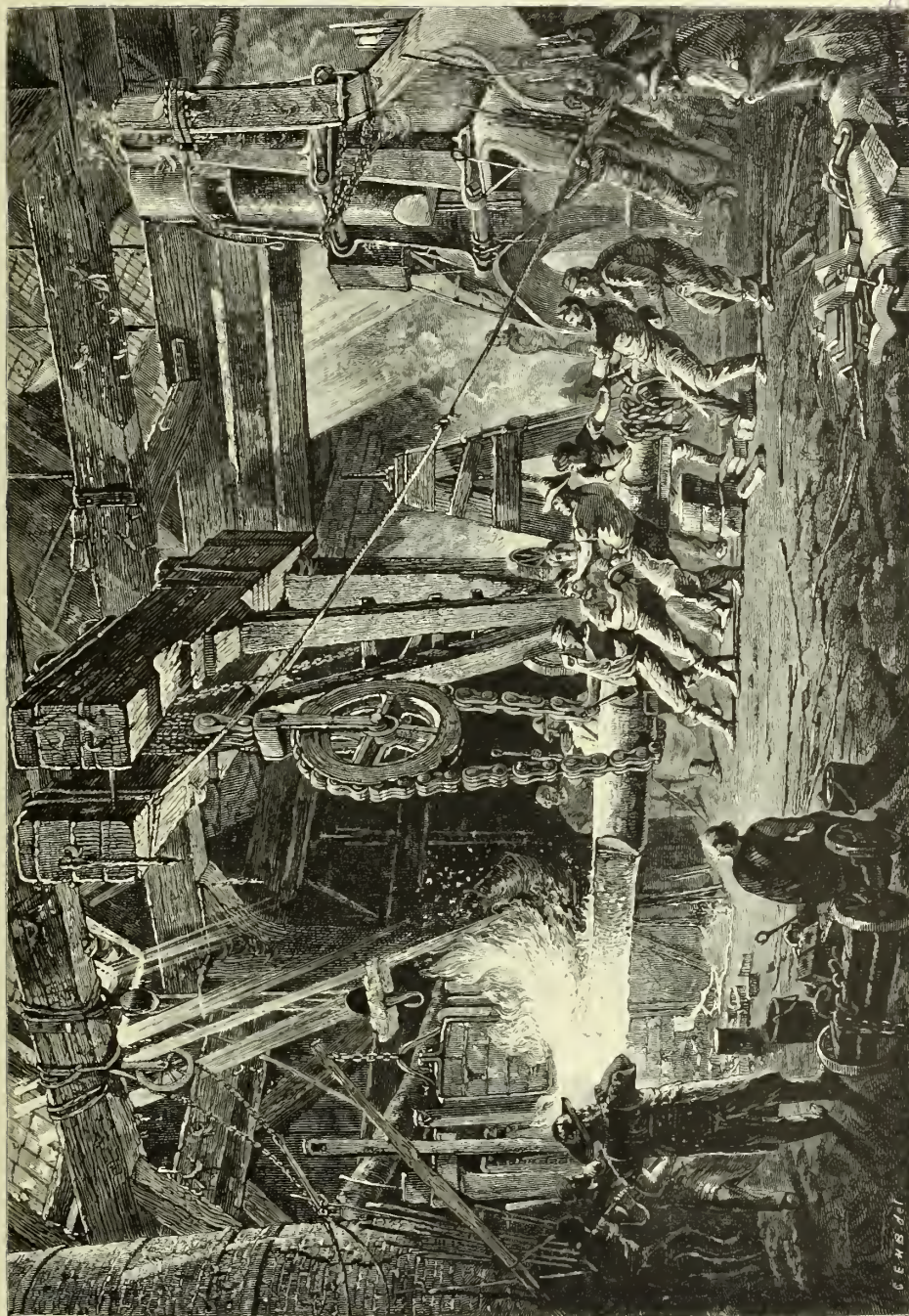


BY THE STREAM.

From a Painting by A. D. Shattuck.



expression in the ecclesiastical art and symbolism of the middle ages. If we affect this, it becomes mere sentimentality—an intellectual sentimentality it may be, but none the less removed from true sentiment, however curious and learned. In art it will not do to let the intellect work without the heart. The feelings, the impulses, the passions, these are at the root of all true art, as they are the moving, underlying energies of life itself. We cannot doubt that human life has everywhere, now as in times past—in America as in Greece, as in Italy, as in France—all the requisites for great art. If the art-instinct be properly directed—not to seeking in Nature for that which corresponds to our preconceived notions of what makes a picture, but rather with the conviction that what interests us in Nature will surely interest us in the picture, and *make* the picture, in spite of all that may be said about masters, and schools, and discipline, and method, and vehicle, and what not, which have their place but not the preëminence. While the earnestness and study that are directed to technical acquirements are sure to perfect these means and render them attractive, yet, for the real advancement of American art, we must look to those who, while they value the means of pictorial art, direct their principal earnestness and study to seeking those higher values in character and beauty which have far greater significance for those who constitute the great body of lovers of art, and who form the true audience of the artist; otherwise, we must take the ground that poetry is not for the people, but for the grammarian, who can dissect the verse and designate its quantities. Art is not alone for artists, but for man; and it is needless to add that man, in the most intelligent sense, knows where to place the preëminence. Let the artistic insight search deeply into Nature and human action, and it will find pictures in stones—certainly in that toil and labor which consecrate and render even religious, as well as beautiful, such simple subjects as engaged the art of Jean François Millet, who, while he took Nature for his model, did not mistake his model—if he ever employed one—for Nature. Our own life is equally teeming with similar subjects, perhaps less happily clothed with quaintness, but far more worthy of engaging the thought of the painter than that ‘picturesque material’ which is often so cleverly and gracefully disposed in the pictures and workshops of inferior artists. The æsthetic should doubtless have its place, but the deeper impulses should likewise manifest them-



CASTING THE SHAFT.

From a Painting by John F. Weir.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

selves in art, if it is to have any permanent hold on the affections or on the mind. Our older artists have not all lost sight of this, and in the work of some few of the younger men there is evidence of its hearty recognition."

MR. LOUIS C. TIFFANY is well known as a painter of Algerian and other North African buildings and inhabitants. Few American artists have traveled more. He has crossed the Atlantic five times; has visited Spain, Italy, Switzerland, and England—their principal cities, and most celebrated sights—and sketched diligently. Crossing the Mediterranean, he has become familiarized with modern life and mediæval and ancient architecture in Egypt, Algeria, and Morocco. Here also his pencil has been very busy, and his portfolio heavy laden. Mr. Tiffany has an eye sensitive to the picturesqueness of old buildings, markets, booths, and alley-ways, and old Arab sheiks and other dignitaries. His treatment of these subjects has made his name known throughout the country. "Among the Weeds" shows him as an interpreter of rural American life. It is a spontaneous and homogeneous work, genial, naturalistic, and fresh, bright and pleasing in sentiment and handling. Of late he has turned his attention to the interesting and important art of house-decoration, and bids fair to rival the author of "The Earthly Paradise." Mr. Tiffany was born in New York, on the 18th of February, 1848. He studied art with Mr. George Inness and Mr. Samuel Colman, and also in Paris with M. Léon Bailly. His principal pictures are "Cairo," owned by Mr. Charles Storrs, of Brooklyn; "The Sub-Treasury at Tangiers," formerly owned by Mr. John Taylor Johnston, and now by Mrs. John C. Green; "Geneva, Switzerland," owned by Mr. Jeremiah Millbank; "By the Market-Wall," owned by Mr. Fletcher Harper; "Dignity in Servitude," owned by the Rev. J. Tuttle Smith; and "Market-Place in Brittany." To the Paris Exhibition of 1878 Mr. Tiffany sent three works: "New Chambers Street, New York," "The Cobblers at Boufarik," and "The Cathedral at St. Malaine." His "Street Scene near Five Points, New York" was bought recently by Smith College, at Northampton, Massachusetts. He is a member of the American Water-Color Society, and of the Society of American Artists, and an Associate of the National Academy.

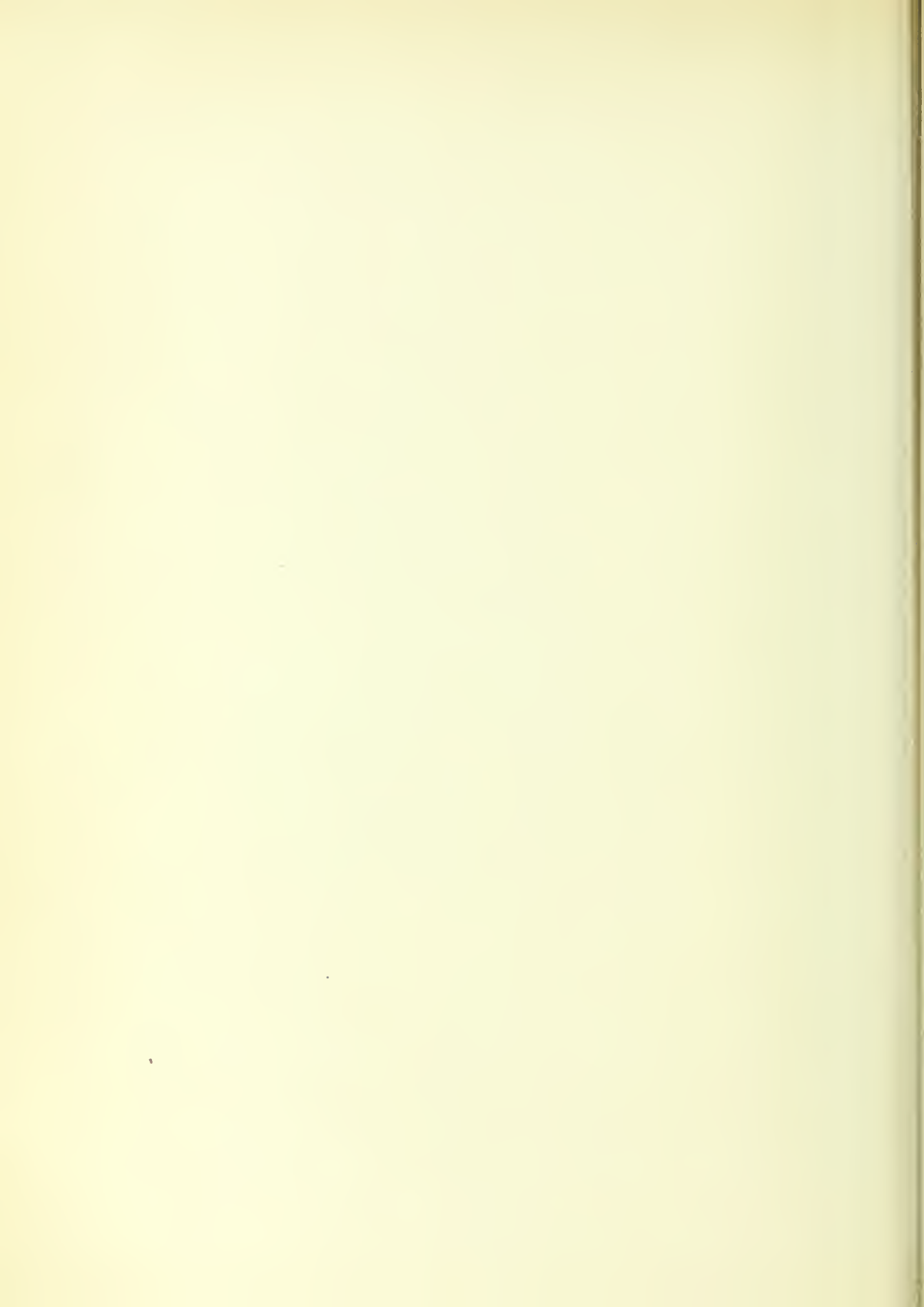
It is not surprising that, after a course of study so liberal and of travel so

generous, Mr. Tiffany should have infused into his art a quality which, for the lack of a better term, may be described as "urbaneness." His art is not provincial, it is not a *patois*. It is balanced, easy, reserved, cultivated, civil. It does not offend by improprieties, nor shock by rudenesses, nor amuse by *gaucheries*. Nobody ever stood in front of one of Tiffany's pictures and laughed at it, or became disturbed or angered by it. His paintings are pleasing in subject and in treatment; the emotions which they awaken are gentle and agreeable. "Among the Weeds" is preëminently a painting of this sort; the very children are well-regulated and well-bred; there is no boisterousness in their behavior; they will play all day, and wheel each other for miles, without turbulence or tumultuous disorder. As for the sunny landscape, how quiet and self-composed it is! Its manners are those of a person bred all his life in a city. No loud laughter, no staring, no ignorant questions, no disagreeable self-assertion. The very air is still, and the waters are at rest. And you will perceive the same spirit in the many market-scenes in Brittany and elsewhere, which Mr. Tiffany has contributed to the water-color exhibitions, and which have always been important features of the collections of which they formed parts; in the many glimpses of old buildings and gloomy alleys, in the many faces of sage and venerable Arab chieftains. Urbaneness—that is the temper of his art; and thus far, at least, it has so restrained him that, although he has contributed to several public exhibitions of paintings, of which the most conspicuous characteristic was the absence of this admirable quality, his works have always stopped short of the grotesque, the fantastical, and the whimsical. Mr. Tiffany is to be congratulated upon the possession of this gift. It will serve him well in the days that are to come.

For its tendency is to associate itself with a simple and unpretentious style of doing things which has always been an attribute of true works of art, and which best serves both the artistic interest and the human interest of all such productions. Genius loves simplicity. The best poetry has always been the simplest; Burns's love-songs are better than Petrarch's. "There's going to be painting," said the late William M. Hunt to his pupils, "that's perfectly simple—the simple expression of simple forms. To do this," he added, "a man must be tremendously strong." "If you wish," said an English statesman while lecturing a year or two ago to the students of Aberdeen University, "to influ-



SAMUEL B. WAUGH.



SAMUEL BELL WAUGH.

SAMUEL B. WAUGH, who has been designated as the worthy successor of Sully, was born in New Wilmington, Mercer county, Pa., in 1814. The inborn genius which made his life what it was corroborates anew that "artists are born, not made." His life in the country at that early period shut him out from all opportunity of learning anything of art. The only pictures he had ever seen were decorations by Wilkie on a set of his mother's china; these were his first lessons in art. When only eleven years old he painted a room in his father's house, decorating it with vines and flowers. He showed great mechanical talent, not only in imitating anything that pleased him, but in putting his own ideas into form. He was very active in this respect, but not so fond of school-life, and was inclined to shirk all work that was not congenial.

When he was about eight years old he made a coffee-mill to run by water, and set it up on the bank of a stream near the house to grind the family coffee. Before he was fourteen he had made a violin and learned to play it, and had also made an organ. His ambition to make musical instruments rose with every successful effort, until, when on a visit to Youngstown, O., a young lady played on her piano for him and allowed him to examine it, he was seized with an intense desire to make one, but never realized this ambition. He made a set of rope dancers, improving, as usual, on some that he had seen elsewhere, working them by ingeniously concealed wires. Before this he had made two dolls to say "papa" and "mamma," and afforded himself much amusement and his mother occasional annoyance with them. At one time he became deeply interested in electricity, but was so tormented by some of the boys who would persist in intruding upon his privacy that he resolved to play a trick on them. The plan was simple. He merely put a plate on the door-sill, attached the wires, and when the next bare-footed boy came and stood at the door, open mouthed, watching the "queer fellow," that fellow gave him a shock that sent him howling from the house. His untaught, intuitive knowledge of art also found expression in one of his boyish pranks. His little sister being a beautiful child, he conceived the idea of making a cast of her features, which he proceeded to do in an original way. Much to her disgust he pressed her face into a large piece of putty, and in this way procured a mould for a lovely cast in wax.

Artist's materials could not be obtained in the place, but wishing to paint some portraits he tacked a piece of muslin on a board, and with house paints painted the portraits in a group, consisting of his grandfather, his two sisters, and, to balance the group, a fancy head with a length and graceful curve of the neck that would suggest Sir Thomas Lawrence. The likenesses, proportions and drawing of these heads are wonderful for a young boy who had never seen a portrait. This picture is one of his family's most cherished possessions. It was

at this time, when he was about fourteen, that his elder brother, going to Pittsburgh on business, took him there to study art, if he could find any one to teach him. His father, James Waugh, was much opposed to having a son engaged in any such visionary enterprise and would not help him. His mother, better understanding and appreciating her gifted boy, encouraged and helped him in every way she could. She was a woman of strong character and intellect, with warm sympathy and strong moral sense. She was the leader of her sex in her small world, as she would have been wherever she might have lived.

On his arrival in Pittsburgh he could find no one who wanted to teach a boy, but in his search saw a man painting a head of Franklin on a sign, and was spell-bound. He visited the studio day after day, watching him with the greatest admiration, thinking, "If I could ever attain to such perfection in art, I would be perfectly happy." His excessive interest in the work finally became annoying, and the man said to him one day, "Young man, don't you know that it is violating the rules of etiquette for artists to watch each other while painting?" A few years afterwards this same man apologized for his brusque speech.

After this cruel rebuff he was walking the streets disheartened and stopped before the window of a candy shop, gazing gloomily and vacantly, when the owner came out and asked him if he wanted a job. He said yes, and was at once engaged. His employer told him to eat as much candy as he wanted, and he did so, eating enough that day to last him the week that he was there. Business must have been rather dull, for the boy seems to have found time to work at his inventions. One day being very much in need of a new knife, and without stopping to consider how unbusinesslike it was, he closed the shop and went out to buy one. In his absence the proprietor returned, and this ended his mercantile career, as he was discharged on the spot. Discouraged at not being able to accomplish his object, he reluctantly returned home.

His next attempt to study art was made in Philadelphia, when he was about sixteen. His life there was hard, being obliged to support himself, working at whatever he could find to do through the day and studying at the Academy of Fine Arts in the evening. In a few months he was painting portraits. Mr. Waugh often talked of these early struggles when he sometimes went hungry, but never once faltered in his determination to become an artist. It was a proud and happy day for him when he received his first commission. It came from a gentleman in New Jersey, who invited him to his house, where he stayed three weeks, and painted five small portraits of different members of the family. He spent every cent of the money he received on some rare old English prints to study from. He spent about a year and a half in Philadelphia at this time, and then went home for a visit. In a short time he had an opportunity to go to Canada with a man who was driving thither in a carriage. He spent some time in Buffalo, Toronto, and Montreal, painting portraits, then back again to Philadelphia to study at the Academy. On this second visit to Philadelphia Mr. Lindsey Nicholson, a member of the Society of Friends, took a great interest

in the young student, inviting him to his house, giving him good advice, and proving a true friend. This kindness was always held in grateful remembrance by Mr. Waugh, who never tired of referring to it in terms which showed his thorough appreciation of the benefit he derived from it. After another year in Philadelphia he returned to Canada, where he remained about three years, painting portraits, and by strict economy he saved enough money to pay his way to Europe. He sailed from Quebec for Liverpool in July, 1837, stopping in London long enough to visit the art galleries and principal buildings. He went immediately to Paris, where he lost no time before commencing his studies. He copied the principal pictures of the old masters in the Louvre, said to be amongst the best copies of them that have ever been made. To quote from Mr. John Sartain: "The admirable portraits of Rubens and his wife, from the originals by the great Fleming, are imitations of Rubens' manner, in all his peculiar qualities, the most perfect that I ever saw. The portrait of the eminent sculptor Thorwaldsen was painted from life, and therefore doubly interesting." Unfortunately only a small number of these interesting copies remain, a great many of them, along with the original studies, costumes and curiosities innumerable that he had collected during his travels, having been destroyed by fire in his studio at 816 Chestnut street, which was burned out three times.

Mr. Waugh spent six months studying in Paris, all the while anxious to reach Italy, the goal of his ambition, but unable to do so for want of means. Through the kindness of Mr. John Basten, an Englishman, he was enabled to set out for Rome, where he arrived about the 1st of April, 1838. He immediately commenced to study and paint portraits. At the commencement of the unhealthy season in Rome the artists all left the city, Mr. Waugh, in company with a young student named Salter, going on foot across the mountains to Naples.

On their arrival in Naples Mr. Waugh's genial nature soon made him hosts of friends among the best class of people both resident and transient, and in a short time he had all the portraits that he wanted to paint. He also visited and sketched all the beautiful and interesting places in the vicinity. His water-color sketches, made in and around Naples, Pompeii, Herculaneum, Venice, Florence and Rome, are exceedingly interesting and beautiful, especially those of the ruins of Pompeii, where the color, rich and varied, and the romantic desolation of the great fallen city filled him with inspiration. Taking Nature for his master, his work is remarkably free from the conventionalisms of the time, resembling more the modern realistic school. Those which have been kept in folios still retain all their brilliancy.

He spent six months in Naples at this time, then returned to Rome for six months, then back again to Naples. On the second visit he took a studio in the Villa Reale, overlooking the beautiful bay of Naples, and here flocked the fashionable and distinguished, and his facile pencil was soon tried to its utmost transferring their features to canvas. He painted with remarkable rapidity, producing at this time thirty portraits in four months. After six months more

spent in Naples we find him again in Rome, then in Venice and other places. That these years spent in Italy, the paradise of artists, were rich in growth and progress to the young artist we have abundant proof in the great number of beautiful pictures and perfect copies of the old masters painted in the different cities he visited. The great sculptor, Thorwaldsen, was one of his intimate friends in Rome, notwithstanding the difference in their ages, and sat to him for his portrait. J. E. Freeman, in his work entitled "Gatherings From an Artist's Portfolio," has given such a distorted account of the origin of this remarkable painting that it seems proper to devote some space to correcting it. He asserts that after two sittings Thorwaldsen became so dissatisfied with the artist's work that he brought from his workshop a plaster bust of himself and placed it before Mr. Waugh to practice upon in drawing, and refused to sit again until he had drawn it correctly. When Mr. Waugh read Freeman's story he said: "There is no truth in it. I do not care for myself, but should like to have it corrected for the sake of my dear old friend, Thorwaldsen. It does him an injustice. Instead of being proud, arrogant and supercilious, as that makes him appear, he was one of the most genial and modest of men. His manner to me was always that of an intimate friend. The picture was not a commission; it was a labor of love. I wanted my friend's portrait to take with me, and he gave me the necessary sittings without a word of criticism." Mr. Waugh kept this portrait of his highly esteemed friend in his studio to the end of his life. It is now in the possession of his family, who hold it beyond price on account of these associations, as well as for its intrinsic value as a work of art, which is very great. At the special request of Mr. John Sartain, Superintendent of the Art Department of the American Exhibition in London in 1887, they allowed it to be sent there for exhibition.

During his residence in Naples Mr. Waugh made several ascents of Vesuvius. In one of these ascents of the mountain that they made after an eruption had partially subsided, he rushed up to the edge of the crater and looked over into the boiling, seething mass of lava. It was only a glimpse, but he always said that he would not have missed it for worlds, although he knew that it was at the risk of his life, and he would not care to do it again. His companions and the guides were frightened and cried to him to stop, but in vain. He had his look into the crater, which he said was the most terrible sight that he ever saw—words could not describe it.

After descending the mountain next day he was stricken down with small-pox, and here his friend Salter proved the strength of his friendship. As soon as the doctors decided on the nature of the disease, they took him to an empty house and hired an old woman to nurse him, and would not allow any one else to see him. Salter bade him good-bye, saying he had to go to the Island of Capri for two weeks, and the sick man thought that he was left alone to the mercy of the ignorant old nurse. He was desperately ill, and his life was despaired of for some time. When he recovered he found that his friend had never left the

house, but had installed himself in the room below, where he took charge of all medicine and food, and saw that the old nurse did her duty faithfully. To this self-forgetting devotion Mr. Waugh undoubtedly owed his life at that time.

After leaving Italy Mr. Waugh spent six months in London, where his friends insisted on his staying and taking the place of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who had just died. He came home with the intention of making a visit and returning to London, but fate willed otherwise, and he settled in Philadelphia, where he spent the remainder of his life, and where he was the leading portrait painter for many years. His pictures are to be found in nearly all the public institutions and a great many of the private houses of the city, and are also scattered through every State of the Union. As a portrait painter he has never failed to get a likeness, and at the same time to find the best side of the sitters' characters and paint them as they would most wish to be known. Many of his portraits were painted after death, from photographs and sometimes from daguerrotypes taken long before, that gave him almost nothing to work from. * It was no unusual thing for him to paint a satisfactory portrait of a person that he had never seen in life with no other guide than a plaster cast of the face taken after death and a lock of hair. At one time a mother came to him in great distress of mind, begging him to paint a portrait of her dead child from a wood-cut in a periodical in which she could trace a faint resemblance to her boy. It seemed like an impossibility, but the mother was so anxious for it that he resolved to try. From her description, and the suit of the child's clothes on another boy, he succeeded in painting a full length portrait that was perfectly satisfactory, which was a great triumph to him as an artist; but his greatest satisfaction was in being able to give such happiness to the bereaved mother. Added to this unusual power of getting a likeness was the beauty of his flesh-tints, which were particularly luminous and lifelike, giving his pictures great artistic value. In his composition pictures he never painted a disagreeable subject. He always said that he did not believe in painting a thing that was not worthy of being perpetuated. His subjects, when not poetical, were at least pleasant and beautiful to look upon. He has painted great numbers of these, which are owned in Philadelphia, New York, Canada and abroad, and, in fact, in every place where he has ever lived. His family own his last one: "The Little Mischief." They allowed Mr. Sartain to send it to the London Exhibition along with "Thorwaldsen" and a portrait of his first wife. His was, indeed, a prolific pencil. In the fifty years of his art life he painted about two thousand pictures.

In his early life in Philadelphia he took an active interest in all art work, and was the first to organize a life-class. He was a member and President of the Artists' Fund Society for a number of years until he declined to serve longer as President, preferring to leave that work to younger men. He was an academician and stockholder in the old Academy of Fine Arts. He was a member of the Saint Andrew's Society for a great many years.

Mr. Waugh died, September 18, 1885, at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Judd,

in Janesville, Wis. His death was caused by paralysis, the result of a fall received while on his way West to visit friends. His artistic powers remained undimmed up to the time of his death. The pictures he left in his studio when he started on that fatal journey are in no manner inferior to his earlier work.

Those possessing a nature so trusting and guileless as Mr. Waugh's are always liable to be deceived. This never made him hard or suspicious. He was always just and kind to every one, and inspired confidence and affection in all who came under his influence. He had an utter aversion to anything like parading himself before the public. His work was his pleasure, and he never sought popularity in any way, although he was always gratified by any sincere expression of appreciation. Those only who were honored by his affection and confidence really knew the strength and depth of that nature, which was at the same time so modest and unassuming. He left three children, a son and two daughters. His son, Frederick J. Waugh, has inherited a large share of his father's talents, and is recognized by the profession as a genuine artist. His daughter, Ida, has already achieved an extended reputation, particularly for the painting of children's faces. The eldest daughter has devoted much of her time to the study of music.

C. W.



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

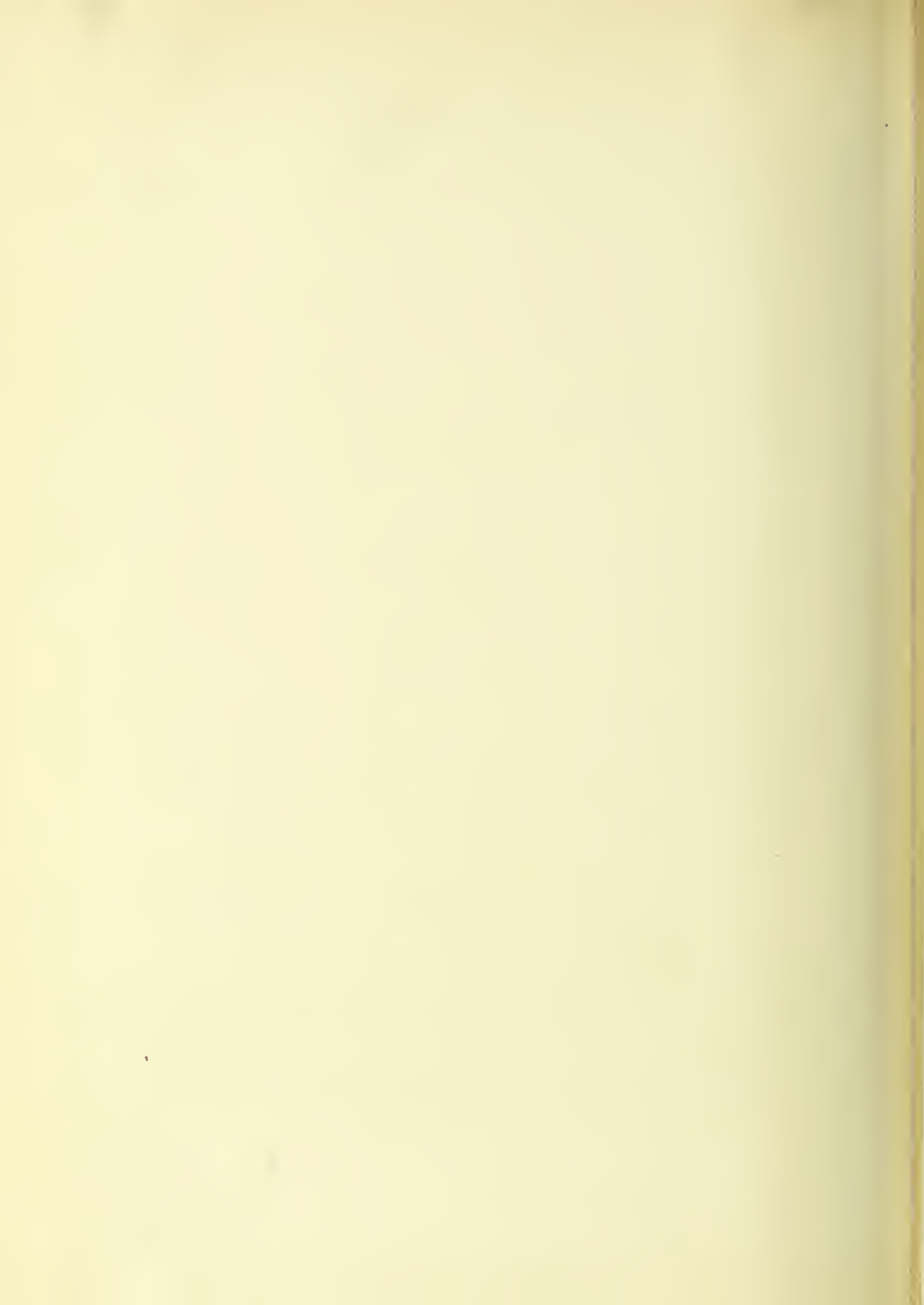


YONKON
PUBLI
LIBRAR











BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

AMONG THE WEEDS.

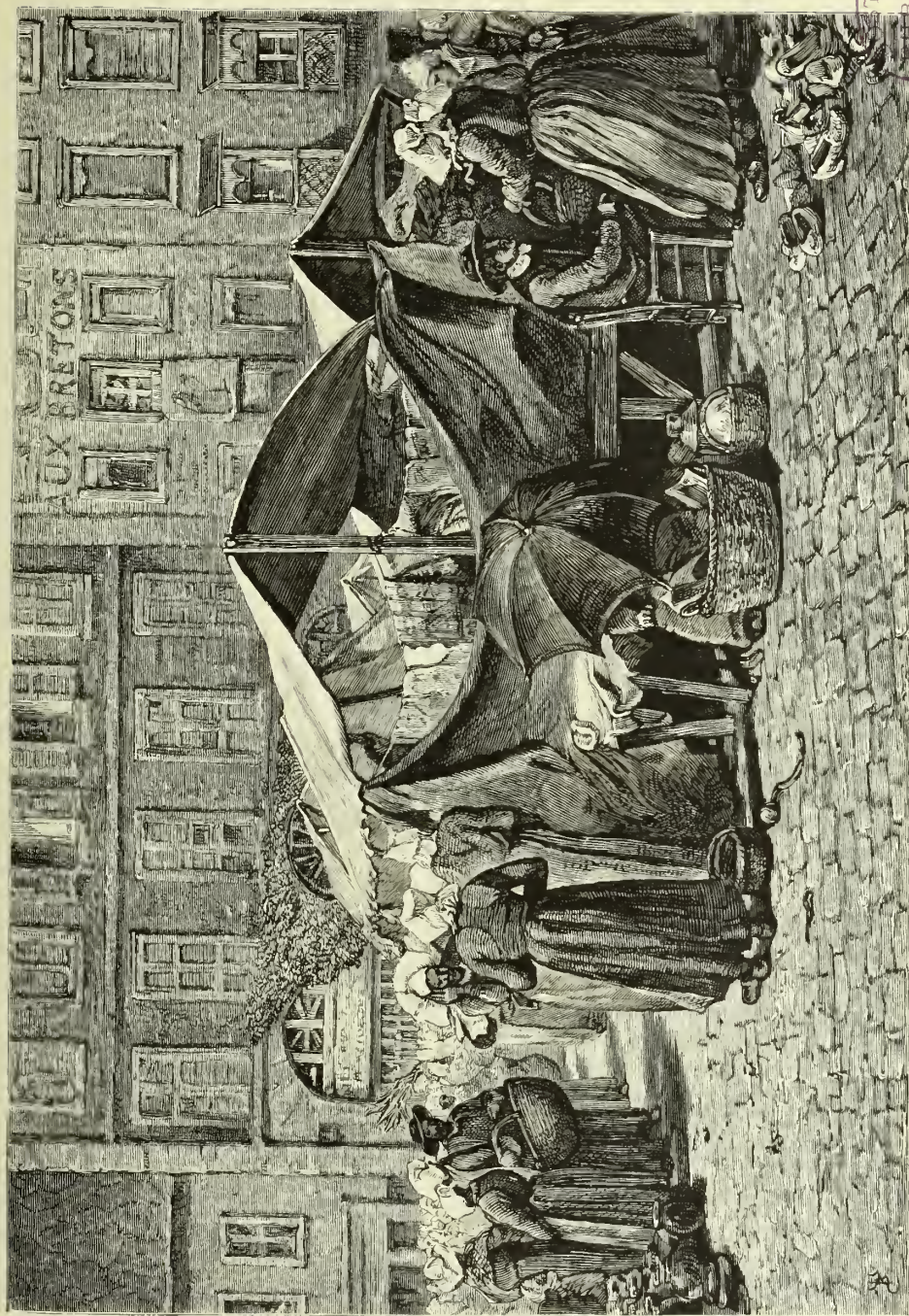
From a Painting by Louis C. Tiffany.

ence the opinions of others, your object ought to be to present your arguments as clearly as possible, and to present these arguments only. All flights of rhetoric, all arrangements of words, which make the reader think even with admiration of the writer rather than of the subject, are so much wasted or mis-used power. I may be told that the best style is gained from classical studies; I doubt it. I remember as a young man being fascinated by Tacitus, by the reserved force and hidden strength in his sentences, each argument and each statement, almost each phrase, having more meaning than is at first apparent. I was so fascinated that in my youthful efforts at composition I insensibly tried to imitate his style, and it took me much reading of good English and French authors to find out how much more really forcible than compression is transparent clearness." All this is as true of painting as of writing.

Not the least important of Mr. Tiffany's contributions to the pleasure of the public is the drop-curtain of the Madison Square Theatre, in New York—altogether the finest and largest specimen of embroidered and *appliqué* work ever seen in America. Nor do we know of anything to equal it in Europe. The ground of this beautiful production is of satin and velvet; the scene is a tropical American landscape with river, water-plants, flowers, birds, butterflies, and trees. At the bottom courses the deep blue river—which is of velvet, and from which spring the blue-flowered iris and other reeds. Near the bank on the left a pink curlew is wading, and on the bank grow the blooming cereus and the palmetto. In the center of the curtain the small, pink flowers of the oleander are blossoming, a curlew flying among them. All these designs are in plush *appliqué*, and the effects of color produced simply by the direction of the textures of the plush are very curious. The branches of many trees and shrubs bend and interlace at the top of the curtain. It is a summer day amid the rich and gorgeous vegetation of a river in Florida or Georgia; the air is heavy with fragrance, and vocal with the music of bird and insect. It is a marvel to see how the spirit of such a scene has been evoked by embroidery and *appliqué* work. The artistic success is extraordinary, especially in view of the difficulty of such an undertaking. The colors melt into one another, the harmonies are most tender, and the contrasts superb. At the bottom of the curtain is a broad margin, patterned after some conventional figures in the decoration of a Moorish flagon, and entering with melody into the tone of the whole. A recent lecturer

before the London Society of Arts asserted that artists paid too much attention to easel-pictures. "A young school of decorators," he said, "would find it remunerative and otherwise serviceable to practice wall-decoration, and the Royal Academy ought to take up the matter. The fame of many noted artists of earlier times," he justly added, "rested more on their wall-decorations than on their easel-pictures, and there was no reason why there should not be a revival of this branch of art." Mr. Tiffany worked in collaboration with Mrs. Wheeler, of the New York Society of Decorative Art, and used the services of twelve young lady pupils of the Cooper Institute Art-Schools. The abundance and swiftness of his success with this drop-curtain suggest some consoling reflections to aspiring young artists, who are discouraged by the financial results of painting on canvas.

Mr. H. BOLTON JONES is a native of Baltimore. In 1877 he went on a sketching tour through Brittany and Spain. Three years before, he had begun to exhibit in the National Academy in New York. To the Centennial Exhibition he sent his "Ferry Inn," and to the Paris Exhibition of 1878 his "Return of the Cows, Brittany." In the *Salon* the same year he was represented by "A Heath in Bloom, Brittany." In 1879 Mr. Thomas G. Appleton, of Boston, bought another Brittany landscape from the brush of Mr. Jones. We have engraved one example of Mr. Jones's work, a landscape-scene in Brittany. The effect the artist has attempted to render is that of a quiet, cloudy day in October. The gray sky has a break near the horizon—not enough to show blue, but just enough to make the clouds very light. The low hills lie off against this, hazy and blue. The delicate silver poplars rise quietly, having lost many of their leaves, and many of those which remain are so silvery in color that the relief against the clouds is very slight. The trunks are a bright silver gray, relieved here and there by rich masses of brown, green, and gold. The stunted oak in the center is a deep, rich spot of russet green; while the willows just back are more or less golden, and make the half dark run through the center of the picture. The planks of the old bridge form another silver-gray note in the green grass. The dead ferns give some purple and gold through the foreground, while the rushes furnish notes of dark green



MARKET-PLACE IN BRITTANY.

From a Painting by Louis C. Tiffany.

P. 180.



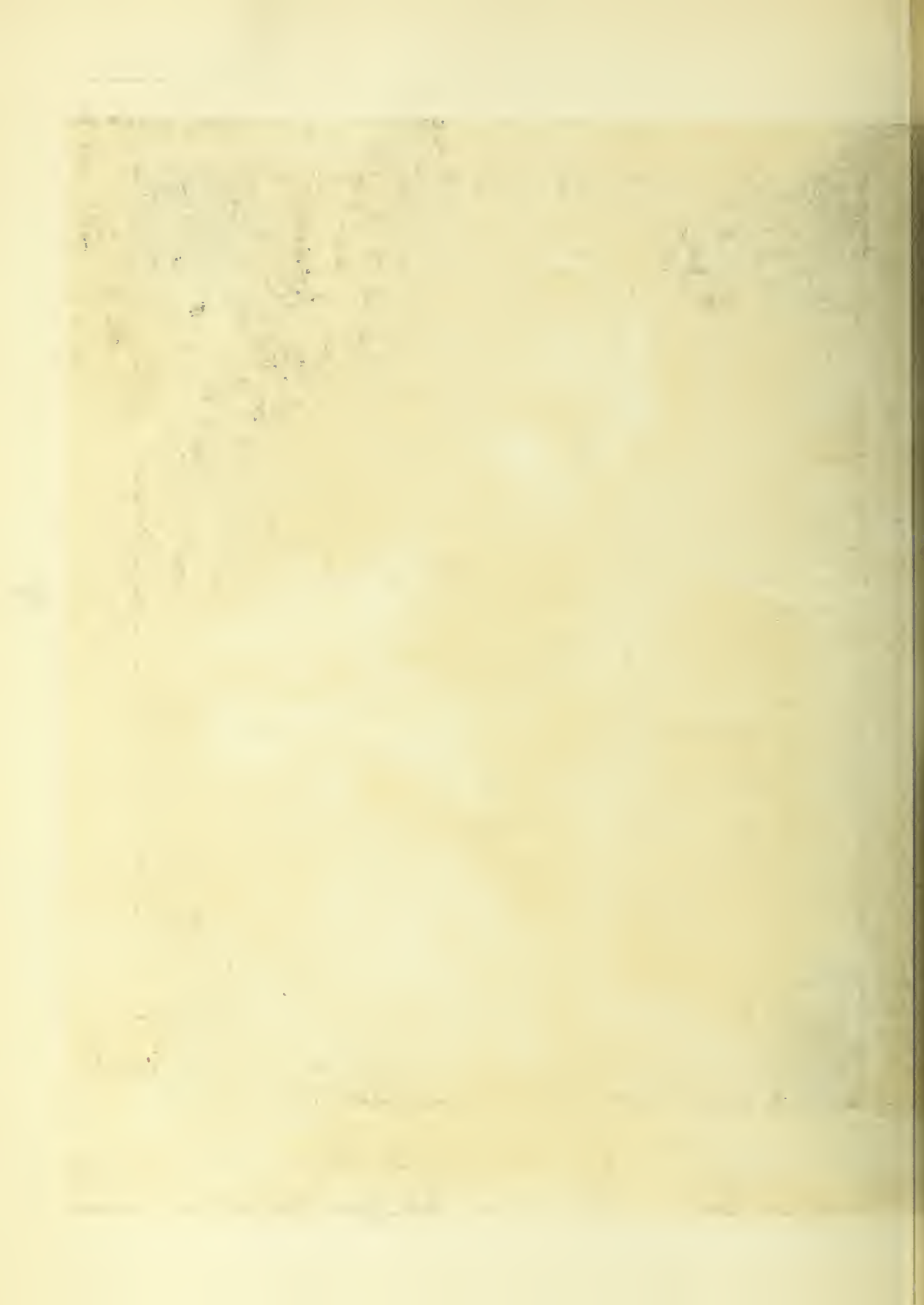
and blue. Under the bridge, dank, deep shadows make the dark; the only life is of three magpies in the road.

Mr. Jones's pictures always appear to us to have meaning and significance of a deep and valuable sort; to penetrate beyond the surface of the scenes of which they are representations; and to bring out and forward some of the inner and fascinating truths. Yet with all this he is unusually free from pedantry and stiffness. One would almost as soon call Daubigny pedantic or stiff. In the face of the triumphs of the French school, it boots little to find fault with a commonplace and monotonous range of subjects. The evil—if it be an evil—is so fashionable as almost to be respectable. The best landscape-painters in the world are at the present moment both commonplace and monotonous in the range of their subjects, taking the word "subject" in the popular and obvious signification of the term. But an artist's theme may be commonplace without being either paltry or *banal*, and it may be monotonous without being either vapid or wearisome. Besides, what to one man is commonplace, may to another be extremely significant. A bit of bare heath with a cart-track over it is in itself a commonplace subject, and has often enough been treated as if it were so; but in the hands of John Crome it becomes a scene of true beauty. To many persons Jules Dupré is stupidly monotonous, but to others he is extremely versatile in his variations in the same key.

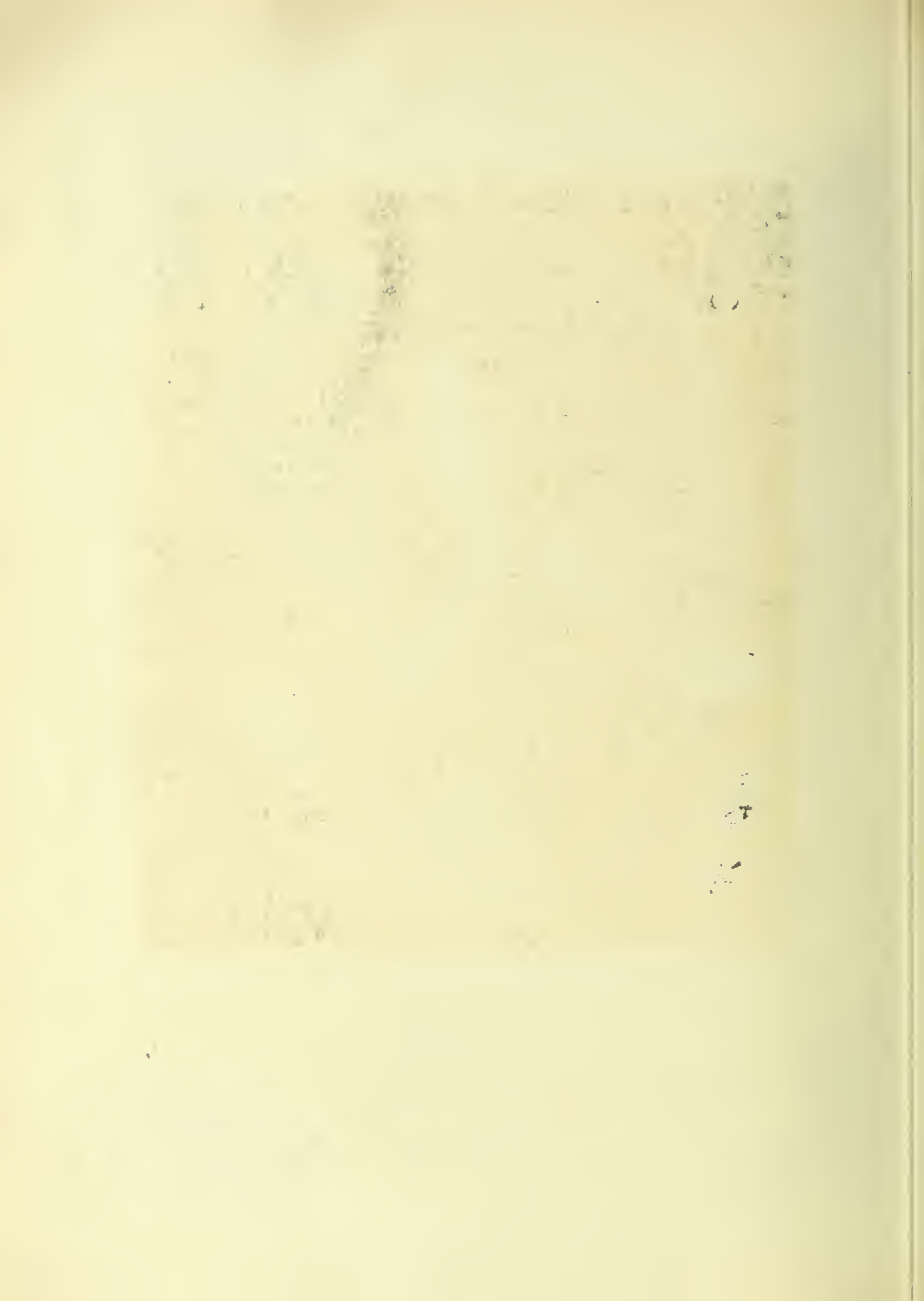
Mr. Jones's work is always refined and delicate, sensitive sometimes to the subtler aspects of things, and happy in the modest exposition of them. Probably he is and will be much oftener attracted in the region of landscape than of figure-painting. At all events, in the former sphere his faculties operate harmoniously and successfully, and he is able to perform, however slightly, the functions of a seer. It is a high prerogative to stand face to face with Nature and to tell what she is thinking about; but the history of art is of little service if it has not told us that there are landscape-painters who have done even that. The work contributed by Mr. Jones to the New York Academy Exhibition of 1880, while much more important than the example in Mr. Thomas G. Appleton's possession, was not so spontaneous nor unmannered. It was a French landscape, with road, farmhouse, and green poplars, on a sunny day, but there were unwonted hardness in texture and thinness in execution, and—what was less happy still—a certain Gallic treatment which visitors at previous

exhibitions in the same place have noticed occasionally also in Mr. Hovenden's landscapes and figure-pieces. You said to yourself that Mr. Jones and Mr. Hovenden had been studying under the same master in France, and, unconsciously to themselves, had brought away his trick; that they did not care for the trick at all, but were in pursuit of Art herself; that they themselves would be the first to denounce and to correct themselves did they know of their mistake; and that, perhaps, in their case, it was rather a slight and tentative mannerism that you detected, not so serious as to deserve the name of trick. And when one recalled some previous works of these painters, and remembered how simple and unaffected and honest was their style, how far away from any imitation of French provincialism, how free from any slavish dependence upon a foreign master, or indeed upon any master other than themselves, this impression was likely to be deepened.

MR. JAMES D. SMILLIE is a son of the well-known engraver, Mr. James Smillie. He was born in the city of New York, in 1833. Three years ago he was elected an Academician, after having been an Associate for eight years. He is a most energetic member of the American Water-Color Society, of which for five years, from 1873 to 1878, he was the president; and some of his annual contributions to the regular exhibitions of that organization have been very generally recognized among the choice productions that this country has offered to admirers of art in water-colors. Especial reference deserves to be made to his sketches of rural scenes in the interior of the Empire State which have speedily found purchasers in the Academy building, and in which many of his finest characteristics as an artist have been displayed. He has been an extensive traveler in this country, and his portfolios bear evidence of the facility and felicity of his pencil when treating of sunny meadows, purling streams, stately elms, and browsing cattle. The Catskill Mountains are as familiar to him as the streets of his native city. The Sierras, the Rocky Mountains, and the White Mountains, are scarcely less known to him in their distinguishing and most picturesque features; and it must be acknowledged that, while other painters have presented us with the scenic aspects of those ranges, with their bolder and more "sensational" traits, he has shown himself to have

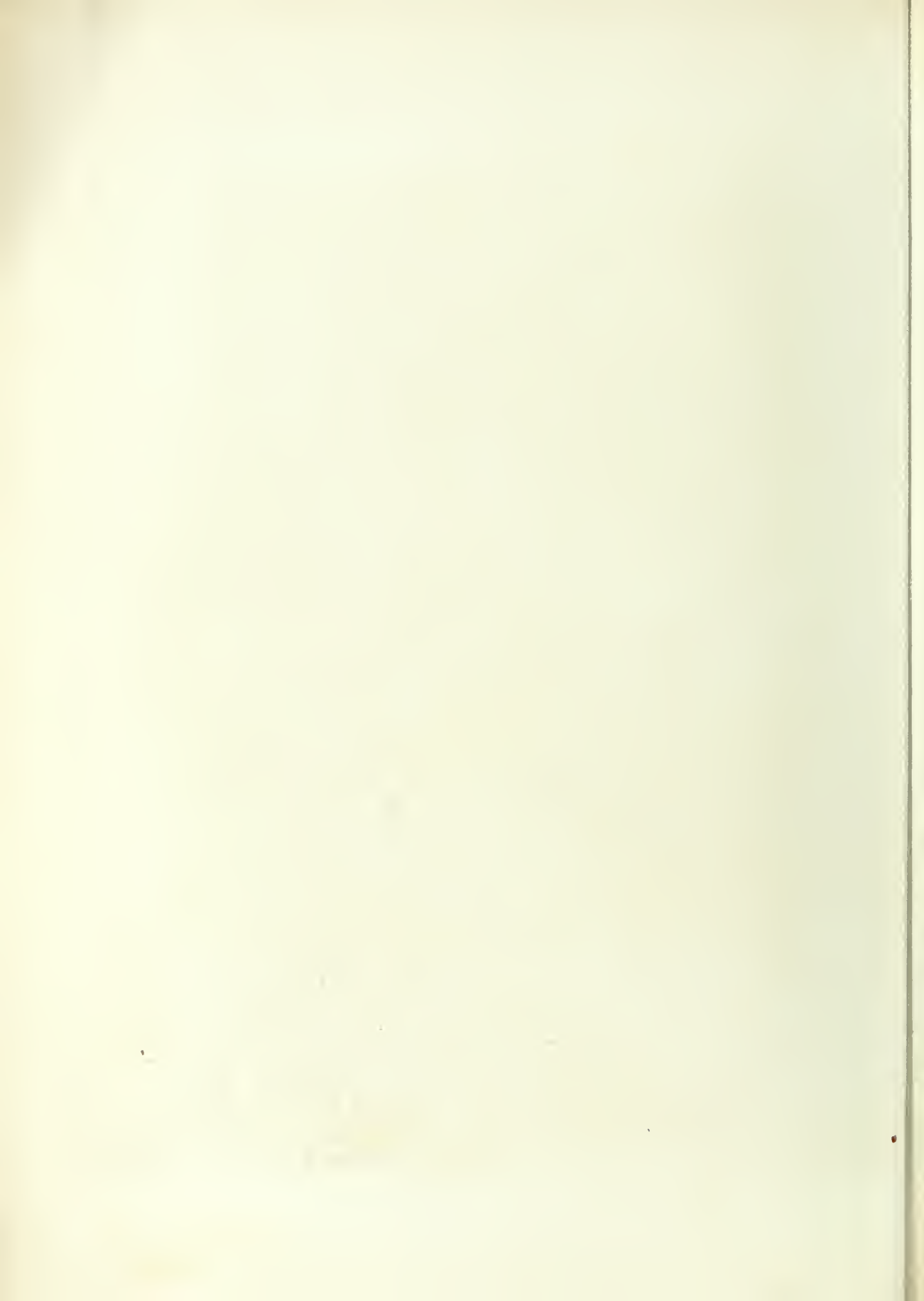








1877 1878



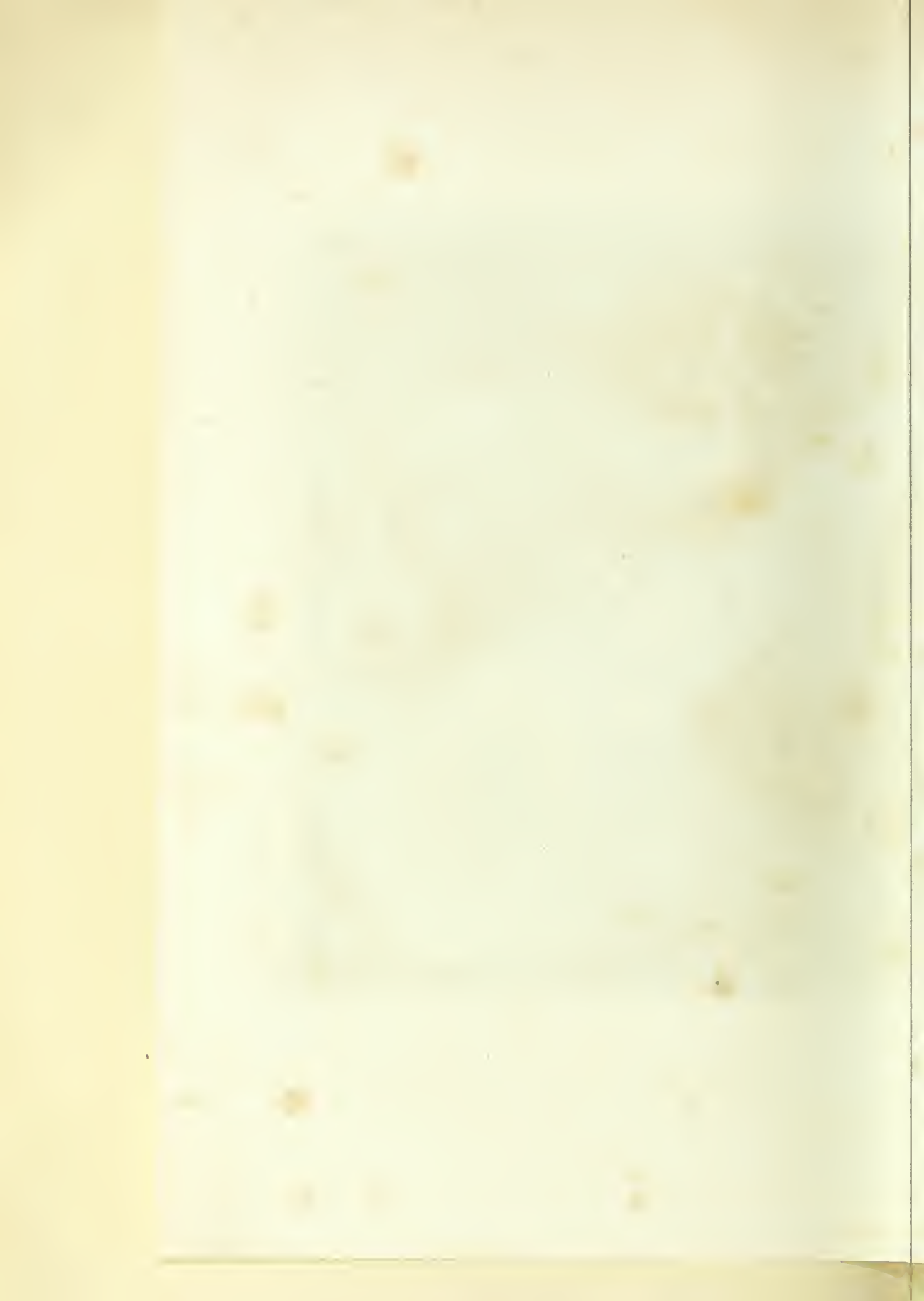




St. Elizabeth and Child

From the collection of the Boston Public Library

Acquired from the collection of the Boston Public Library





BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY







"LAFAYETTE IN PRISON."—[E. LEUTZE.]

5
PUB
LIT



THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

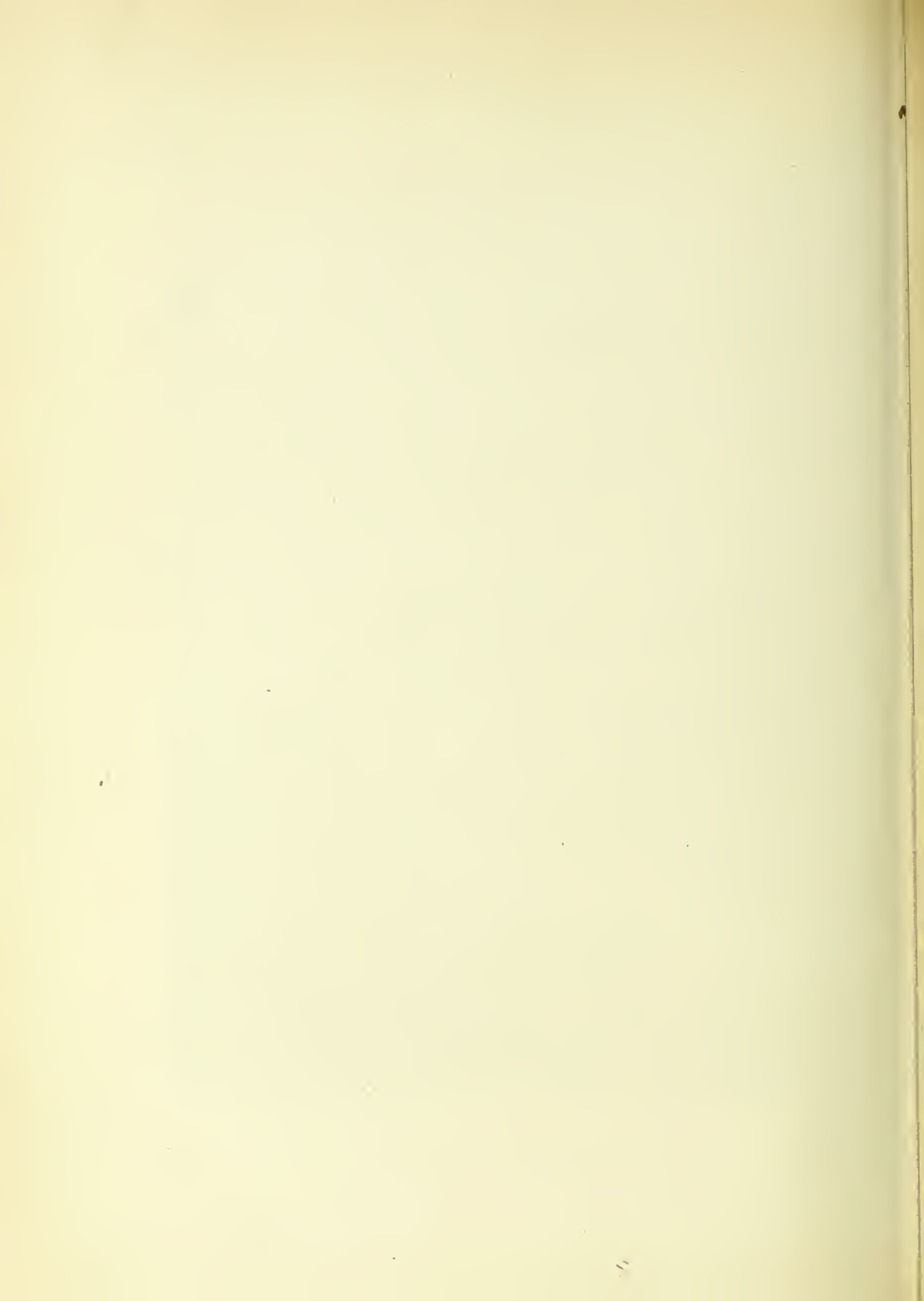






A CLOUDY DAY IN OCTOBER, BRITTANY.

From a Painting by H. Bolton Jones.



been impressed at least as much by their loveliness as by their grandeur, so that, while the aim of some artists seems to have been to startle if not to stun the spectator by transcripts of natural scenery, his purpose is a more modest and, it may be added, a more becoming one. In "Up the Hillside," for example, which we have engraved, the finer and less obtrusive peculiarities of our Highlands are brought to view; the motive is to charm rather than to bewilder; and the picture is adapted to the parlor rather than to the crowded theatre. As a designer of vignettes, Mr. James D. Smillie is well known throughout the country; and he holds his own with equal strength in the fields of engraving, of water-color drawing, and of oil-painting. It has been said that every herb and flower has its specific, distinct, and perfect beauty, its peculiar habitation, expression, and function, and that the highest art is the art which can seize, develop, and illustrate this specific character, assigning to it its proper function in the landscape, and thereby enhancing and enforcing the total impression which the picture is designed to produce. There is truth in the statement, certainly, whether or not the statement is wholly true; and, in carrying out such a purpose, a painter who has practiced himself diligently in the matter of engraving might have peculiar ease and directness. Mr. James D. Smillie undoubtedly has a lively and vigorous sense of the specific, if one may express himself so. His cherry-trees, for example, look like cherry-trees, and are never mistaken for oaks. He does not paint an elm so that it resembles a maple; nor is he chargeable with the error of giving to forest trees the forms which trees assume only when planted in the open field. Moreover, he can handle a common subject so that it shall not seem wholly commonplace—a power which is one of the choicest of pictorial possibilities. His landscapes have quietude and sobriety; and his studio is a long way off from that atmosphere of prettiness in which so many painters are stifled daily.

As a member of the New York Etching Club Mr. Smillie has often been favorably brought to public notice. The displays recently made by this club at the annual exhibitions of the American Water-Color Society have succeeded in showing to Americans that their countrymen can do much better in this favorite department than they had ever been given credit for; and the modesty of these displays has not told against them. Without bluster and with no courting of notoriety, the New York Etching Club organized itself a few years

ago, and in the same quiet and peaceful spirit pursued its course until, perhaps unexpectedly to itself, it became recognized and honored among the art-institutions of the city. The press has always treated it not generously—that was uncalled for—but fairly and appreciatively, which is better. Mr. Smillie with characteristic energy and adaptability quickly made himself felt. A specimen of his latest *éché* work was recently very successfully printed in a Boston journal which makes etching its specialty in the matter of illustrations. One often sees Mr. Smillie's initials attached to facile pen-and-ink reproductions of oil-paintings in popular periodicals. Like his brother, Mr. Smillie has of late years manifested a fondness for enlarged freedom with the brush, and the admirable landscape which we have engraved shows him in one of his happiest moods.

THE artist whose work at the New York Academy Exhibition of 1879 indicated the greatest improvement during the season then closing was, perhaps, Mr. GEORGE H. SMILLIE; and much notice was secured by his picture, "A Goat-Pasture" (herewith engraved), especially by its fresh breadth and sparkle, and its atmosphere and color. Mr. Smillie is a brother of Mr. James D. Smillie, and was a student of Mr. James M. Hart. He is forty years old. In 1864 he became an Associate of the New York Academy of Design, and in 1868 a member of the Society of Painters in Water-Colors (now the American Water-Color Society). His pictures are seen at most of the public exhibitions in New York and other principal cities of the United States, and many of them are concerned with scenes in the Rocky Mountains and the Yosemite Valley. Mr. A. Van Valkenburg, of New York, owns his "Boquet River and Hills," which was painted about ten years ago.

The impressions conveyed by color are independent of those conveyed by form; yet Mr. Smillie's "Goat-Pasture" is seen to advantage in simple black and white, and the spectator who has admired it for its subtlest qualities will perhaps be surprised by the number of these qualities that are retained in the engraver's translation. Not that an engraving is not expected to reproduce some of the functions of color—its ability to do so has been often demonstrated; but Mr. Smillie's picture is so happy in the use of colored pigment



UP THE HILLSIDE.

From a Painting by James D. Smillie.

p. 184.

with reference to sentiment that, in the absence of the pigment, the retention of tender and profound values is worthy of special mention, as also are the coloristic results of a painter who, like Mr. Smillie, has had a thorough and protracted preliminary drill with the burin. The technical excellences of an artist so educated are very often those that have the least swing and play in the department of coloring. Heart and brain he may have in abundance, but their happiest exercise is apt to be elsewhere than among those five primaries of white, black, red, yellow, and blue, out of which the master of the brush produces order and beauty. The beauty in this instance, it is to be observed—and here we touch the vital part of the picture—is not that which belongs to a realistic landscape done never so cleverly. The picture is realistic, to be sure; but it is something more—it is realism carried to that second and better stage where imagination has had a hand in the process of formation, and where, because imagination has made itself felt, the spectator is led to exclaim, not “How cleverly it is done!” but “How beautiful it is!” So the artist comes in, and, in the strictest sense of the word, improves upon nature, lending to the scene the added grace of fancy and the organizing force of thought, touching to diviner issues the elements that else were unadorned and perhaps meaningless.

Mr. Smillie's improvement has been, as was said, in the direction of “breadth” of treatment, but this breadth with him is not slovenliness nor unintelligent haste. Nor is it mannerism. On the contrary, it is the result of freedom, and the confidence that comes of larger knowledge and assured resources. It is not uncommon nowadays to see “breadth” of treatment, even at the Academy exhibitions, and to hear its praises sung even by Academicians themselves. Mr. J. B. Bristol, for example, whose sound and solid drawing of mountain-masses has received recognition in high European quarters, has of late been painting much more “broadly” than at any previous period of his career—sometimes with advantage, at other times to his detriment; and nobody who has examined with any care the Academy Exhibition of 1880 can have failed to notice a general advance toward freedom and certainty of touch. Is this a result of the stimulating influence of the Society of American Artists? Have the elders, then, learned of the pupils? Perhaps so; and, if so, the establishment of that rival institution has not been absolutely in vain. Let us hope

that the new departure of the Academicians may go hand in hand with serious and diligent study, with proper respect for authority, and with due remembrance of wholesome traditions, so that in their case, at least, "breadth" may not degenerate into "slap-dash" nor freedom into recklessness. Mr. Smillie's latest works show no tendency in this unfortunate direction. They are wholesomely equidistant from inane polish and crude paintiness. More than this, their vision of nature is eminently just, if not always in the highest sense poetic, and the quality of justness is not of less value or moment to-day because in the multiplication of art-works of all sorts the public taste is supposed to be too jaded to appreciate what is simply just—too impatient to listen to the praises of Aristides—and eager to run after the new, the eccentric, the audacious. French art so reflects this tendency that, for a young man to become famous at the *Salon*, it is generally believed that he must needs be, first of all and above all, extremely odd. Yet no enduring fame was ever built upon a foundation so slight.

Mr. GEORGE FULLER'S "Romany Girl" was one of the charming figure-pieces in the latest National Academy Exhibition in New York City. It hung in the principal gallery on the southern wall, and near it was Mr. Porter's portrait of a seated lady, with Mr. McEntee's solemn and wild landscape between them. Its author had other pictures in the same place, and also in the exhibition of the Society of American Artists, and he had exhibited before; but, by common consent, the "Romany Girl" was pronounced to be the best and the most interesting of the series. She stood in front of a piece of yellowish woods, holding in her right hand a bunch of forest-grasses. A strange luster and weirdness possessed her large, coal-black eyes, suggesting possibilities very wide in range and various in hue; she was a "Romany Girl," to be sure—her dress betrayed her—but she could have passed for more than one ideal personage of modern romanticism. The mistiness which Mr. Fuller likes to envelop his landscapes and figures in—as, for example, his "And she was a Witch," in the same exhibition—is less extensive than usual; at least a part of the girl stands out in clear air. Why he is so fond of mistiness is not perspicacious. The fondness long ago resulted in a mannerism. Perhaps Mr. Fuller supposes



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

TON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY





A GOAT-PASTURE.

From a Painting by George H. Smillie.

p. 126.



that mistiness is akin to mystery. At all events, it is not certain that his mistiness had better be dispensed with. Mr. Fuller seeks, first of all, to bring his subject—whatever it may be—under the most exclusive conditions of pictorial treatment, and he is never loath to sacrifice literal fact for spiritual truth. His artistic sense is cultivated to extreme sensitiveness in this direction; for while, like an artist, he is ready to humor Nature, like an artist, too, he is eager to compel her. The realistic successes of such a painter as Alma-Tadema, for instance—and we mention Alma-Tadema because he is a favorite of Fortune, and a prince in such successes—are doubtless contemplated by him with languor, if not with aversion. “Why,” he would say, “these archæologic resurrections, these antiquarian researches, these painstaking elaborations for textures, this unholy and earthly glare? Is it the function of Art to make a bookworm of an artist? to produce by sheer laboriousness what a dealer will pronounce curious and marketable? to imitate natural objects so cleverly that the way-faring man may be deceived thereby?”

The reader will scarcely fail to be fascinated by the very delicate and beautiful forest background which the engraver (Mr. W. J. Linton), while keeping it a background, has yet preserved with poetry and color. Let us note, to the credit of Mr. Fuller, that he generally chooses his types of persons or of scenery with good taste, tempered by severity; that ugliness of form and face, of land and water, does not constrain him to reproduce it; that he loves beauty with the old classic love; and that, with all his liking for somberness of tone and for mistiness of atmosphere, one takes honest, unaffected pleasure in the work of his hands. Recent exhibitions in the Kurtz Gallery, in New York City, sometimes led the spectator to fear that the coming race of American artists would be beauty-blind, if not by nature, at least by practice, and absolutely bereft of the capacity for pulsations of gladness. When we say that Mr. Fuller possesses a highly sensitive observation, that he is a superior colorist, and that he has the poetic instinct and faculty, it is easy to add that the “Romany Girl” deserved all the success that it found on the occasion of its first public exhibition. This artist’s growth has been steady and symmetrical ever since he began modeling heads in Mr. H. K. Brown’s studio in Albany, New York, thirty-five years ago; but the remarkable thing is that the public was allowed little opportunity of judging it until three years ago, although as early as 1857 Mr. Fuller was an

Associate of the National Academy in New York. He is still only an Associate, but, if any artist in this country deserves the honor of an election as Academician, the painter of the "Romany Girl" deserves it. He was born at Deerfield, Massachusetts, in the year 1822. He has studied art in Boston, in New York, in London, and on the Continent. After returning from Europe in 1860, he spent sixteen years in sedulous secluded experiment, his purpose being to perfect himself before presenting himself. Where in the records of contemporaneous art can a similar instance be found? How many such cases, indeed, can be gleaned from the history of art itself? In his fifty-seventh year, for the first time in his life, Mr. Fuller sees fit to take the public into his confidence, and show them of what stuff he is made; for, until the exhibition of the "Romany Girl," the public certainly did not know how true and large a painter he really is. We await with lively and almost unrestricted expectation this admirable artist's further revelation of himself.

To the Academy Exhibition of 1880 Mr. Fuller sent "The Quadroon," a nearly life-size figure of a girl in the foreground of a cotton-field. She faces the spectator, who, in her nose and lips, detects only the faintest traces of a negro origin. She is a gypsy rather than a quadroon, and has little but her heritage of toil in common with the three black slaves in the distance behind her. Her coal-black eyes and hair are finely painted, and the effect of the work as a whole is noble in the extreme. This picture was very cordially received, and it preserved and sustained the reputation which the "Brittany Girl" had created. It showed that Mr. Fuller understands how to invest human beings with the decorative charms of fancy. It showed that he has sympathy with art in its aspect of "silent poetry"—poetry in the sense in which it is used by a well-known modern critic who describes it as "simply the most beautiful, impressive, and widely effective mode of saying things." For, in the strictest signification of the terms, Mr. Fuller's quadroon picture is beautiful, impressive, and widely effective. Whatever else may or may not be true of it, this at least is true. May we go a step further and say of its author that he is a poet also in Shelley's sense of the word, namely, that he is the hierophant of an unapprehended inspiration? Doubtless even this praise, too, belongs in part at least to George Fuller. And supreme praise it is. A painter who deserves it may lack many things, and yet succeed brilliantly. He may

AN
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



THE GREAT HALL OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS





ROSSIGNOL
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



A ROMANY GIRL.

From a Painting by George Fuller.

be destitute of rare technical qualities of draughtsmanship, his dominant notes of color may be far from musical, the vibrations of his light may be faint, and his *chiaro-oscuro* scheme manifestly imperfect ; but his art has the root of the matter in it, and his work will tell. As Thackeray in his greatest novel says of his heroine Beatrix : " Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full, and so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest love-song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity. There was no single movement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes feels young again." Mr. Fuller's creations are not " goddesses in marble," yet is there no single movement of them that is not beautiful when they are contemplated as wholes. The mouths and chins of his Beatrices may be too large and full, yet is there something in the women themselves that makes one feel young again in their presence. You can not say of one of his pictures as has been said of one of Veyrassat's clever works, that if you only lower the head of the white horse or lift up that of the black one, the picture will be completely altered and will lose all its charm. He does not compose so carefully and intricately. In composition, indeed, he is sometimes conspicuously ineffective. But, standing before " The Romany Girl " or " The Quadroon," one feels that in art the whole is greater than the sum of all its parts and different also ; that the presence of poetic sentiment in a picture covers a multitude of technical shortcomings. The æsthetic spirit of the day is a spirit of laborious and most skillful realism. It seeks the reproduction of difficult natural effects. It demands of the painter extensive knowledge of the resources of the palette, and extraordinary training and cleverness in the use of them. Art is striving to rival Nature in her physical manifestations ; to reproduce Nature in some of her aspects perfectly ; to counterfeit Nature. Is there not danger that, in the prosecution of this perplexing and engrossing undertaking, Art may forget her obligations to the ideal ?

To visitors to the annual exhibitions in the National Academy of Design, Mr. THOMAS HOVENDEN's name is well known. Last year it appeared on " The Pride of the Old Folks," and the " Loyalist Peasant Soldier of La Vendée,

1793," and this year on "Pendant le Repos," "What o'clock is it?" and "The Challenge"—all of them figure-pieces, and all of them possessed of characteristics so peculiar that the spectator would be in little danger of mistaking a Hovenden for any other picture in the display. The artist was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1840, and, after a course of study in the South Kensington Museum, London, came to America in 1863, and attended the lectures in the National Academy in New York, although it was not until eleven years afterward that he adopted art as a profession. In 1874, in pursuance of his plans for life-work, he went to Paris and became a pupil of M. Cabanel, the celebrated figure and portrait painter. He staid there one year, and is still living in France. To the *Salon* of 1876 he contributed his "Image-Seller," and to the International Exhibition of 1878 his "Breton Interior." The picture, which we engrave from a large photograph taken by Messrs. Goupil & Co., of Paris, was painted for the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and was admitted there. The scene is another episode of the war in La Vendée. An old peasant is sharpening a sword for a young volunteer who is about to start upon an expedition. He glances along the edge of the blade and tests its sharpness, while the youthful soldier, his son, and the father of two fine children, waits in full uniform to receive it. At his feet lies his powder-horn; in a great chair in the corner, near a tall dresser, is his musket; by his side hangs his scabbard. In front of the fireplace, the grandmother and one of his children are molding bullets over the charcoal burning in a brazier. All the accessories serve admirably to complete the story. The soldier's wife, her arms thrown protectingly over the cradle in which her infant is sleeping, is evidently Spartan in temper. She wishes the sword to be sharp, and she wishes her husband to defend his country; yet in the mirror of her face are reflected emotions sad and pitiful; it is hard for her to part with the father of her children, and the protector of them and her. The old woman, on the contrary—is she a mother-in-law?—seems willing that he should proceed to give battle to the enemy. She is sure that he will soon be victorious and at home again. The old man and the boy observe quietly the preparations—the former in his second childhood. Our engraving, it is necessary to explain, does not quite indicate the full size of the painting.

Mr. Hovenden had the pleasure of selling this work almost as soon as it was put in the exhibition, to an English gentleman, for a thousand dollars. It



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

H. H. Brown



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



THE VENDEAN VOLUNTEER.

From a Painting by Thomas Horenden. (Reduced.)

probably marks his farthest reach as an artist hitherto, and is on the whole as pleasing a production as he has yet sent from his studio. That he has grown much during the last two years, is the most gratifying fact of his career—the most gratifying, because these years have witnessed a crisis in his history. The young American who goes to Paris and becomes cognizant of the most approved French methods of art-work, usually at first appears somewhat brilliant to his old friends. The novelty and rapidity of his execution strike them favorably. They praise him easily. But they want something more. “Will he,” they ask themselves, “use his new acquisitions in the service of creations of his own? Has he the creative spirit at all? Has he the gift of producing something which shall stir a human soul? Has he a message to deliver to man?” It takes such an art-student some time, we do not say two years, to vindicate his right to praise of the best sort; and the gratifying thing about Mr. Hovenden is that, having been before the public some time subsequent to his training in a foreign land, he has shown himself capable of independent poetic expression. He has grown since he left his master. He has done enough to satisfy his friends that he is fully entitled to the name of artist, and fully deserving of their hopes. And all this is true in spite of a certain crudeness in coloring which has heretofore lessened the effect of the paintings that he has sent to this country. We have not seen the original of the picture engraved. Perhaps in this latest work he has overcome this obstacle, or at least given promise that he will overcome it. Mr. Hovenden displays a power of portraying and awakening wholesome and tender sentiment, and, at the same time, his methods are simple and sober.

Mr. J. ALDEN WEIR's first important work after his return from Europe was a portrait of his father for the National Academy exhibition. He has painted many portraits since. One of these was hung in the loan collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in the summer of 1880—a life-size three-quarter portrait of the sculptor Olin L. Warner. It is worthy of mention just here that to the third annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists in the same year Mr. Warner contributed a portrait-bust of Mr. Weir, which, with Mr. St. Gaudens's portrait-bust of ex-President Woolsey of Yale College, mo-

nopolized most of the sculptural honors of that occasion. Simple, noble, and classic in spirit, without prettiness and without a touch of finicalness, it was a delight to the more serious of the sculptor's professional brothers, and a pleasure to every visitor who appreciated true works of art. The plaster breathed. The impression of life was marvelous. Some persons went so far as to say that in it American plastic art had reached a higher and more commanding plane than ever before. Certainly, the performance was unusually meritorious, both in its sympathy with the spirit of the best period of classic Greek art and in the spirituality that illumined the entire physiognomy. It so happens that, while this work was undoubtedly the best that Mr. Warner ever exhibited in public, the portrait of Mr. Warner himself is the best example yet shown of Mr. Weir's artistic skill and insight. It stood secure in the midst of many fine foreign specimens of portraiture, and looked down confidently from the third or fourth row of pictures that lined the walls of the Museum, as if proud of its success in overcoming the traditional infelicity of its position. To suppose, however, that the hanging committee intended to make an aspersion upon its character by putting it so near the ceiling would doubtless be a mistake. There is some reason to believe that the altitude of its site was one source of its prosperity; for the prevalent popular mode of examining oil-paintings as if they were small ancient coins bearing half-defaced inscriptions of momentous import could not be adopted by sight-seers at the Metropolitan Museum. These persons were compelled to contemplate Mr. Weir's picture at the proper distance, and that their course in so doing was involuntary seems evident from the fact that at the Society of American Artists' exhibition they frequently meditated profoundly over his large representation of "The Good Samaritan" at a distance of, say, one foot and a half.

This "Good Samaritan" is Mr. Weir's most ambitious effort thus far. It represents the Biblical story with considerable feeling though with considerably less faithfulness, because the artist's purpose evidently was to make what he considered to be a picture, at whatever cost to the historical scene itself. Its most successful aspect is as a scheme of color—the drawing of the recumbent figure of the man, who, while on his way from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves that stripped him of his raiment and wounded him, being less satisfactory than the rendering of his flesh-tones. The facial expression of the Good



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

From a Painting by J. Alden Weir.

TON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

Samaritan is full of benign pity; he is precisely the sort of philanthropist to bind up the wounds of the unfortunate fellow, to "set him on his own beast, to bring him to an inn and to take care of him;" but the landscape which, by-the-way, is of little moment to the composition, scarcely palpitates with Syrian vitality. The difficulty of the subject is manifold, and might have been almost repelling. Mr. Weir fairly grapples with it, and does everything that courage and nerve can do to vanquish it. To attempt it was itself a valiant undertaking, worthy of an artist whose purpose is to excel. The painting was at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists in the spring of 1880.

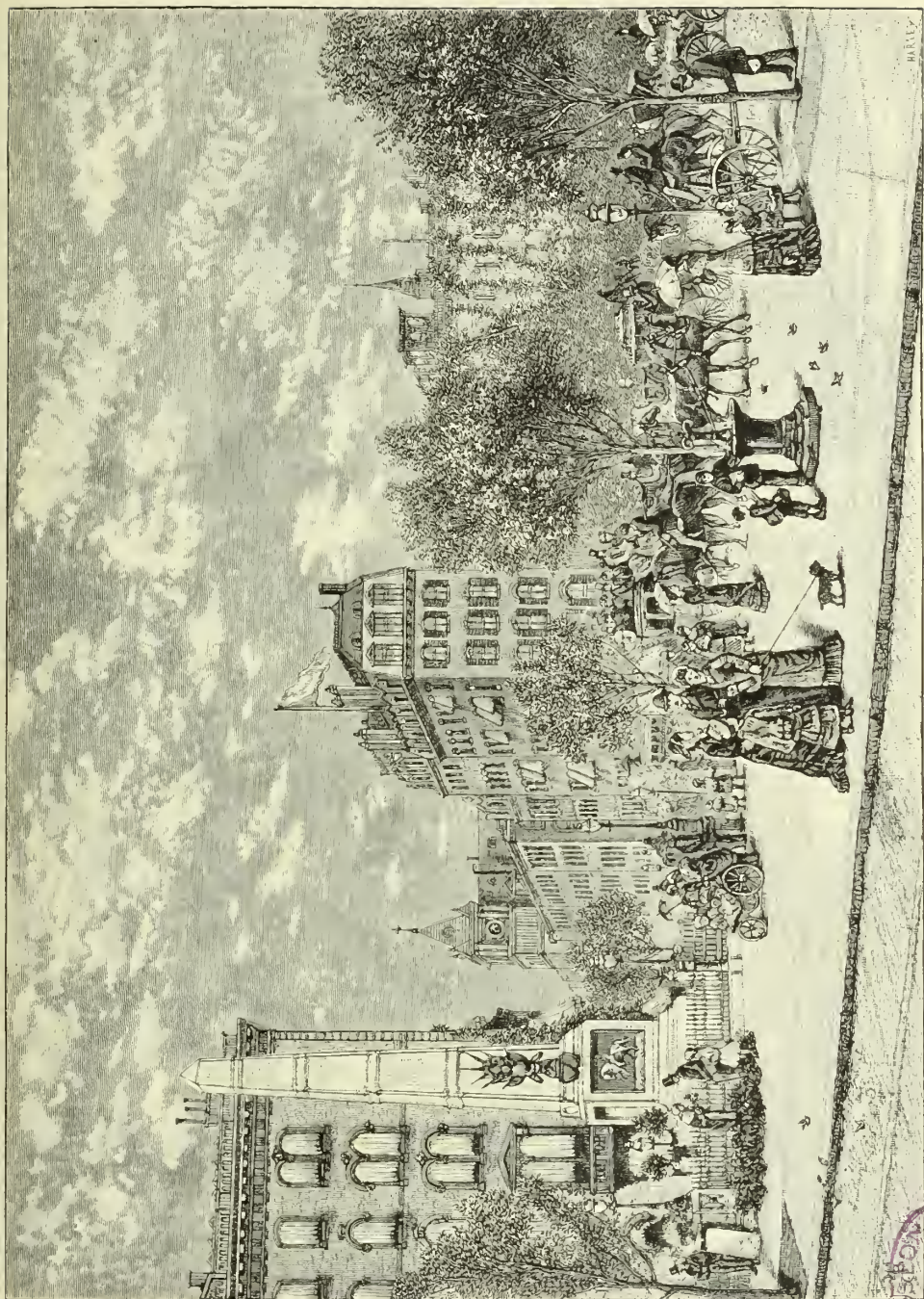
Though Mr. Weir's most commendable performances thus far have been portraits, he will probably not long be best known as a portrait-painter. The author of "The Good Samaritan" has thereby signified his intention to exercise his talents in the highest walks of his profession. Yet it is something to see in an American portrait-painter a recognition of the *vérité vraie* of portrait-painting—a preference, in a word, of Velasquez to Reynolds, of Rembrandt to Gainsborough, of solidity to outlines, of sober truth to conventional prettiness, of far-reaching essentials to superficial "effectiveness." If sometimes his frankness of touch is almost brutal, and fails of that final and complete expressiveness which finishes almost while it begins; if, while looking at some of his portraits, the extreme "breadth" of their treatment, the profuse willingness to sacrifice figure to face, sometimes incapacitates a spectator from discovering little by little their charming intentions, what can be said of the fault but that it is characteristic of other members of the same artistic fraternity of which Mr. Weir is a shining light, and that it is neither hopeless nor strange?

Mr. Weir is a son of Mr. Robert W. Weir and a brother of Professor John F. Weir. He is one of the youngest professional artists in this country, and is about thirty years old. He studied art with his father, and afterward in Paris under the instruction of M. Gérôme.

Mr. A. WORDSWORTH THOMPSON was born in Baltimore, in 1840. At the age of twenty-one he went to Paris and studied successively under Charles Gleyre, Lambinet, and Pasini. The latter master, by-the-way, has recently made extraordinary strides in professional repute, although for many years he

has been recognized as to a high degree both painter and artist. To the *Salon* of 1865 Mr. Thompson sent his "Moorlands of Au-Fargi," which was the first picture that he had ever publicly exhibited. He lived in the French capital four years without displaying his works outside the circle of his friends. In 1868 he returned to America, and opened a studio in New York. Five years afterward he became an associate of the National Academy, and seven years afterward an Academician. To the annual exhibitions of that institution he has been an important contributor. In addition to views of Mount Etna, Mentone, Lake George, the Potomac, and Long Island, he has painted several historical pictures, such as "Virginia in the Olden Time," owned by Mr. D. H. McAlpine; "Annapolis in 1776," in the Academy of Fine Arts at Buffalo; the "Review at Philadelphia, August 24, 1777," which was in the National Academy exhibition of 1878; and "Leaving Home to join the Army of the North—an Episode of Life in Virginia One Hundred Years ago," in the National Academy exhibition of 1879. His latest large picture is "A May-Day in Fifth Avenue, New York," in the National Academy exhibition of 1880. Soon after the American Art Association (afterward the Society of American Artists) was organized, Mr. Thompson became a member.

The hanging committee justly gave to the "May-Day in Fifth Avenue" a conspicuous centre on the line in the north gallery of the Academy Building, but the fact was noticed as especially commendable on their part because several years ago Mr. Thompson, when a member of a similar committee, had given no striking evidence of his appreciation of their productions. This little incident, though, of course, not suggesting that impartiality is a trait unexpected in a hanging committee, is nevertheless not altogether unworthy of mention. The qualities which shone in that picture were in sympathy with the best qualities of Pasini's finest productions, without being in any sense the offspring of that artist. In no former painting of Mr. Thompson's was the touch so felicitously light and spontaneous, or the tones so delicate and luminous, or the composition so compact and fruitful, or the shadows so transparent and true. The visitor with difficulty could have found in the exhibition an example of an Academician which showed growth so marked. It was as if the painter had said, "I will abandon for once my portfolios and historical books, my studies of Mediterranean coast-scenes with donkeys and fashionable women, my researches into



MAY-DAY IN FIFTH AVENUE.

From a Painting by Wordsworth Thompson.

ancient history, and will step into the street and take a look at life around me." Fifth Avenue near Madison Square has been represented on canvas before, but never, to our knowledge, so brilliantly as Mr. Thompson there pictured it. The Champs Elysées itself, at the height of the season, is scarcely more variously or radiantly animated than is this famous thoroughfare on a bright afternoon in May. The horses, the equipages, the pedestrians, the Worth Monument, the mighty arm of the "Goddess of Liberty," the flower-girls on the pavement, the foliage of the square, the buildings themselves, slight as are their pretensions to architectural beauty, enter into a varied and luxuriant scenic display which Mr. Thompson has transcribed with remarkable fidelity and fervor.

It is, indeed, upon the "literary" interest of his subject that this artist is usually dependent. He is a landscape-painter, but into his landscapes he is wont to introduce figures. His æsthetic sympathies run into the department of anecdotes. No other American painter of equal ability in the representation of sky, atmosphere, trees, and fields, is so systematic and persistent in refusing to represent these alone. The modern artistic spirit which has so profound a sympathy for landscape pure and simple is not shared by Mr. Thompson, any more than it was by the old masters. And as for the work of a man like Diaz, who, according to M. Charles Blanc, was the first in any school to have the idea of representing a landscape without a sky, of painting a forest as a mysterious and everywhere closed interior, which received its light only through the interstices of the foliage and by the movement of the high branches, why, Mr. Thompson probably does not understand the intense pictorial charm of such denuded scenes. There is no reason to believe that Mr. Thompson's æsthetic sense is ever disturbed by the frequent sight of civilization despoiling a landscape, or that his æsthetic creed contains any article to the effect that civilization can despoil a landscape. On the contrary, the civilization in a landscape is likely to engage his affection. By the human element in landscape art he is forcibly impressed; and Mr. Thomas Moran's opinion, mentioned on page 127, that "French art scarcely rises to the dignity of landscape—a swamp and a tree constitute its sum total—it is more limited in range than the landscape art of any other country"—is probably not antipodal to the convictions of the accomplished painter of the "May-Day in Fifth Avenue." Yet,

to those realities of light and air which modern landscape art so cherishes and patiently interprets, Mr. Thompson is by no means indifferent. Only their sufficiency for pictorial purposes he seems to question, the reason perhaps being that he is not perfectly susceptible to the religious potentialities of inanimate beauty.

Like the De Haas brothers, Mr. KRUSEMAN VAN ELTEN, the landscape-painter, is a Dutchman and an American citizen. He was born in Alkmaar, Holland, on the 14th of November, 1829, was taught art in Haarlem by Mr. C. Lieste, in Brussels, and in Amsterdam. His sketching tours have been chiefly in Germany, France, England, Switzerland, the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, the Farmington River Valley, and on Lake Mohonk. Mr. Van Elten did not leave his native land because his services had not been appreciated. On the contrary, his motive for coming to this country was the wider opportunity for the exertion of talents the fruits of which were prized at home; for, five years before departing from Holland, he received the gold medal at the Amsterdam Exhibition for a landscape entitled "The Well in the Heath," which was bought by Mr. Jay Cooke, of Philadelphia; three years before, he had become a member of the Rotterdam Academy of Fine Arts; and, one year before, he had seen his name enrolled as an honorary member of the Belgian Society of Painters in Water-Colors and of other foreign societies. To stay, therefore, was more natural than to depart. But his old teacher Lieste had talked the matter over with the aspiring and successful young pupil, and had advised him to pitch his tent in the New World, especially as at that time many Americans were becoming rich through the war, and were astonishing Europe by their fondness for pictures that cost large sums of money. The friendly Lieste said to him, in effect: "My dear fellow, America to-day is the true El Dorado of artists. Its inhabitants love art, else why should they empty for it their plethoric purses, as you every day hear of their doing? Were I younger, I would go there myself. Go you, and God bless you!" Van Elten went in 1865, and, on reaching New York, took a studio in the Tenth Street Building, where he is still painting his glad landscapes. In a few years he became an Associate of the National Academy, and the American Water-Color Society elected him a member of their thriving organization.



LANDSCAPE ON FARMINGTON RIVER, CONNECTICUT.

From a Painting by Kruseman Van Ellen.

p. 196.



OXFORD
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



OXFORD
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

The engraving of Mr. Van Elten's "Landscape on Farmington River, Connecticut," will give the reader a quite truthful conception of this painter's favorite style and subjects. The meadow-brook, the shaded bank, the cumuli clouds, the half-hidden hay-rick, the sense of rural plenty, summer warmth, and aerial space—it is a New England farm-scene, and might be nothing more than a faithful study of some particular spot. This probably is precisely what it is; for Mr. Van Elten is in the habit of making such local studies as in his judgment will develop into pleasing pictures. He sees a picture in Nature, so to speak, and his study of it is the beginning, the ground-plan, of the future painting. He is not fond of "compositions," so called. Nature, he thinks, composes very well herself; and a landscape that is a piece of framed out-doors approximates to his ideal of that sort of work. With what impatience, doubtless, would Mr. Van Elten greet such a phrase as M. Philippe Burty's "composition—that is to say, art," or such landscapes as those of the clever young Dutch school of which the Marises are leaders! He surely would never show us a Holland that was always and only gray. He would assert, as M. Henry Havard, in his recent book, "The Heart of Holland," has asserted, that they are sadly mistaken who suppose there are no warm colors in the Netherlandish landscape, because some Netherlandish painters use only cool colors; and forthwith he would bring forward one of his luminous and positive studies of Dutch farmers' life, which would not fail to respond to the *naïve* requirement of a celebrated Frenchman: "The first quality of a portrait-painter is not to show us in a sick condition the model whom he is about to make a portrait of." For it is as a portrait-painter that Mr. Van Elten has chosen to view himself when preparing to reproduce a natural landscape. "He selects his studies," explains one of his friends, "with the idea of making pictures, and hence when finished they are perfect and truthful portraits of the scenes they purport to represent. Such studies, Mr. Van Elten justly claims, are not only useful to himself in their original form, but can be understood by art-students generally; they do not represent an artist's impressions solely, but actual views from Nature. His studies are also as truthful in regard to local color as they are in their typographical features." Whatever may be said of the necessary limitations of a conception of landscape-painting which associates it with portrait-painting, it is undeniable that, if portrait-painting proper may be to a high

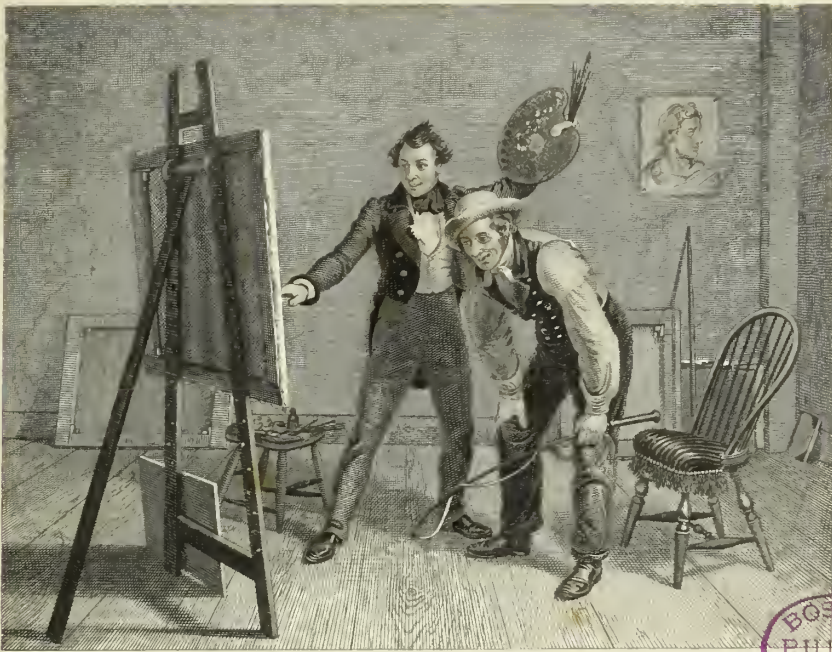
degree artistic, then such landscape-painting also has artistic possibilities; and this really is only a general statement of such a particular truth, for instance, as that any picture in which we recognize the features of a natural scene familiar to us is not, for that reason, beyond the pale of art. In other words, art is not exclusively a deforming spirit. Mr. Van Elten, however, it must be confessed, entertains unusually courageous notions on the subject of landscape-painting, and these invest with interest his vigorous personalism. Qualities which the old masters of American art were wont to make much of—masters like Thomas Cole and A. B. Durand—and which they earnestly magnified in the hearing of their pupils, are conspicuous in the work of Kruseman Van Elten: earnestness of purpose, fidelity to what they see in Nature and love of her, simplicity and docility of spirit, susceptibility to the influence of the beautiful and the joyful.

MR. EDWARD MORAN, the marine and figure painter, was born in 1829, in Lancashire, England. He belongs to a family of artists, and is the elder brother of Thomas Moran and Peter Moran. When fifteen years old he came to Philadelphia and studied art with James Hamilton and Paul Weber. He continued his studies in London in 1862, returned to New York in 1869, went to Paris in 1877, and is now in New York, after an absence of about three years. Several of his important works are owned in Philadelphia, the "Outward Bound" being in Mr. Charles Sharpless's collection, the "Launch of the Life-Boat" in Mr. Matthew Read's collection, and "The Lord staying the Waters" in Mr. Robert Hare Powell's collection. A large and ambitious picture, "Liberty enlightening the World," was recently in the Union League Club's gallery, New York. At the Centennial Exhibition he was represented by several examples, among them "The Winning Yacht," owned by Mr. W. A. Caldwell, the "Minot-Ledge Light," owned Mrs. H. E. Lawrence, and the "Coming Storm, New York Bay." He is an Associate of the National Academy of Design, and a member of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Into some of his latest works he has introduced the human figure with much success; but it is as a marine painter and not as a figure-painter that Mr. Moran has made his reputation. The public knows Thomas Moran as a landscapist,



FISHING-BOATS OFF CALAIS.

From a Painting by Edward Moran.



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



Painted by P. H. M. 1877

Engraved by



THE TOUGH STORY.

Printed by H. B. M. 1877



Edward Moran as a marine painter, Peter Moran as an animal-painter, although each of the brothers is excellent often outside of his distinctive sphere. And, as a marine painter, Mr. Edward Moran's characteristic qualities lie within the domain of a simple and easy naturalism. In this respect he is a follower of his great teacher, James Hamilton. The reader who will recall the large exhibition of Mr. Moran's pictures and studies a few years ago in the Kurtz Gallery, New York, need not be reminded how thoroughly naturalistic in motive was that interesting display. The Turnerism which plays so brilliantly about the easel of Mr. Thomas Moran has never come within a league of his elder brother's studio—not the sober and subdued Turnerism of the "Conway Castle" now in Mr. Thomas Moran's collection, but the vivacious and sometimes perplexing entity of his whirl and mist period. Mr. Thomas Moran has carried his admiration for Turner far enough to satisfy the claims of the English artist upon any single family, doubtless; and, possibly, Mr. Edward Moran may unconsciously have been impelled thereby in a direction quite opposite. But the fact of present interest is that Mr. Edward Moran's naturalism is a much surer foundation for a painter than are the imaginative vagaries of the creator of "The Slave-Ship," and a much better foundation for success in an age when the least thing that exists in Nature, the least fact that has been discovered, is of far-reaching and lively interest; when the meanest flower that blooms has succeeded in making itself very generally respected. And the artist must be an exponent of the temper and life of his age if he is to do work that will live. If the objection be made that Mr. Moran sometimes carries his naturalism too far, that he sometimes "finishes" too carefully, the objector, of course, must explain precisely what he means by "finish." Is it in Rousseau's sense that he uses the word? "Let us understand this term 'finish,'" said the great Frenchman to his pupil, M. Letronne—and the latter has done no small service to his profession by recording many wise utterances of his master—"that which finishes a painting is not the quantity of the details, but the justness of the whole. A painting is limited not only by its frame. It matters not what the subject may be, there is a principal object on which your eyes continually rest; the other objects are only the complements of it; they interest you less; after it there is nothing more for your sight. This is the true limit of the painting;" and Rembrandt, he added, understood this truth better than any other painter. "If

everything in your picture interests equally, nothing interests at all." Mr. Moran, judging from the best of his works, would subscribe heartily to this sentiment, "If everything interests equally, nothing interests at all," and of the three brothers he is the one who has most exemplified it in his professional practice.

A young American painter, whose opportunities for education have been generous, and whose surname is not unknown in the annals of his country's art, is Mr. WILLIAM SARTAIN. His father, grandfather, and uncle, have been or are engravers, and his own earlier years were not strangers to the burin. He studied in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, under Professor Schussele, the historical painter, and, when twenty-five years old, went to Paris, put himself under the instruction of Yvon and Bonnât, and became in addition a pupil at the École des Beaux-Arts, having passed successfully the usual preliminary competitive examination. The winter of 1870—he was born in Philadelphia on the 21st of November, 1843—was spent in Spain, in company with his artist friends, H. Humphrey Moore and Thomas Eakins, the party making their headquarters at Seville, and scouring Andalusia, to the extent of two hundred and fifty miles, on horseback. Those were festive days. Velasquez, Ribera, Zurbaran, and Murillo, were the chief attractions in the galleries and churches of the Andalusian capital. The young painters returned to Paris with golden opinions of Spanish art, but, the Franco-German War having welcomed them on their arrival at the French capital, they separated, Mr. Sartain visiting in turn England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, and Italy, and driving down his stakes at Rome. After a brief trip to America the following spring, he went back to Paris and resumed his studies in Bonnât's *atelier*. In 1874 he spent the winter in Algiers with two friends, and was impressed most of all with the picturesqueness of the scenery and of the costumes, and the salubrity of the wonderful climate, which permitted out-door sketching and painting in the coldest months of the year. The Arabic language—or at least a conversational knowledge of it—became one of Mr. Sartain's possessions in that distant land. After Algiers, Paris again, and in 1876 a short visit to the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition; of the Fine Arts department of which his father was director.

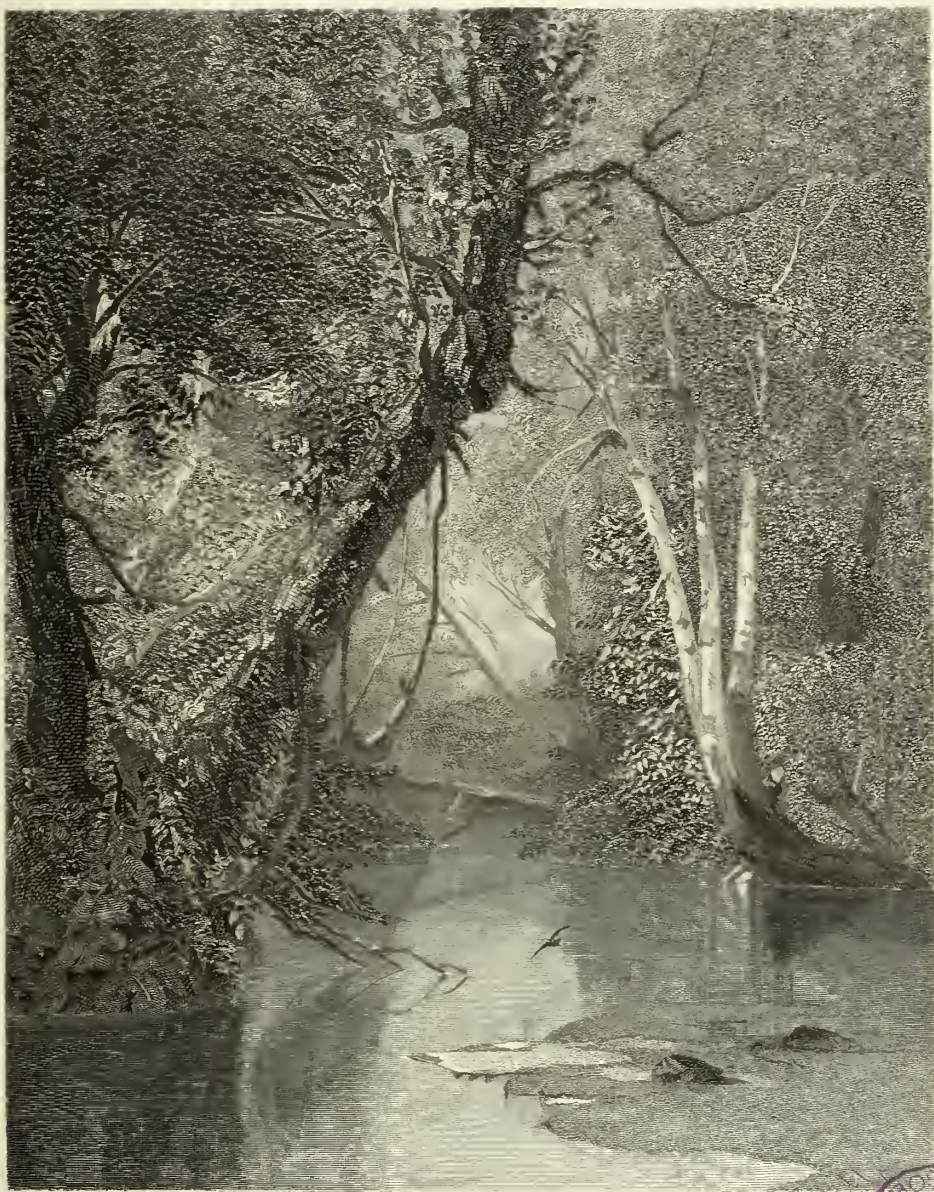


NARCISSUS.

From a Painting by William Sartain.







BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



Paris once more received the indefatigable traveler, and Bonnât's studio became his home for another year, until, in the autumn of 1877, he bade it a long farewell, and started again for the land of his countrymen. Mr. Sartain now has a studio in the Young Men's Christian Association Building, in the city of New York.

Soon after the organization of the Society of American Artists, Mr. Sartain became a member; and as in one sense he is a type of the best that the Society seeks in membership, it is worth while to note briefly, in the first place, that his admiration, even when a student, was unusual for the old masters in figure-painting, especially for Rembrandt and Velasquez; that is to say, he preferred not merely the old masters, but the most serious of them. This preference, however, did not displace his affection for the great names in modern landscape art—for Corot, Rousseau, Jules Dupré, and Daubigny. In the next place, it is to be remarked that his studies have made him liberal instead of sectarian; he is not bound by the dogmas of any special school, nor by the methods of any special style. He paints after the manner of the impressionists, but he is not exclusively an impressionist. At one time he impastes, at another he spreads his colors thinly. At one time it is heads and portraits that he gives us, at another the mysteries of Algerian *cafés*, and the warm sunshine of Andalusian streets. In the third place, he is an earnest advocate of the best education in art—that which will foster and develop a high and pure artistic taste. Mr. Sartain interests himself in the welfare of our art-schools, and his experience in Europe has crystallized into ideas on the subject. A part of his time he devotes to the instruction of private pupils. In Paris his work is said to have been considered peculiarly successful in colors and in “values.” The first head that he exhibited in America received the compliment of a purchase by Mr. Samuel Colman. His charming “Narcissus” is most honorably lodged in the gallery of Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts.

Having had occasion to write to his teacher, M. Bonnât, concerning a disputed matter in art-education, that distinguished painter replied in a remarkable letter, from which we make the following interesting extract. The question was whether an art-student's study should be chiefly from the life, or from casts; and M. Bonnât, as might have been expected, is neither vague nor reluctant in the expression of his views:

"The living model!" he exclaims, fondly; "it is Nature, it is life, it is the beautiful, the true! It was only by studying and understanding Nature—the living model—that the Greeks arrived at perfection. If they had confined themselves to copying and imitating their predecessors, they would have produced Egyptian or Indian art; and, *as every one who imitates is always inferior to his model*, they would have produced bad Egyptian or Indian art, in place of those marvelous sculptures which we all admire.

"If they arrived at this result, it was only by a profound study of Nature, of man.

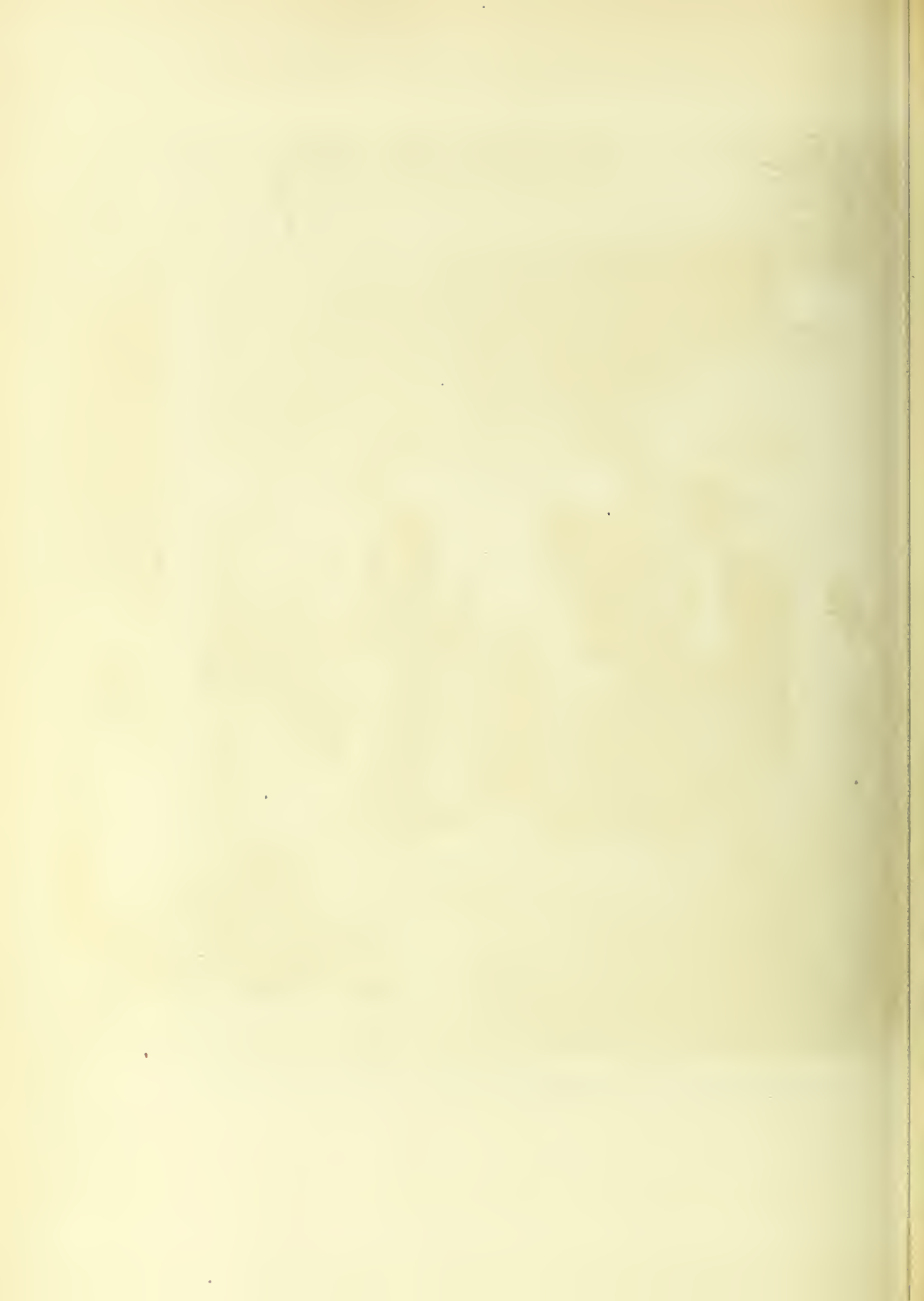
"Let the student abandon himself to the study of Nature, of the living model. Let him analyze, and measure, and penetrate into its secrets. Let him study anatomy, and understand the causes that swell or diminish the muscles. Let him know that there is beauty only where there is truth. All the grand schools of art—the Greek, the Florentine, the Spanish, the Dutch—all were inspired directly from Nature. Outside of Nature there is no safety."

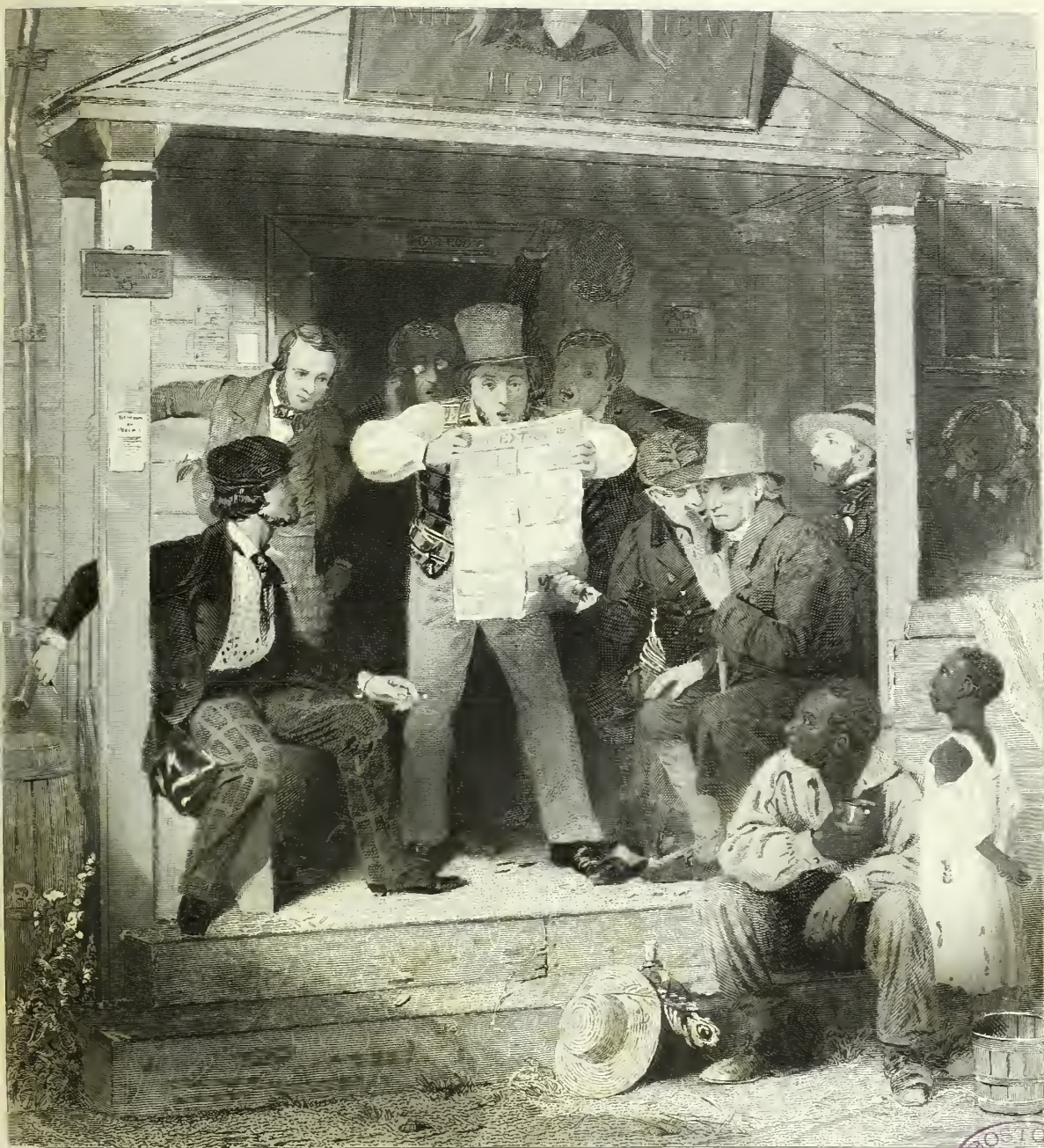
These admirable sentiments are a summary of the ten commandments of the law of painting. They might be inscribed in gold on tables of stone, and set into the walls of our conventional Academies. The crying evil of these institutions is their piling up of rules whereby it is supposed that the works of great painters can be repeated. When the student departs with his diploma, he is apt to believe himself able to accomplish anything by the use of the recipes that have been taught him so diligently. It is only after a struggle that he at last frees himself from such trammels and goes direct to Nature. Sometimes he remains in bondage all his days. Professor Mobius, the natural philosopher, was three months in teaching a fish to recognize and give heed to the glass plate in the tank where it was swimming. His exertions were strenuous and patient, his success finally was complete. But when the glass plate was removed, the fish was unable to unlearn what he had learned. How many young painters from the Academy schools resemble this interesting animal! It is to Mr. Sartain's credit, and to the credit of the admirable French methods in which he was drilled, that he has begun his professional career with a full and thorough conviction of the usefulness and competency of Nature as an instructor of the artist at the beginning of his course, and all the way through it. Mr. Sartain's private classes reap the benefit of his creed, and his public



TRAINING THE SURF-HORSE.

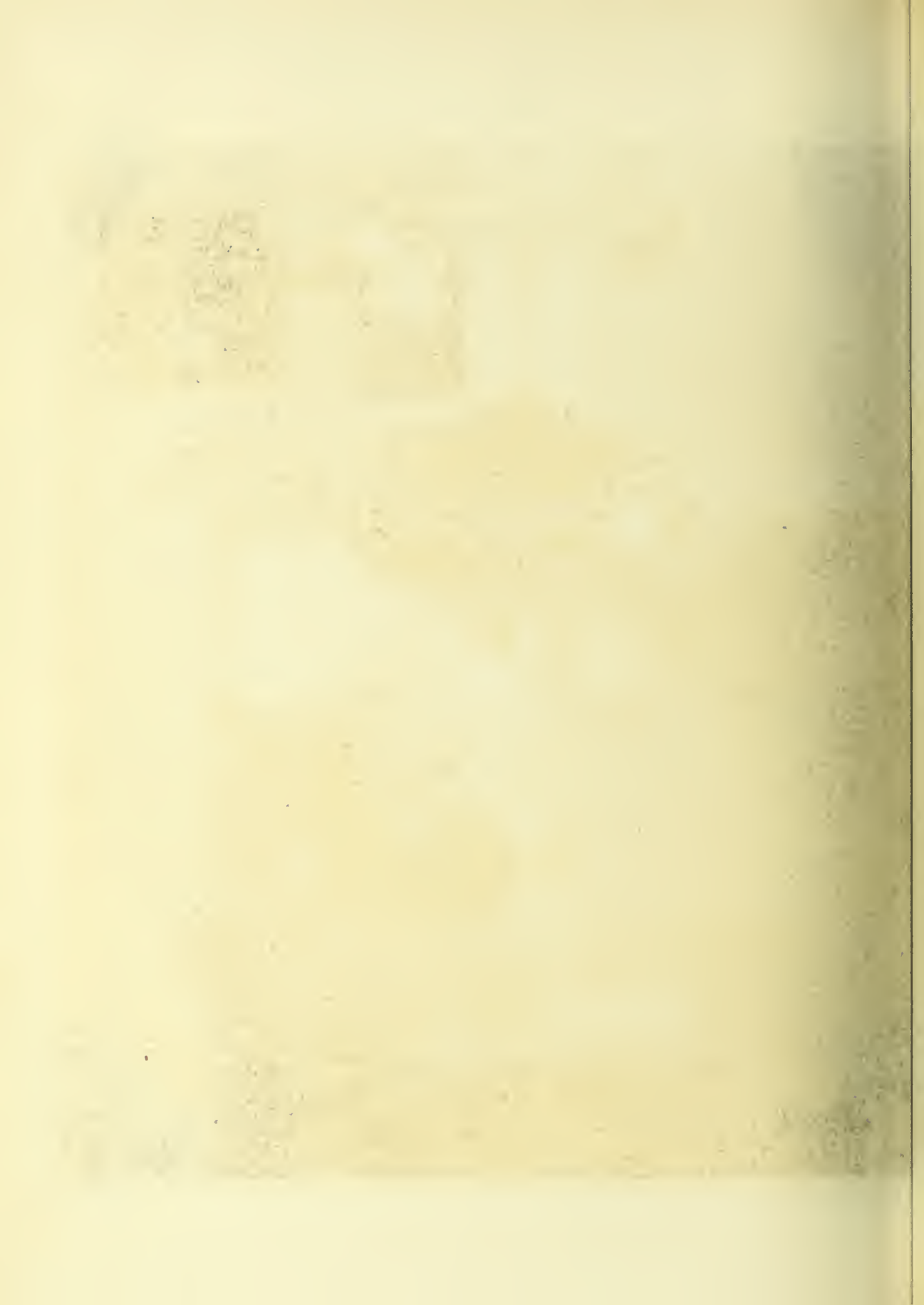
From a Painting by George Inness, Jr.





BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

MEXICAN NEWS





performances prove the excellence of it. M. Bonnât drills this principle into the hearts of his pupils, and by this means saves them from the speedy extinction which is the fate of all mere copyists and imitators of other artists' pictures.

Mr. Sartain's principal oil-paintings thus far are "The Arab Sheik," the "Head of a Nubian Girl," "The Arab Cemetery," "A Quiet Moment," in the Academy Exhibition of 1880, and the "Boy's Head. His water-colors are occasional only. One of them, "The Arab Café," was exhibited by the American Water-Color Society in the spring of 1880; another, "The Canal in Venice," in the spring of 1878. Mr. Sartain has made some highly successful etchings after his principal works.

Prominent among the young painters who have pushed their way into public notice is Mr. GEORGE INNESS, JR., the only son of the celebrated landscape-painter. He was born on the 5th of July, 1854, and is consequently only twenty-six years old. His principal works thus far have been cattle or horses in landscapes, among which are "The Coming Storm," "The Last of the Harvest," and "The Surf-Horse." To the illustrated magazines he has been a frequent contributor, and some of his best designs have been engraved on wood by Mr. Henry Wolf, among them "The Illustrator illustrated," an artist sketching a conflagration from the roof of a house at night, the light of the flames illuminating his figure; and "Viva," a study of Texan rangers. To the Salmagundi Club's first and second annual exhibitions of works in black and white, Mr. Inness, Jr., sent several conspicuous pieces. He is also seen regularly at most of the other great annual art exhibitions.

Although in his younger days Mr. Inness, Jr., traveled much in Europe, he has studied with but one foreign master, and with him only for about a month. With the exception of that short period of tuition under Bonnât, he has been a pupil of his father's and a student of life in many and various lands. It was a happy chance that gave him the companionship of such a teacher; for among all the painters in America it would be impossible to find one whose intuitions of art are clearer, whose philosophy of art is profounder, and whose practice of art is nobler, than George Inness's. The sympathy between father and son is perfect, and the obligation of the latter to the former unbounded. Yet the

son's pictures are at the farthest remove from even a tendency to imitate those of the father. And it is something to say of any artist who has been in Europe that not one of the misfortunes that belabor and occasionally swamp his fellows has overtaken him.

George Inness, Jr., has produced a remarkably varied number of pictures for so young an artist. His fondness seems to be for horses, and some of his canvases are very strong in the expression of the anatomy and the states of mind of these noble animals—for we believe that it is pardonable, and by no means eccentric nowadays to mention the term "mind" in connection with the higher brutes. He understands the difference between good and bad drawing, and knows, to quote some recent words of Seymour Haden, that the imaginary lines which compose the contour of the human hand may be laid down with the utmost precision, but if they fail, as they are likely to do, to convey the idea of the hand in its attributes as an active member of the body, they have not succeeded in drawing it.

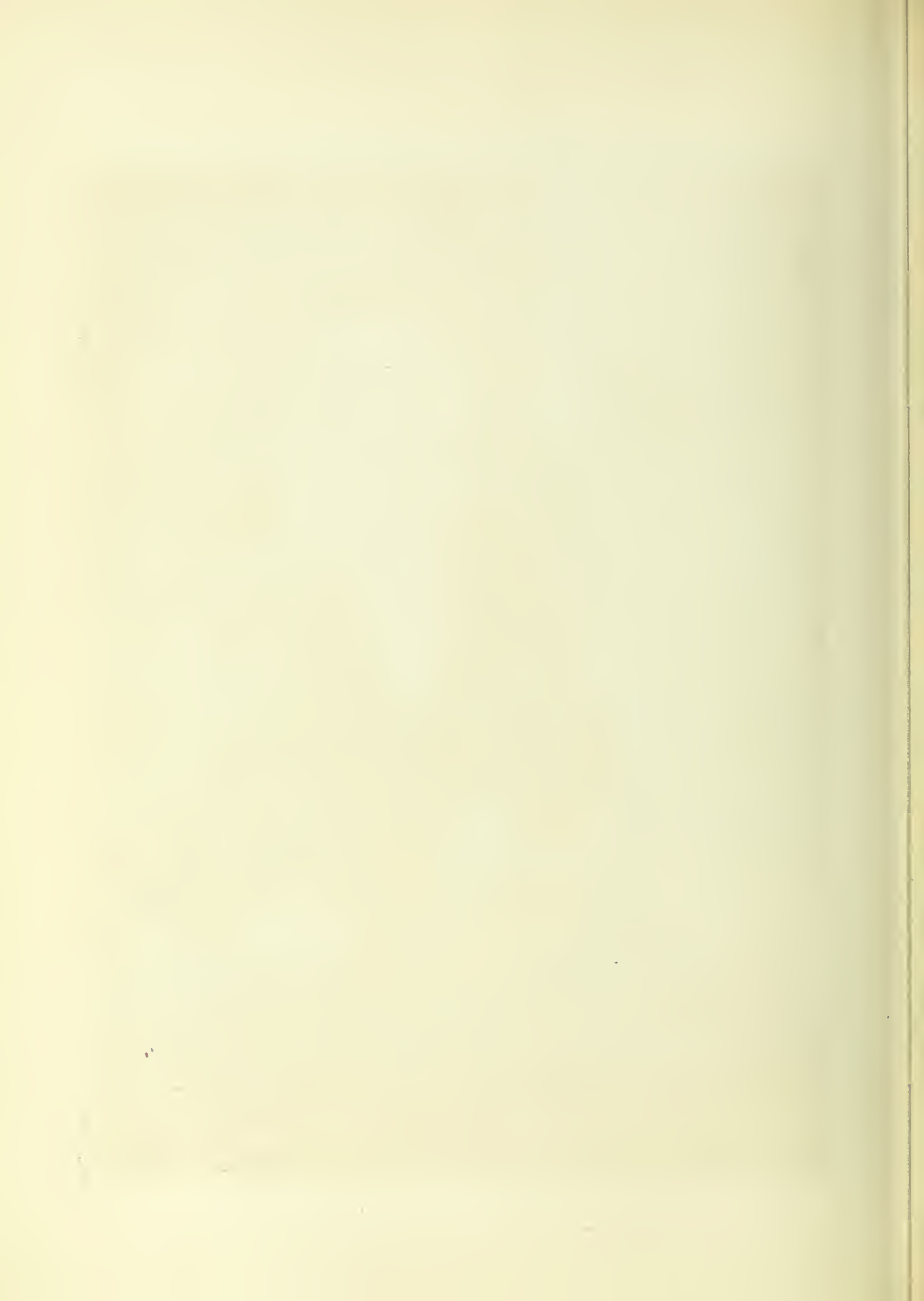
Conservatism, which in elderly painters is too often a foible, is in young painters a trait both rare and admirable. It implies some respect for authority; and what art to-day needs more than any other service is the exercise in its behalf of a wholesome and enlightened authority. The traditions of the past, so far as these have been approved by the practice of the best artists, were never so nearly paramount in importance as they are now, when "Lo, here!" and "Lo, there!" are the watchwords of so many studios in the old lands and the new. To say of a young American painter, who has had a thorough training in Europe, that he is conservative in his methods and practices, is in these times conspicuously eulogistic.

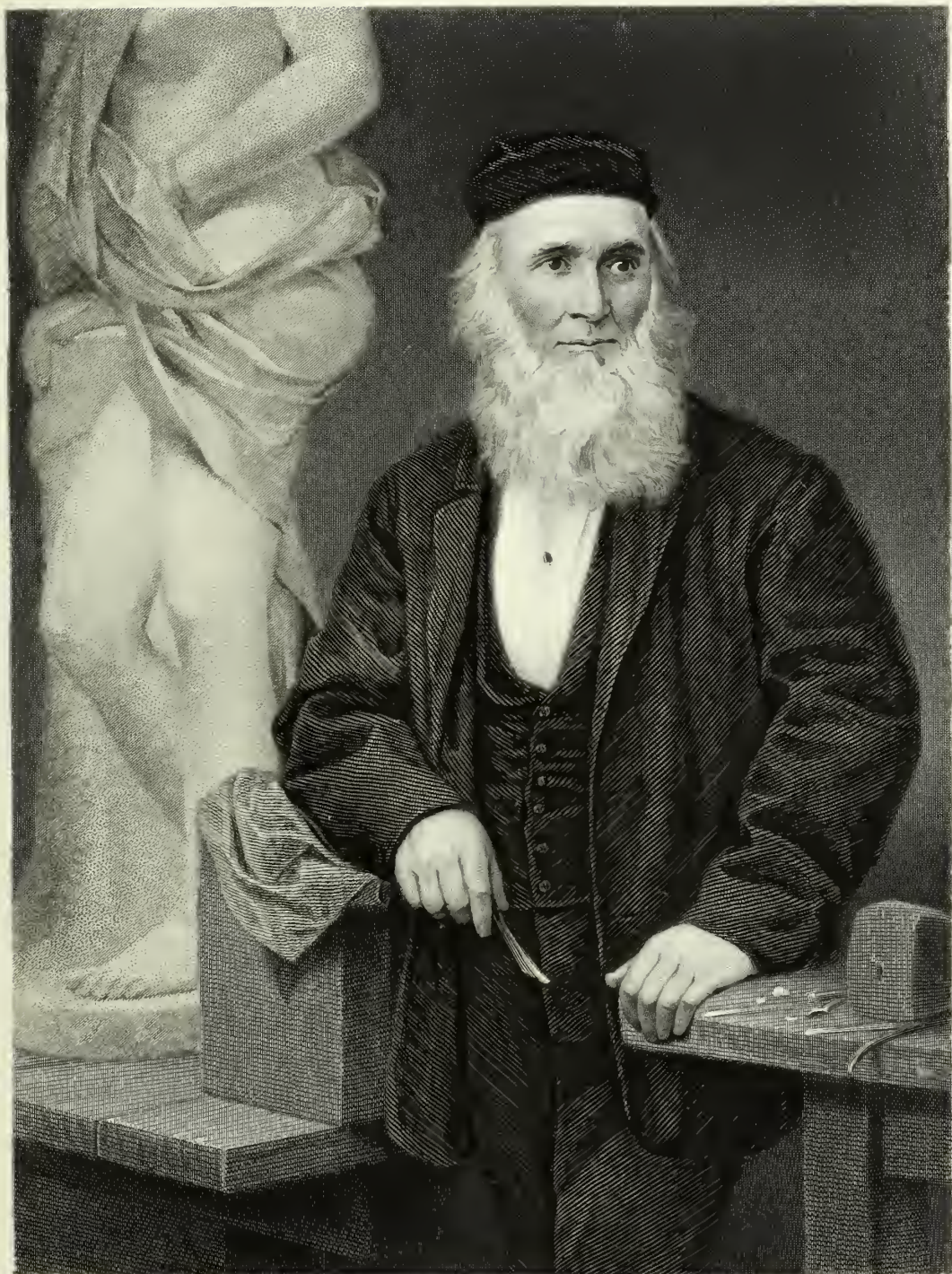
Mr. WILLIAM STARBUCK MACY is such a young painter. He was born in New Bedford, Massachusetts, on the 11th of September, 1853, and has studied art in Munich four years—two years under Professor Velten, and two years by himself. He went to the Bavarian capital in 1875, returned to this country in 1879, and took a studio in the Young Men's Christian Association Building, in New York City. To the Paris Exhibition of 1878 he contributed a large landscape—the largest he has ever painted—which is now owned by Mr. J. Henry



A FOREST SCENE.

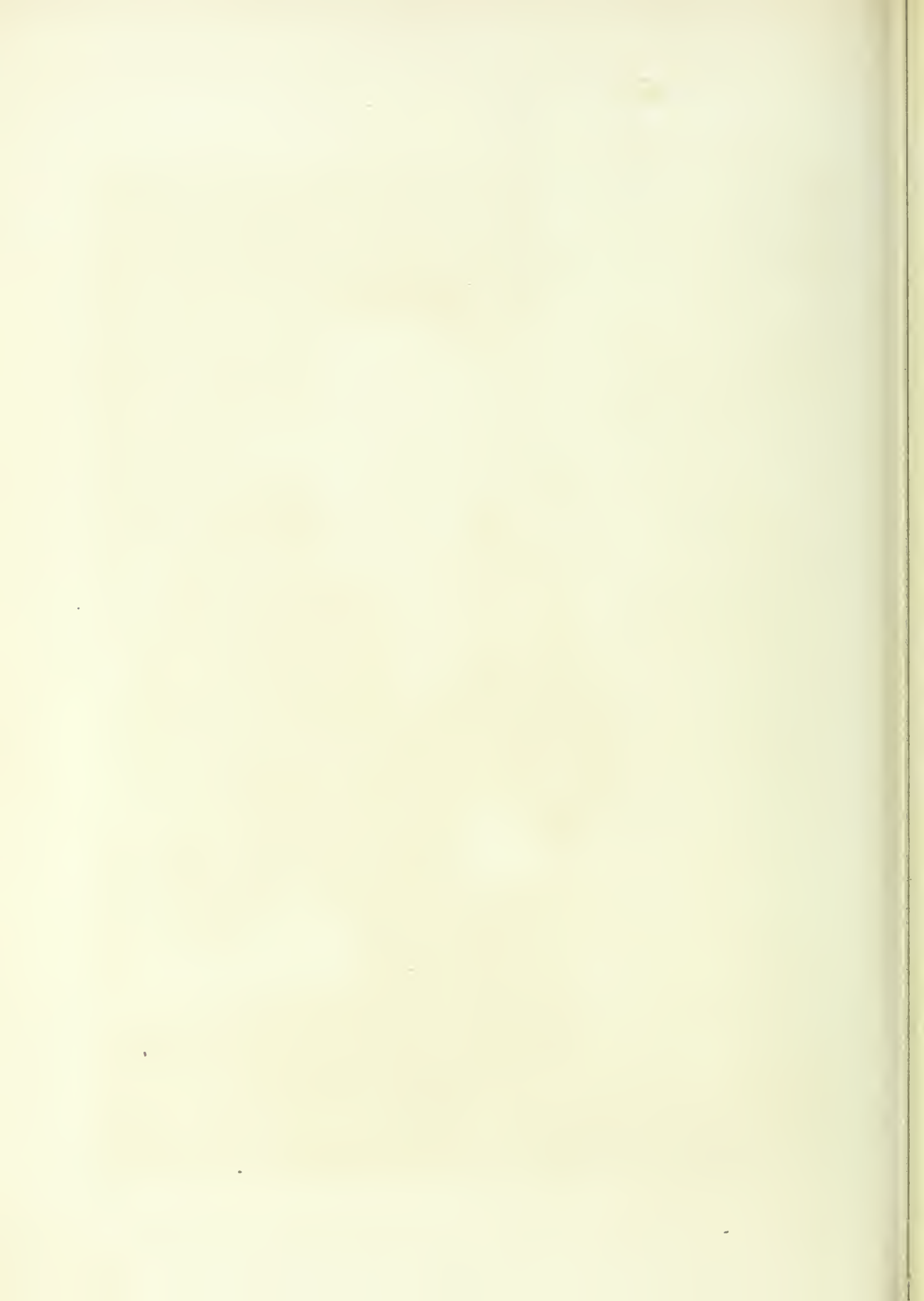
From a Painting by William Starbuck Macy.





Hiram Powers

NEW
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



Harper. For five years he has contributed regularly to the National Academy exhibitions, and for three years to the Society of American Artists' exhibitions. He has a summer studio at New Bedford. In 1879 he made a sketching tour on the Red River, between Dakota Territory and Minnesota. He was gone two months, and the results of his trip appeared in an article in "Harper's Magazine." He has painted some in water-colors, and he expects soon to begin etching. His landscapes are usually peaceful river or wood scenes, realistic in spirit, academic in drawing, honest in dealing with the scenes which they depict, and, as far as color is concerned, not offensive to the laws of tonality as these are understood by the best modern painters. The example engraved, "A Forest Scene," was at the exhibition of the National Academy of Design in the spring of 1880. The snow-covered ground, from which rise tall birch-trees with many-tinted barks, is strong, simple, and full of tenderness as well as character.

In a recently published essay, a modern writer advances the notion that art is really but "a point of view," and genius but "a way of looking at things." That is to say, art is a matter entirely subjective, residing in the artist's mind, and constituting a bias of action—a prejudice, if we please; so that if a figure-painter looks at men, women, and children, simply as so much "still-life," capable of being "worked up" into a picture, he is beyond the reach of argument, because he has been painting from his point of view, and been loyal to his internal guide. If he sacrifices form, composition, story, light, air, and perspective, to a certain result which he calls tone, he is not a subject for conversion or a change of heart; he has simply been painting from his point of view. If he discards textures in order that he may frolic in color, he is beyond the reach of criticism or suggestion; it is his point of view that saves him. Mr. Macy's works display no evidence that he cherishes such a dogma. In his eyes, doubtless, art is as objective as science, and the principles of art are generalizations from the works of art which, in various ages and among many nationalities, have been recognized as such. Slowly and surely have they been unfolding themselves, and their unfolding is not yet finished. The process is the process of evolution, and this will prevent art from becoming a thing fixed or dead. Evermore it must continue to unfold, but meanwhile its present is related to its past, and is an outcome of it; so that the artist is conservative as well as

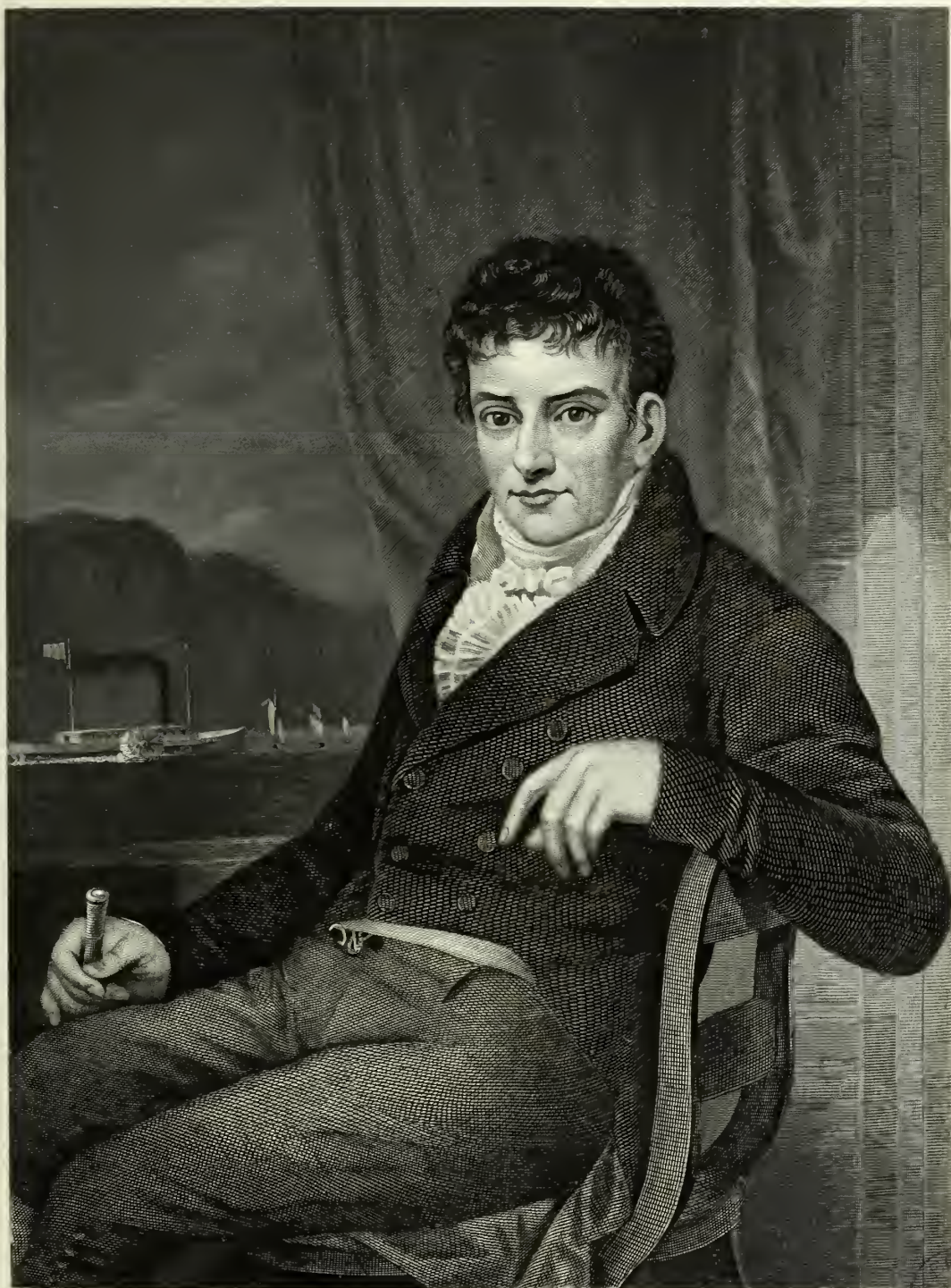
progressive, the servant of law and the son of freedom. In Mr. Macy's pictures you see respect for authority, instead of a swinging away from Nature herself, and from the traditions of the schools. Revolution, he might say, is, of course respectable; all the schools were born of revolution; but when they pulled down they were able to build again, and their foundations were not only not different from those of their predecessors, but in all respects the same. It was only the superstructure that was different. This artist, in his twenty-seventh year only, has not, it may be supposed, perfected his style or developed his powers. His growth hereafter will probably be in the direction of seizing firmly that which is specific in natural scenes, and also of so portraying that which is specific that there shall be enough to support it comfortably. In other words, Mr. Macy's landscapes in the future will doubtless increase in essential truth and in pictorial sentiment. The prominence which our younger artists, who have studied in Europe, have recently obtained, has no parallel. In the twinkling of an eye they have been set upon pedestals as high as those occupied by men twenty years older than themselves, with the expectation or the assumption that they would conduct themselves with gallantry and valor as demi-gods. The situation is a trying one, but they have met its emergencies to the satisfaction at least of their admirers, and to the quickening of some of their older rivals.

The landscapes of Mr. HOMER D. MARTIN usually possess a singularly delicate artistic quality. One is likely to be attracted to them, no matter how brilliant is the company in which, for the moment, they may be. In an exhibition of American pictures one is almost sure to find them, and just as sure to be confronted with something in them that has much that is interesting to say. A well-known artist and connoisseur once remarked to a friend that he had been visiting a collection of a hundred and fifty oil-paintings in a New York gallery, all of them new, and then for the first time seen by him. "I held my catalogue in my hand," he said, "in order to 'check' any that specially pleased me. When I had gone the rounds, there was only one picture that I had checked—a landscape by Homer Martin." The speaker, it is pertinent to observe, was not an æsthetic specialist, much less a monomaniac.



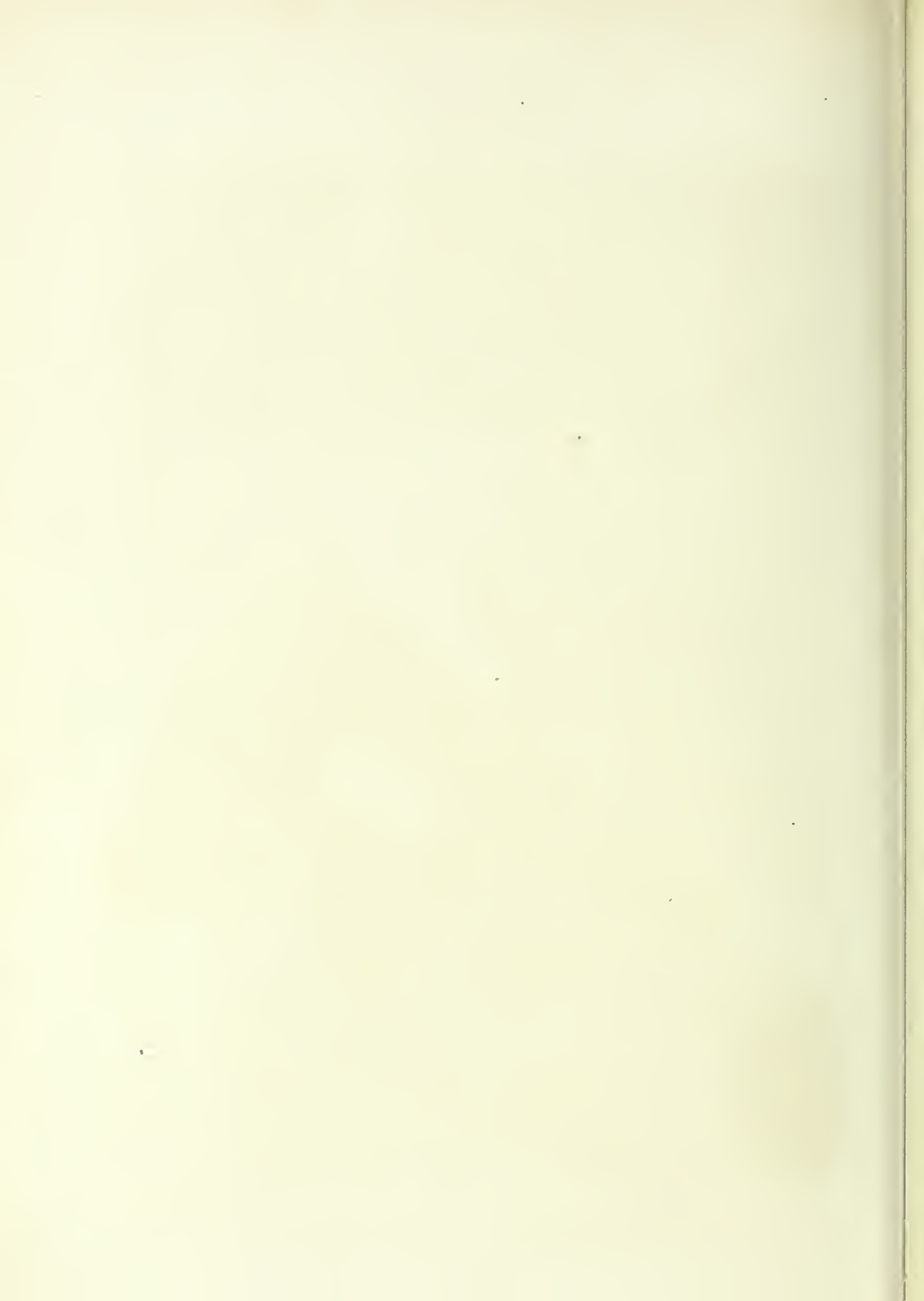
AUTUMN WOODS.

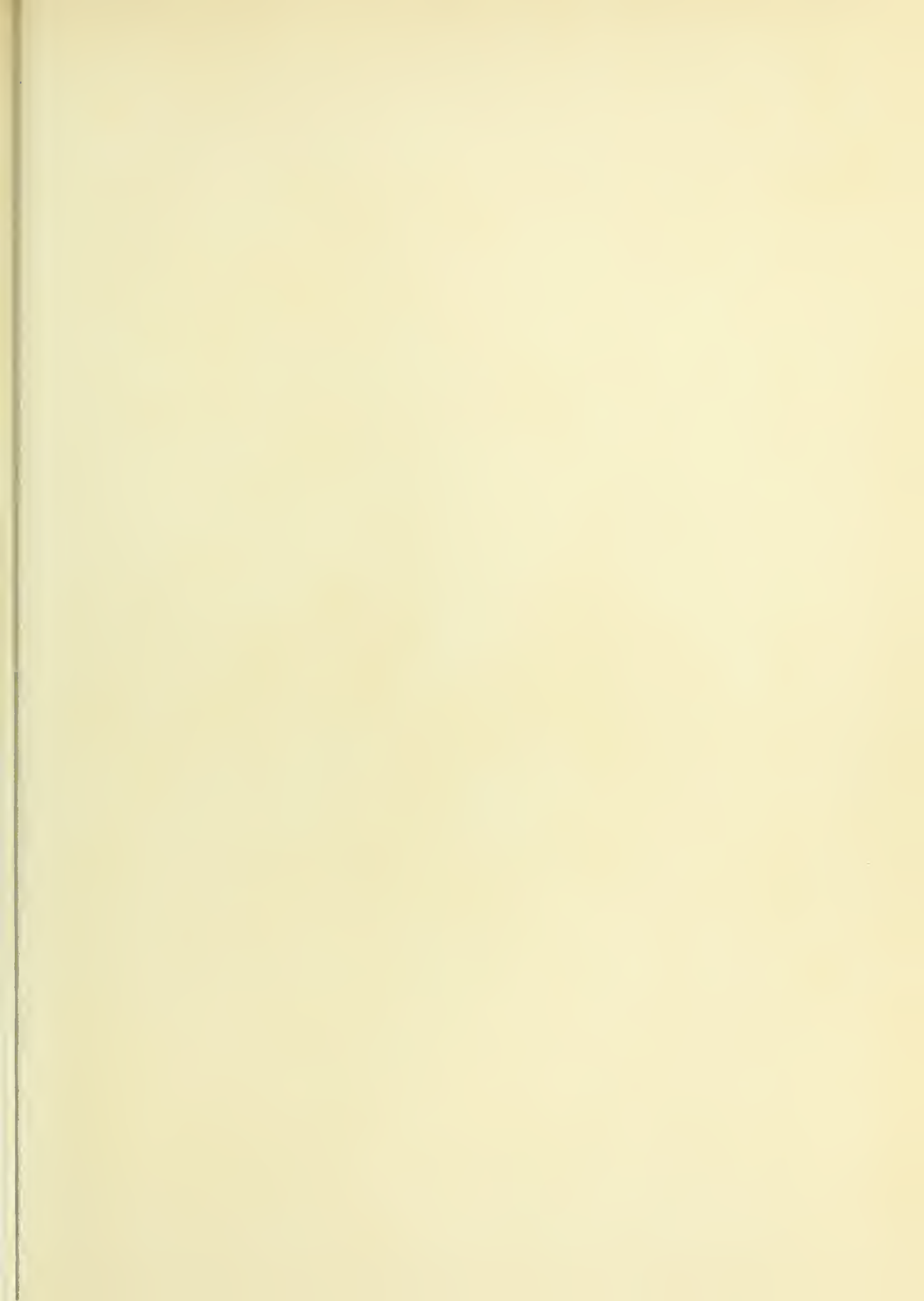
From a Painting by Homer D. Martin.



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

R. Fulton





He was simply an accomplished American painter, whose observation of artworks has been uncommonly extensive, and whose critical acumen is as widely recognized as his breadth of culture and his unswerving impartiality. In a certain circle of metropolitan lovers of art, Mr. Martin has long been fully appreciated, and his indisputable genius is admitted by his fellow-artists; yet, for some reason or other, in a city that spends annually much money for pictures, and that really has some claim to distinction as a patron of the fine arts, his works have not sold commensurately with their deserts. It would evidently be incorrect to assume that in the abundance of their artistic merit is the cause of this comparative inappreciation; for the most artistic landscapes in the whole world—namely, those of the modern Fontainebleau school—have long found in New York the best market. The Corôts and Rousseaus, and Daubignys, and Jules Dupres, and Diazes that have been imported into this country—many of them really creditable examples of their respective authors—have secured a host of admirers and ready sales at high prices. The best-known American dealers in foreign pictures have recently been unable to procure as many of these landscapes as they desired; and whenever, within the last five years, a great European collection of pictures has been dispersed at auction, the American bidders have invariably been highly respectable in numbers and in vivacity. America, indeed, has lately been a principal competitor for the most expensive and artistic modern French landscapes. The most obvious reason why Mr. Martin's extremely creditable efforts have not been received with equal avidity is that, being native productions, they are not so fashionable as foreign ones. Fashion is as potent a factor in the art-commerce of the New World as in any other commerce; we have gone to Paris alike for our millinery and our landscape-paintings. By-and-by, in the more wholesome epoch that is approaching, we shall probably do as the Parisians do, and manufacture our own fashions. In that happy period of our national existence there is no doubt whatever that Mr. Martin's able and inspiring interpretations of natural beauty will be as important to the financial growth of our art-dealers as have been many not abler nor more inspiring interpretations signed with French names.

For, if one will seriously consider these beautiful landscapes of this American painter, their leading artistic characteristics can not fail to impress him.

In the first place, Mr. Martin is that rarest of artists, a colorist; and color, to use a phrase of a recent writer is "quite the sweetest and tenderest quality of natural objects." So far, indeed, has the most advanced school of modern painters carried their appreciation of this truth, that they often seem to be trying to express every vital quality of such objects by color, and to be forcing upon the spectator a conviction that to the value of lines they are absolutely indifferent. The fundamental matter of drawing is freely slighted and in some cases willfully ignored. A few strokes of the brush are given out of compliment to the apparently distasteful existence of outlines in Nature, and then the eye is left to feast itself upon a banquet of tones. But Mr. Martin's fondness for color and his facility in the cultivated use of it have not yet degenerated into a blinding mania; his finest landscapes show that he is an accomplished and laborious draughtsman. The beautiful examples which are engraved in this volume are alone sufficient to justify his reputation in this department of artistic practice. And, next, it is to be observed that, so generously is his mind nourished with observations and ideas, that neither the subjects nor the sentiments of his pictures are commonplace. "That bondage in which we are all bound—the commonplace," exclaimed Goethe. It is the servitude in which most artists everywhere spend the best part of their lives. It is the serfdom from which only the touch of genius can ever set free. Mannerism Mr. Martin has; so has each one of the great Fontainebleau school. Perhaps it sits upon his shoulders as lightly as upon theirs. Slovenliness, too, sometimes on his canvases usurps the place of "breadth." Uneven and occasionally, it must be confessed, unworthy are they; but take him at his best in the "Sand-Dunes of Lake Ontario," in the most nearly perfect of his scenes on the Thames, in the superb specimens that accompany these lines, and the sense of mannerism, of slovenliness, of unworthiness, is lost in the charm total of the prevailing sentiment.

The charm total of the prevailing sentiment, we say; and this charm, it is to be noted in the third place, is not as in the case of many other landscape-painters, a duplication, so to speak, of a charm produced solely by some natural scene. "The Sand-Dunes of Lake Ontario," for example, which was in one of the exhibitions of the Society of American Artists—and it may as well be said here and at once that Mr. Martin's work is always a mainstay of those exhibitions—is a picture in the strict "advanced" sense of that word. It

undertakes, to be sure, to reproduce the impression made by the scene upon the mind of the painter; but this statement does not fully describe the situation. There is in the work much that was carried to the scene by the man who painted it, and the net result is a product very different from that which the natural scene itself would offer to the ordinarily intelligent spectator; so different, indeed, that when the picture was finished the artist might have bid farewell to the scene with but little gratitude for what it had given him. It is a mere truism to say that of American landscapes in general this description would be erroneous. The estimable and honored men who paint them are animated by a less exacting and less impalpable ideal. They would say, in effect: "Here is a scene out-doors that pleases us. It comes home to us, it touches our hearts; be it a lordly view in the highlands of the Hudson, or a simple expanse of stream and meadow. We love to contemplate it; to us it is absolutely perfect. What we desire, nay, all that we desire, is to reproduce it so that others, when looking at the reproduction, shall be stirred by emotions akin to those that the original scene itself would awaken. We wish, in a word, to take into their homes a bright, lovely, or magnificent piece of out-doors; to transfer to their firesides some acres of rural beauty; to entertain, cheer, divert their minds as Nature herself is capable of doing. If we can do for them only a part of what Nature can do, we shall be satisfied; if, by our skill, we can so counterfeit her that our work shall in quantity and in quality excite the emotions which her work excites, we shall be delighted. If but one human being shall honestly say to us, 'Your picture makes me feel as I feel when I am summing in the Berkshire Hills, or on the banks of the North River,' we shall not have labored in vain." But Mr. Martin, and the school of which he is a member, would smile at such a confession. If they were to express themselves on the subject, their words would be somewhat in this wise: "Nature, dear friends, is charming and perfect. But Art is not Nature. Nor is it her slave. It is her ally, if you please, in stirring man's soul with the sense of beauty. The realm of beauty is Art's not less than Nature's. The mission of Art is as distinct as the mission of Nature. Put yourselves in our hands, and we will show you that which Nature imagines, perhaps, but which she never discloses. Listen to us, and our unheard melodies will be sweeter than song of bird or breath of summer zephyr:

‘We find in dreams a place of wind and flowers,
Full of sweet trees and color of glad grass.’”

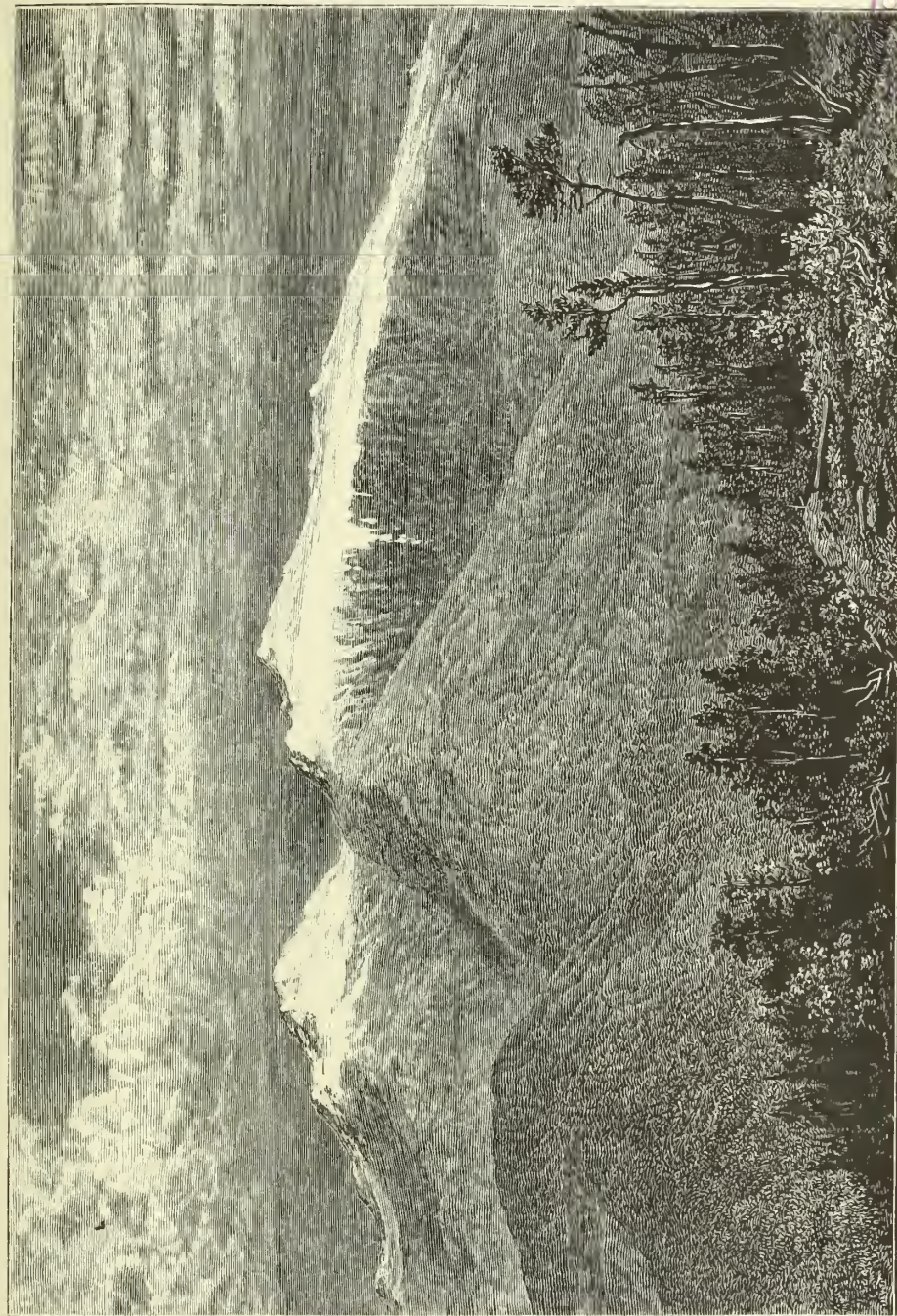
These artists use Nature, but are not used by her; and this expresses precisely the relation of their landscape-painting to natural landscapes. By means of natural landscapes they express their own notions of what landscapes should be—that is to say, they garnish the real with the ideal. Mr. Martin is pre-eminently an American of this school, and, though his works do not suggest Corôt (the greatest member of the school), yet the working of his mind is analogous to that of Corôt's in the latter's letter to a friend, in which the French master tells of his going out-doors at three o'clock in the morning, and sitting under a tree and waiting and watching. “Nature,” writes Corôt, “is like a white veil upon which some masses are sketched in profile. The sun gets clearer; he has not yet torn the gauzy veil behind which hide the meadow, the valley, the hills on the horizon. At his first rays the landscape lies entirely behind the transparent gauze of the ascending mist. At last you can see what at first you only imagined; the sun has risen, everything sparkles, shines, is in full light—light soft and caressing as yet. The backgrounds, with their simple contour and harmonious tone, are lost in the infinite sky through an atmosphere of azure and mist. The sun scorches the earth. Let us go back; everything is visible; there is no longer anything (*on voit tout; rien n'y est plus*). Let us get breakfast at the farm, a good slice of home made-bread, with butter newly churned, some eggs, cream, and ham. Work away, my friends; I rest myself. I enjoy my *siesta* and dream about my morning landscape. I dream my picture. By-and-by I shall paint my dream.” It is the spirit of the poet in the verses just quoted: “I found in dreams a place of wind and flowers, full of sweet trees and color of glad grass.”

With the freedom wherewith such philosophy makes an artist free it would be vain to quarrel. All that logically can be demanded of him is that, while feeling it to be his mission to paint what he dreams rather than what he sees, he shall be as faithful to his dreams as is the pre-Raphaelite to the sights of his eyes. If some of Mr. Martin's landscapes are richer than Nature in reds, for example, it is obviously useless to remonstrate with him so long as he does not propose to compete with Nature in his schemes of color. Nature is only the ally of his art, that is all—only the ally, not the mistress. At the same time





ASTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, FROM RANDOLPH HILL.

From a Painting by Homer D. Martin.

one feels that if the visitor to art-galleries is to be subjected exclusively to an inspection of artists' dreams, the state of the artists' minds becomes a matter of some personal interest. But here we repeat our former statement that Mr. Martin's mind is well stocked and cultivated. It can scarcely be said, however, that in the department of absolutely pure painting—in that department where Nature's services as an ally are dispensed with, so far as the pictorial impression intended to be conveyed is concerned; where the artist depends solely upon his art for the strength and value of the emotions that his picture excites—Mr. Martin is either most frequently found or most felicitous when found.

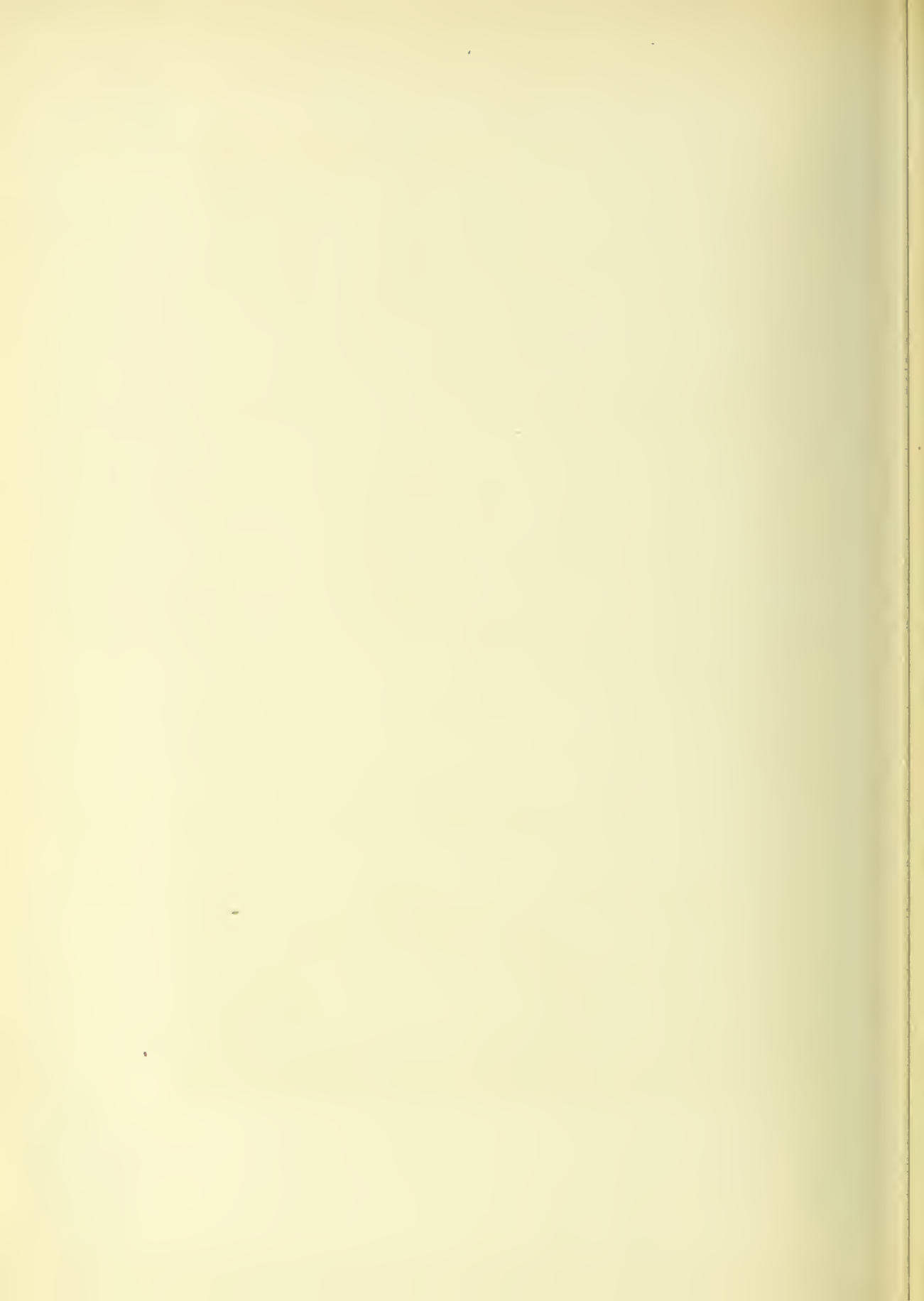
This artist is now in the full vigor of his powers. He was born at Albany, New York, in October, 1836. He became an Associate of the National Academy in 1868, an Academician in 1875, and a member of the Society of American Artists in 1877. For a few weeks he studied under the direction of Mr. William Hart, but only for a few weeks; and it would puzzle the most acute connoisseur to detect traces of the fact in any of the products of his pencil. He is practically untaught of the teachers—docility, except in the presence of "our sovereign lady, Nature," being not one of his conspicuous traits. His landscapes are well known throughout the country. The Century Club, New York, owns one of his Adirondack scenes, which also was displayed at the Centennial Exhibition; Dr. F. N. Otis, his "Equinoctial Day," and "The White Mountains from Randolph Hill," which we have engraved by permission; Mr. Montgomery Schuyler, his "Spring Morning;" Dr. Mosher, his "Brook in the Woods." He is a member of that unique body of artists, the Tile Club; and his sympathies are warm toward the rising school of American artists. In 1878 Mr. Martin made a choice series of sketches of the homes of the principal American poets. Like Rousseau, he enjoys the reputation of a brilliant talker on art topics.

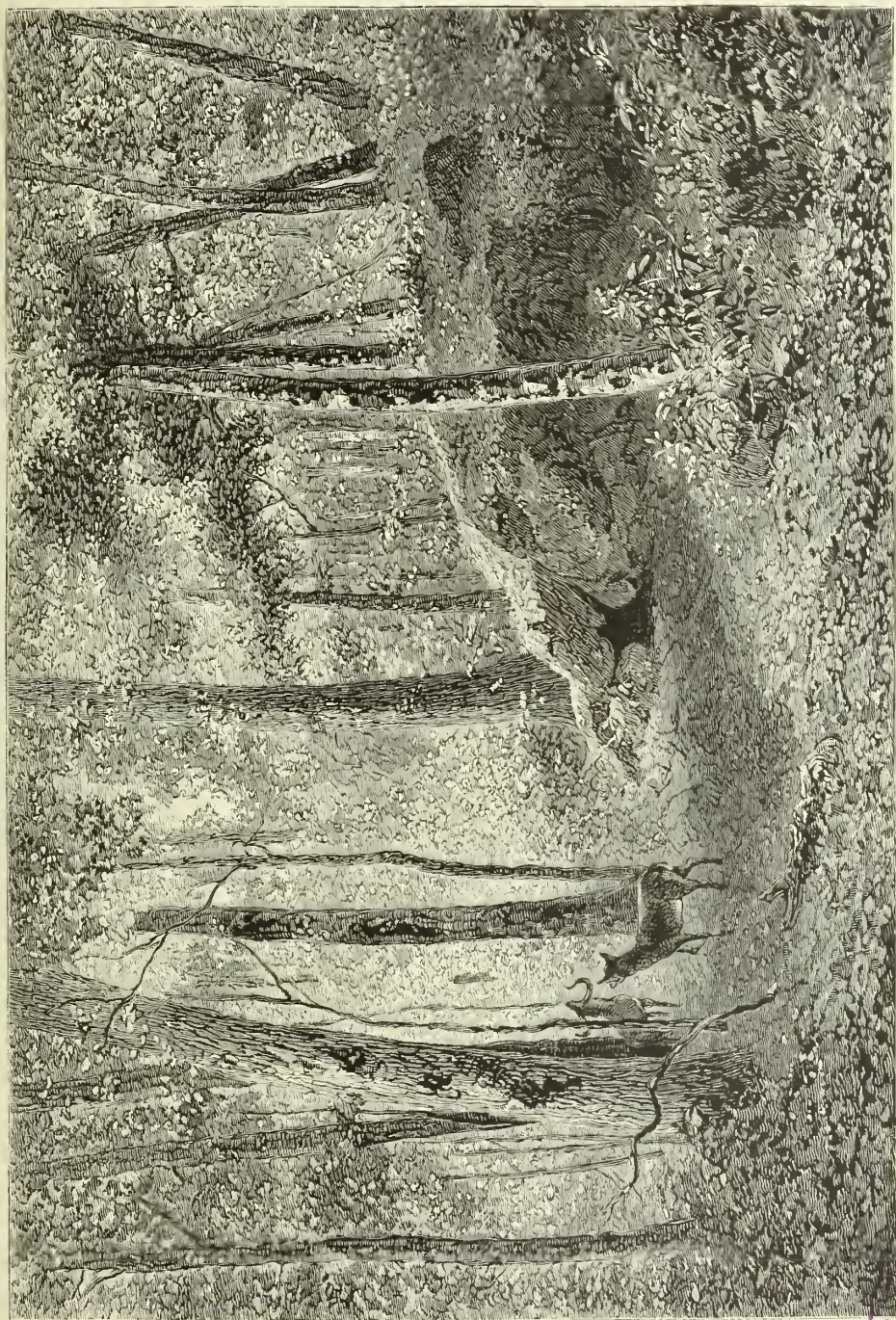
The favorite themes of Mr. R. M. SHURTLEFF lie midway between the romanticism of 1830 and the realism of 1880, and in the exposition of them he has been making a steady advance ever since his graduation from the Lowell Institute of Boston and the National Academy of New York. He has never studied in Europe, but he has studied hard in America. He was born in

Rindge, New Hampshire. He paints in water-colors and in oils, and he has been notably successful as an illustrator in the periodical literature of this country. Seven of his pictures, one of them entitled "Evening"—two deer in the woods—were in the thirteenth exhibition of the American Water-Color Society. A "View in Berkshire," "Pedro" (belonging to Mrs. S. B. Cone), and "Autumn Gold," which has been engraved for this volume, were in the fifty-fifth exhibition of the National Academy of Design. "A Race for Life," wolves wildly following a sleigh and a pair of horses along a forest road in winter; "The American Panther," "The Still Hunter," "The Wolf at the Door," "The Afternoon in the Wood," and "On the Alert," are other principal pictures. Shurtleff is a landscape and animal painter chiefly. He likes wild forests and untamed beasts; in treating the former he is never unmindful of the truths that art has cordial natural relations with life, and that its mission can not adequately be fulfilled independently of a personal sentiment, while in delineating the latter he is a realist of a moderate type, using them not to tell tales of human folly, exposing thereby the vices and frailties of rational beings, nor yet to illustrate, as it were, the pages of a treatise on animal anatomy. In his hands they teach no "lesson" whatever, either moral or otherwise; they are simply children of nature, intended to act on canvas the parts that they act in real life; and some of these intentions, it is to be remarked unreservedly, are most happily carried out in the productions of his pencil. The wolves in the "Race for Life," in the East Room of the National Academy Exhibition of 1877, were agile and bloodthirsty creatures, swift-footed and fiery-eyed, who bade fair to make short work of the unlucky men in the sleigh, and of the foaming horses that drew it. They were content with themselves and with their surroundings, and really had no time to caricature their betters. The "Autumn Gold" in the exhibition of 1880, hanging, as it did, at the head of the main stairway, and being almost the first picture to fix the attention of the visitor, was an attempt—an honest and able one—to reproduce the suffused warmth of atmosphere and forest foliage on a late Indian-summer day, and the spectator was likely to notice that the warmth was there without the furnace-heat that sometimes accompanies it in the autumnal landscapes of American studios. Mr. Shurtleff never enters into "sensationalism," even in the exposition of themes that easily savor of it; he is happy in representing salient fea-



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY





AUTUMN GOLD.

From a Painting by R. M. Shurtleff.



tures without exaggerating them ; and the least attentive of his spectators never charged him with wasting his strength upon meaningless designs. The "Autumn Gold" is a beautiful and inspiring conception.

"Let us understand this word finish," said Rousseau on one occasion to his pupil, M. Letronne—and some of the latter's reports of conversations with the great French landscapist are among the most interesting and sterling contributions ever made to the literature of art-criticism—"that which finishes a painting is not the quantity of the details but the justness of the *ensemble*. A painting is not limited merely by its frame. Whatever be the subject, there is one principal object on which your eyes continually rest ; the other objects are only the complements of this one ; they interest you less ; after it, there is nothing more for your eyes. Here is the true limit of the painting." Rembrandt, he added, understood this truth better than any other painter. "If all things interest equally, nothing interests at all."

MR. FRANK DU VENECK is perhaps the most brilliant of the company of young Americans whose works, sent hither from Munich, startled the Academicians, and almost monopolized the attention of the critics, at the National Academy Exhibition in New York City in 1877. The picture that represented him on that occasion was the one that has been skillfully engraved for "American Painters," and that speaks for him with peculiar eloquence, because both subjectively and objectively it is superior to any other work shown by him in this country, either before the year mentioned or after it. The artist, for ten or twelve years, has been studying in Munich and other cities of Europe, the latest news from him being that his portfolios of sketches and studies are increasing in bulk in Venice. His long residence abroad has given him wealth and splendor of artistic opportunity, and when he returns to America, his education will vie in comprehensiveness and in reach with that of any of his predecessors or contemporaries on this side of the Atlantic. A portrait of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, of Hartford ; a *genre* of "The Coming Man"—a German baby learning to walk by the help of a quaint sort of walking-machine on rollers, its round top supporting the incipient pedestrian under his arms ; an "Interior of St. Mark's," that fine old church whose exterior the restorationists have been so

notoriously busy with of late, against the protests of some prominent and, no doubt, wise Englishmen; "A Circassian," presented to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts by Miss Hooper; and a "Professor," owned by Dr. H. C. Angell, of the same city, are the principal pictures that shine in the reputation of the painter of "The Turkish Page."

This "Turkish Page" presents a lean and dull young lad toying with a vivacious and sturdy member of the parrot family, and surrounded by some valuable *bric-à-brac*. The true interest of the subject is quite independent of the objects that are depicted, and resides for the most part in the delightful harmony of a complicated scheme of color. Mr. Chase used the same model in a not dissimilar oil-painting sent by him from Munich to the exhibition, in which "The Turkish Page" was a central light, although, owing to some idiosyncrasy on the part of the hanging committee that year, Chase's contribution was almost ineffective by reason of being hung over a door. The aim of the two artists, however, was identical, and their use of the Turkish page was obviously of so much still-life rather than of a human being with an immortal soul. In elaborating his scheme of color, Mr. Duveneek (and, it may be added, Mr. Chase also, but not to the same extent) illustrated the truth of Rousseau's dictum about finish, presenting a central and absorbing object toward which the eye of the spectator was irresistibly directed, and by which it was almost exclusively detained. This object was the flesh of the nude page, and from it proceeded on every side the most beautiful undulations of color. Considered in its lesser aspect also, the representation exemplified the law insisted upon by the celebrated Frenchman; the page was the important feature of Duveneek's story in its literal and sensuous significance, the surrounding objects being easy and natural accessories to the figure of the boy. The most noteworthy and admirable fact of all was that, viewed in either aspect, whether in the lesser and material one, or in the greater and intangible one, "The Turkish Page" illustrated Rousseau's law of finish, and at the same time displayed competent and elaborate workmanship, even in the minute details that were, nevertheless, kept strictly subordinate to what was intended to be, and what was successfully preserved as, the principal object in the picture. This is much to say, and this, it seems to us, is the distinguishing mark and merit of Duveneek's "Turkish Page," when the work is contemplated in comparison with the works of the



THE TURKISH PAGE.

From a Painting by Frank Duveneck.



various other young Americans who forwarded from Munich the canvases that so illustriously represented them in the National Academy Exhibition of 1877. All those artists had evidently been taught to respect the law enunciated by Rousseau ; all of them in their pictures strove to subordinate the less important parts to the most important ones, recognizing with indisputable distinctness the fact that, to every artistic picture, unity is indispensable ; not one of them was addicted to the methods either of the ordinary carpet-maker or the layer of tessellated pavements. But Mr. Duveneck—and the reference is here exclusively to his “Turkish Page,” for in his other works, so far as these are known to the present writer, his sympathies and his practice have much resembled those of his companions and allies—possesses the singular distinction of having so wrought out the scheme of a pictorial representation that the non-essential details are elaborated with carefulness and absolute completeness, while, at the same time, they remain only the complements, and in no respect the coördinates, of the principal and central object, whether this object be considered as the germ of a scheme of color, or as the chief factor in a *genre* story itself. It may be added that Mr. Duveneck’s mode of looking at things is fresh, unconventional, and spontaneous, and that, being a really learned executant, his future, to the eyes of his friends, stands quite lustrous and engaging against the horizon of American art.

“Ænone,” by Mr. HENRY A. LOOP, which has been engraved for this volume, did its author during the Loan Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, in the year 1880, a very distinguished service. Hung by an unusually sagacious hanging committee as a pendant to a Bouguereau of similar size and subject, it demonstrated to the public, for the first time in Mr. Loop’s history, that his claims to distinction are of the same order as Bouguereau’s. No fair-minded critic could stand in front of those two interesting figure-pieces without recognizing the kinship of their spirits ; while, so far as matters of technique were concerned, the methods, and in some parts the results were mutually very sympathetic. Mr. Loop was born in New York State in 1831, and has studied art with the late Henry Peters Gray and the late Thomas Couture. Two visits to Europe have given him opportunities

which no American ever more sedulously improved. His most numerous and felicitous compositions have been what are known as ideal, for, although he has painted many portraits, his warmest admirers could not fail to see in his human conceptions less vigor than in his supernatural ones—than in his “Undine,” for example, his “Aphrodite,” in Mr. C. P. Huntington’s gallery, his “Hermia,” his “Mariana,” and his “Ænone,” in Mr. Oliver Harriman’s collection. Precisely the same, by-the-way, is true of Bouguereau, whose Madonnas and other ideal pieces are much happier subjectively and objectively than his peasant-girls or boulevard children—happier because removed from the restrictions of realism. When Mr. Loop hovers over the borders of realism, his themes are such as “Lake Maggiore,” or “Venice,” or “The Italian Minstrel,” which easily lend themselves to an ideal treatment; and when he paints the faces and flesh of living men and women it is again toward the ideal that his vision is directed. No painter in this country is less in sympathy with the fashionable naturalism of the day than Henry A. Loop. One would as soon expect to see Bouguereau painting one of J. G. Brown’s street Arabs, as to find a representation by Loop of so commonplace a subject. Smoothness is the quality one first thinks of in connection with this American’s fancies and performances. This, to be sure, is sometimes said to be a general characteristic of the work of American Academicians, but Mr. Loop is especially a luminous exponent of it. He has been a member of the National Academy since 1861, and of the Artists’ Fund Society since its organization. In an age that seeks after things new, strange, and eccentric, Mr. Loop has pursued the even tenor of his way; in an age when artists too often forget that the reason for the existence of a work of art is to be beautiful, Mr. Loop has been a very slave of beauty; in an age when classic art seems to be having more than it can do to hold its own, Mr. Loop has persistently sought refreshment of spirit in the vale of Tempe. His drawing is precise and graceful; his nude pictures are sweet and pure; sentiment is the life of his works, and refined and tender color-schemes their glory. None of his countrymen have excelled Mr. Loop in the exposition of Greek nymphs.

The earliest event that ELIHU VEDDER remembers was seeing a horse in a stable with a streak of sunshine across his tail, and the earliest act was attempt-







ÆNONE.

From a Painting by Henry A. Loop.

ing to paint that subject with a chewed tooth-pick for a brush. It was the pictorial aspect of the theme that struck him even in his boyhood, and, when he had finished his rendition of it, the result is said to have been a perfect type of a beginning of a Rembrandt. That was an auspicious commencement of an artistic career surely, but when Vedder exercised himself still further, and put himself in charge of the drawing-masters, disappointment speedily ensued, because those useful members of the profession either would not or could not tell him the reasons of things. The deeply-stirred emotions of the lad, in the presence of natural beauty and in the effort to reproduce it, came to the surface in a multitude of questions and questionings which his teachers invariably failed to answer to their pupil's satisfaction. It is not uncommon, of course, for a bright boy, while manifesting a desire to know much that is unknowable, to ask more in three minutes than a truthful teacher can answer in three lifetimes. But, fortunately for the cause of youthful development, a failure to receive sufficient replies to one's interrogatories is not permanently, nor in most cases even temporarily, disheartening. The artistic temper, however, is a true nondescript, and the person who has been endowed with it is almost sure to have an unhappy childhood, the sympathy that he craves being met with inappreciation, and the bread that he gets in return for the asking being more or less petrine in quality. Anybody who knows Elihu Vedder can easily conceive what must have been his state of mind toward instructors who, in his eyes, were convicted dunces. Nor were they, it may be added, the last dunces to disturb the serenity of an artist whose brains always have been to him the occasional cause of much troublousness.

That Vedder was extremely sensitive as well as extremely inquisitive was entirely natural; only this sensitiveness in his case was of so perfect a sort that his mind invariably and to an extent quite exceptional took the hue of his surroundings. When in the country and the open out-doors, he wanted to paint pond-lilies; shut up in his studio, his subjects were those of the "Arabian Nights Entertainment." His consciousness mirrored his environment, and his volitions ran out toward it. No painter ever lived who so depended upon the objective for aliment, who fed less upon himself, who needed sympathy more. No American painter ever lived who, at the critical epochs of his career, was less favored by circumstance. Vedder's instincts, for example, were and are in

a direction opposite to those of modern Frenchmen and modern Italians—races into whose company Fate has thrown him during the best part of his life, and for whom his natural aversion soon grew into a cordial antipathy. Twenty-four years ago, in 1856, he went to Paris in the ship *Barcelona*, and for the next five years his residence was in that city, in Florence, in Rome, and in Venice, the latter place awakening in his young heart pleasures that have not yet grown cold or dormant. The traditions and the possessions of the Bride of the Adriatic filled him with wild and passionate delight, and night after night, as the moon rose over Fiesoli, the charming members of a family in which he was a guest and an inspiration would lie on the grass beneath the sumptuous Italian skies, telling stories and listening to them. In the daytime he painted landscapes, feeling his way as best he could, but, in the midst of what otherwise would have been perfect happiness, sorrowful at times because there was no one to tell him precisely where his strength lay. A little more sympathy would have filled to overflowing his cup of joy, but that little, which would have been much, did not come. The “Monks in a Garden,” owned by Mrs. Bullard, in New York City, is a conspicuous outcome of this period of Vedder’s life.

The artist went back to America on a visit to his father, and as he touched at Cuba, on the return voyage, learned that Fort Sumter had been fired upon by the Confederate artillery. His first impulse was to join the army of the Union and fight for his country. He had already been shot in the left arm. Domestic reasons interfered with the proposed play of patriotism, and Vedder said to his father, “Well, I will earn my own living.” He made drawings for *Vanity Fair* in New York, and also for valentines. His mother came to the city, entered into his determination to continue the practice of art, helped him to a comfortable studio at Bond Street and Broadway, and got him friends. The result was that he painted the “Question of the Sphinx,” now in Mr. Martin Brimmer’s collection in Boston; the “Lair of the Sea-Serpent,” recently etched with vigor by Schoff, and now owned by Mr. Thomas G. Appleton, of the same city; “The Lost Mind” in Mrs. Curtis’s collection, and “The Star of Bethlehem,” which he afterward painted out, but which Mr. Oliver J. Lay cleaned off and hung up in his own studio. These pictures are to-day entirely representative of the man who made them. Vedder went to Boston, made

WASHINGTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

THE JEFFERSON

1807 N



W. WHITE
1844





THE CUMÆAN SYBIL

From a Painting by Elitha Veddo.

ON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

p. 219.





there some speedy and otherwise encouraging sales, and painted "The Rock's Egg," "The Fisherman and the Genii," and a raft of little things—Miss Jane Hunt, Mr. Hitchcock, Mr. G. W. Long, and Mr. Snell being among his patrons. He illustrated "Enoch Arden" in a series of four drawings for Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, and his cash-book showed credit entries to the amount of nearly six thousand dollars—a truly splendid beginning. In 1865, after a highly encouraging sale of his remaining figure-pieces and landscapes, he set out again for Paris. In December, 1866, he left the French capital for Rome, after painting his "Girl with a Lute;" and during the next fourteen years, with the exception of one year in America on an errand hymeneal, he made his home in the city of the Vatican and the Pantheon. Vedder recently returned to this country with many pictorial souvenirs of his life in Italy.

While some of these paintings were on exhibition in New York City, the casual visitor must have noticed that they elicited many questions from almost everybody in the Gallery. The most piquant of these questions was, "What is that?" The first impulse of the spectator was to ask for information with respect to the intention of the painter. Almost every subject portrayed on canvas was a mythological one, often classically so, while in other cases a pure invention of the artist. Such themes as the "Young Marsyas" piping in the fields to the listening hares, or "The Sphinx by the Seacoast," half woman, half beast, were intelligible because classic, but others were simply the creatures of Vedder's own imagination, and naturally provoked inquiries concerning the meaning of the story that they told. Their like the spectator had neither seen nor heard of before, and probably not a human being who saw them, when Vedder was in the room, refrained from asking him to explain them. As the artist at that time was playing the part of a host, the constant repetition of desires for such information was perhaps less wearisome to him than usual, although on no occasion could he reasonably have found fault with the method of the interested inquirers. Occasionally some little children on entering the place would manifest in silence emotions of wonder, and at the same time of respectful appreciation, but probably they were not aware how agreeable their behavior was to their much-questioned entertainer, who doubtless cordially subscribes to Mr. Hamerton's recently-published dictum that, so far as the real and fine art of a picture goes, we can not gauge it by laws or

rules; we can only say how it affects ourselves, and to do this is the last and best result of art-criticism. Those fresh young souls were evidently affected pleasurably by Vedder's incomprehensible designs. Why they were so affected they certainly did not know and could not tell; but the experience was a chapter in their lives that their best friends would not wish to see omitted, and this probably was enough to satisfy the painter. They had been stirred as by the recital of a wholesome and exciting fairy-tale.

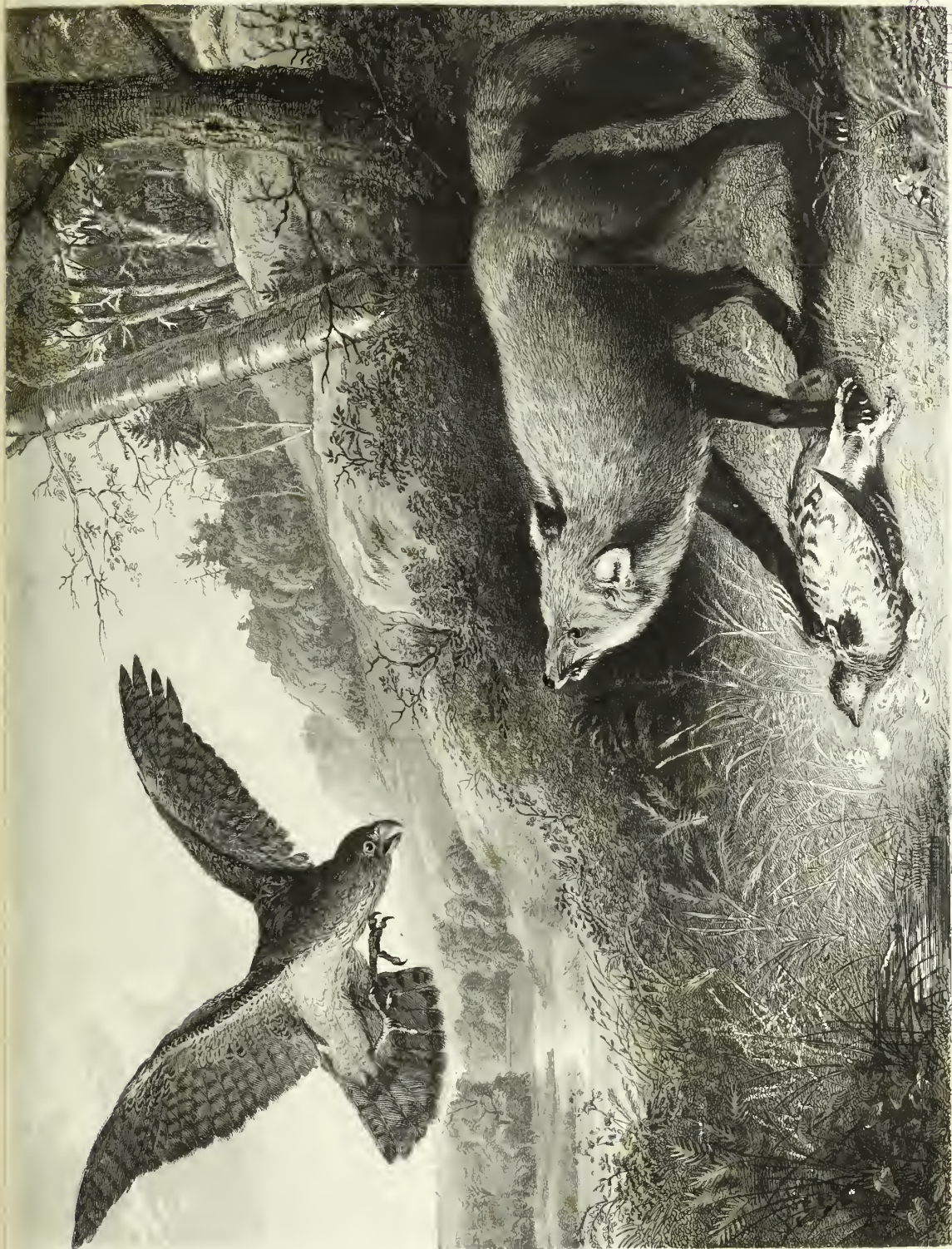
In fact, and at bottom, Vedder is precisely this—a teller of fairy-tales, and his creations have, for the most part, a moral rather than a merely poetic significance. They hold close relations with the human conscience. With so roseate a mythology as Diaz expounded, they have no affinity whatever; they concern themselves with the reign of everlasting law and retributive justice. An accomplished technician Vedder is certainly, although in that respect many younger Americans excel him; but, were he a Meissonier with his pencil, he could never content himself with Meissonier's limited literary range. He deals in the highest and most vital moral ideas; he is not only a persistent narrator and expounder of literary matter, but a persistent narrator and expounder of the most mysterious and tremendous moral truth. He prefers mystery of thought to mystery of handling. "I can't look at three people talking, as mere technique, mere rags, without souls, without a history," he said once. "I can't do it. It is impossible. For instance, the other day I saw a man driving sluggishly along the streets, on the way to an armory, a cart to the tail of which was attached a field-piece—a twenty-four-pounder. Nobody stopped to look at it. Good heavens! it represented all the difference between America and Europe—between America at peace and Europe in the clutches of the Nihilists. I can't help seeing the whole state of society in a thing like that."

Need it be added that with such views Vedder feels keenly the limitations of the painter's art? or that, at times, he is much more inclined to use a pen than a brush? Yet the true worth of a work of art is conditioned by the worth of the man that made it, and it would be impossible for a painter with convictions so serious and intense to lose the manifested power of them when putting pigments upon canvas. Their majestic significance must make itself felt, in spite of the inherent limitations of his special means of expressing





NEW
PUBLIC
LIBRARY





MEMORY.

From a Painting by Elihu Vedder.



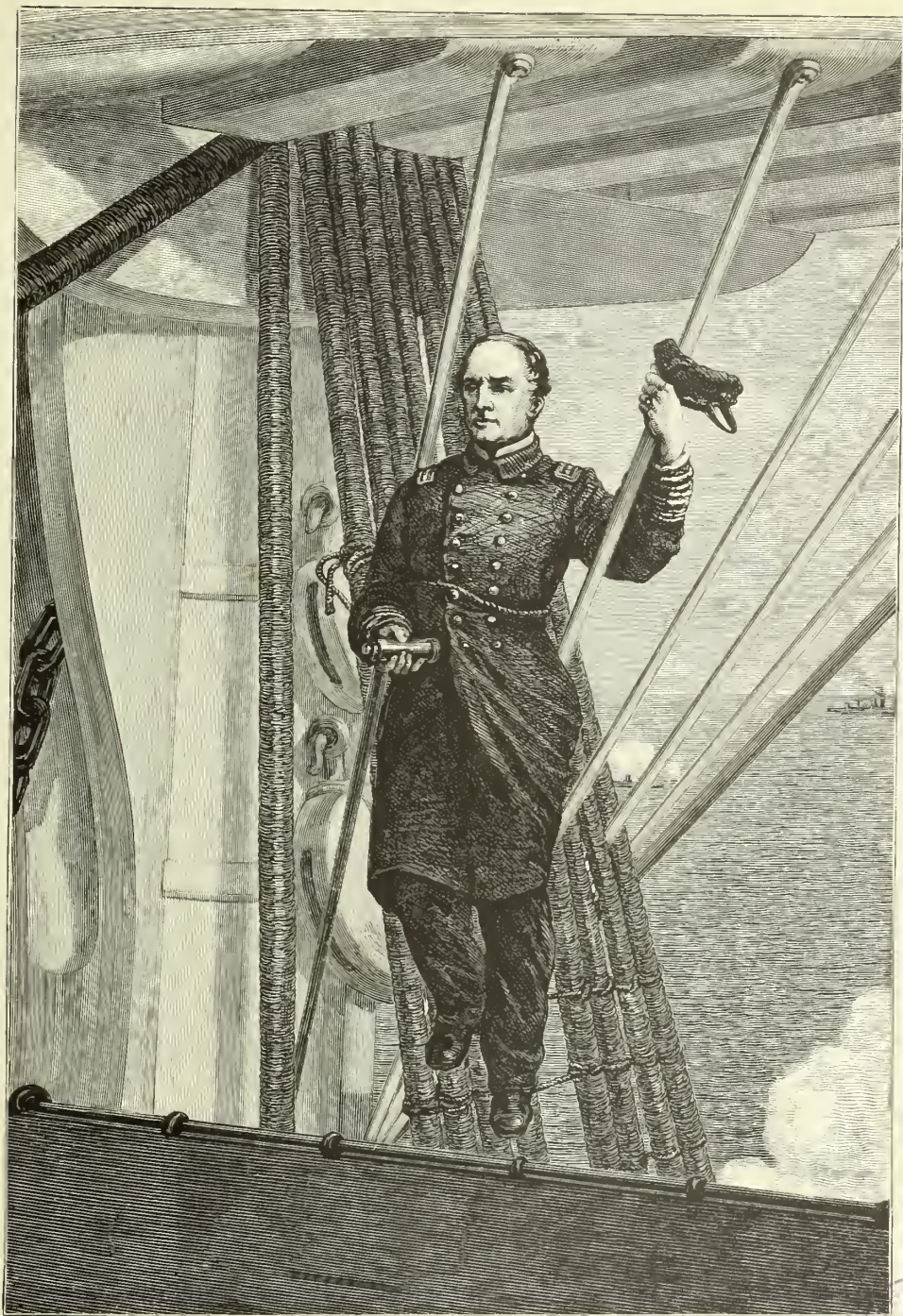
himself. The two pictures engraved for this volume, "The Cumæan Sybil" and "Memory," represent their author in his most vigorous and intelligible mood. The conceptions which they embody are profoundly significant.

The honored name of WILLIAM PAGE may fitly end the series of American painters whose works are illustrated in this volume. For some months Mr. Page has been an invalid at his home on Staten Island; and the brush which so often has charmed us from our wearied selves, and been a torch to enkindle our nobler sentiments, is laid aside. Mr. Page was born in Albany, New York, on the 23d of January, 1811, and, when eight years old, he came to New York City. After studying law and theology in succession, he entered the studio of the late Professor S. F. B. Morse, and in early manhood went to Italy. In Venice, in 1853, he became a disciple of Titian, and ever since that time has studied, expounded, and revered that master. "He has the same traits as Titian," says one critic. "The laws which Titian discovered have been unheeded for centuries," says another, "and might have remained so had not the mind of William Page felt the necessity of their revival and use." His copy of Titian's "Portrait of Himself" is one of his most representative works.

Mr. Page is preëminently a portrait-painter, and to *Scribner's Magazine* for September, 1875, he contributed an article on "The Study of Shakespeare's Portraits," in which he laid down, as follows, some principles of portrait-painting: "If I am accused," he said, "of too microscopic regard of this face" (the Kesselstadt mask of Shakespeare), "I must reply, 'Nature is not less in leasts; and the portrait-painter knows that many littles make a mickle.' Even up toward the highest art Nature submits to rule and compass. Geometry is a never-failing guide and friend, which Phidias and Titian never forsook as long as it was able to lead them. Leonardo's excellent color and *chiaro-oscuro* are somewhat fettered by his immense scientific knowledge, and, beside Titian's, suggest to a sensitive eye the gradations of stairs rather than the infinite and immeasurable more and less of the light from a lens, with the pulsating undulations which Nature shows, and which come and go—a mere suspect of which must be set down in imitative art, and not a permanent fixture. Titian's

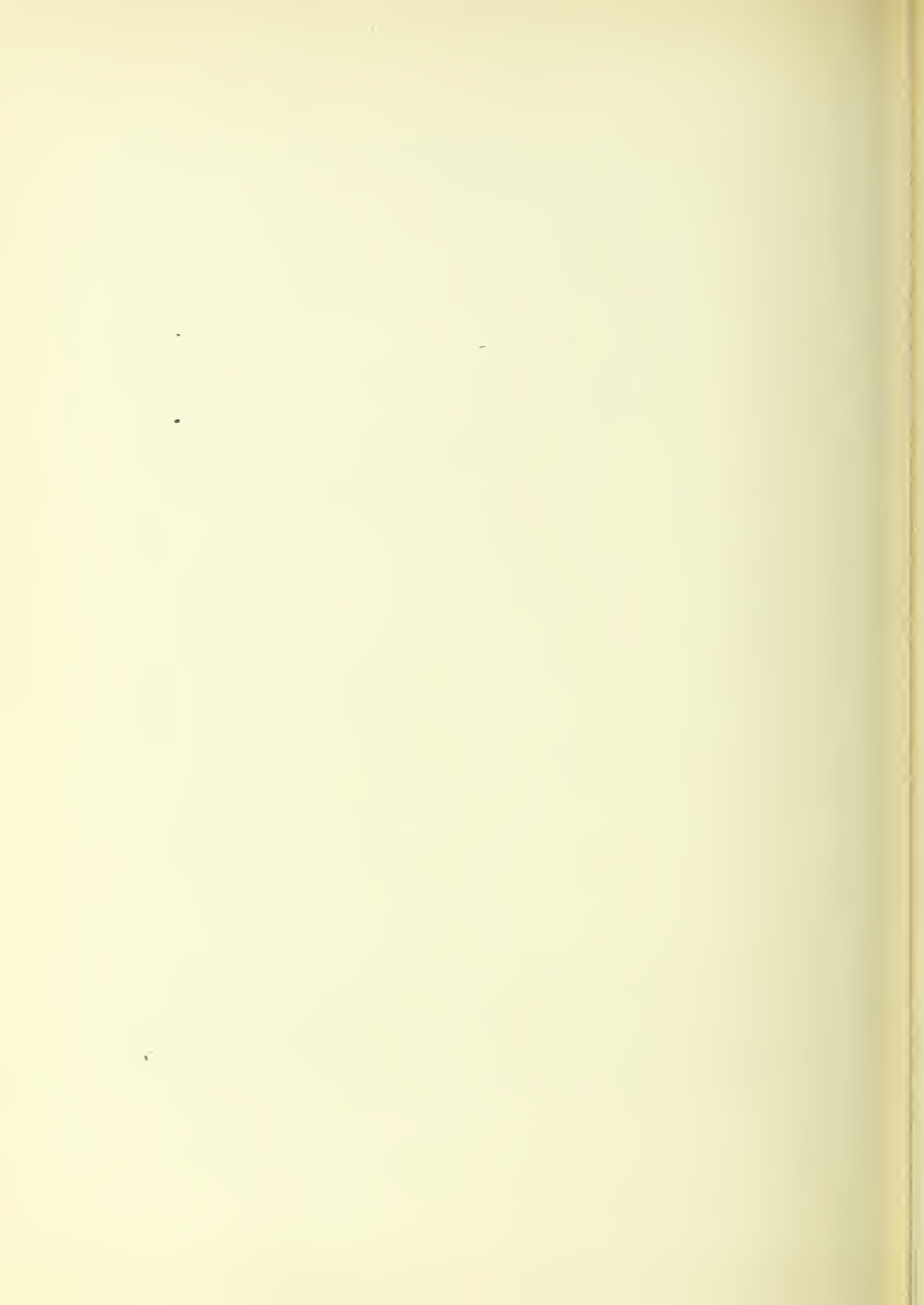
geometry is as faithful and true as Leonardo's, but less obtrusive and more honest, and well to be trusted in the dark. The art of hiding art here culminates, or, as I should say, the art of hiding science. But, if in a portrait or other work of art geometry and all science are confounded, and art itself, which we will now call imitation of Nature, shows feeble vitality, the result is pitiful indeed. I would always urge the observance of the eleventh commandment, even in art: to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness; so, if the artist fail in all his higher aims, he may finally turn to the friendly homes of geometry, and at last be received into its houses. Between science and art there is the relation of cook and roaster. The trade of the first can be learned, that of the other must be born into.

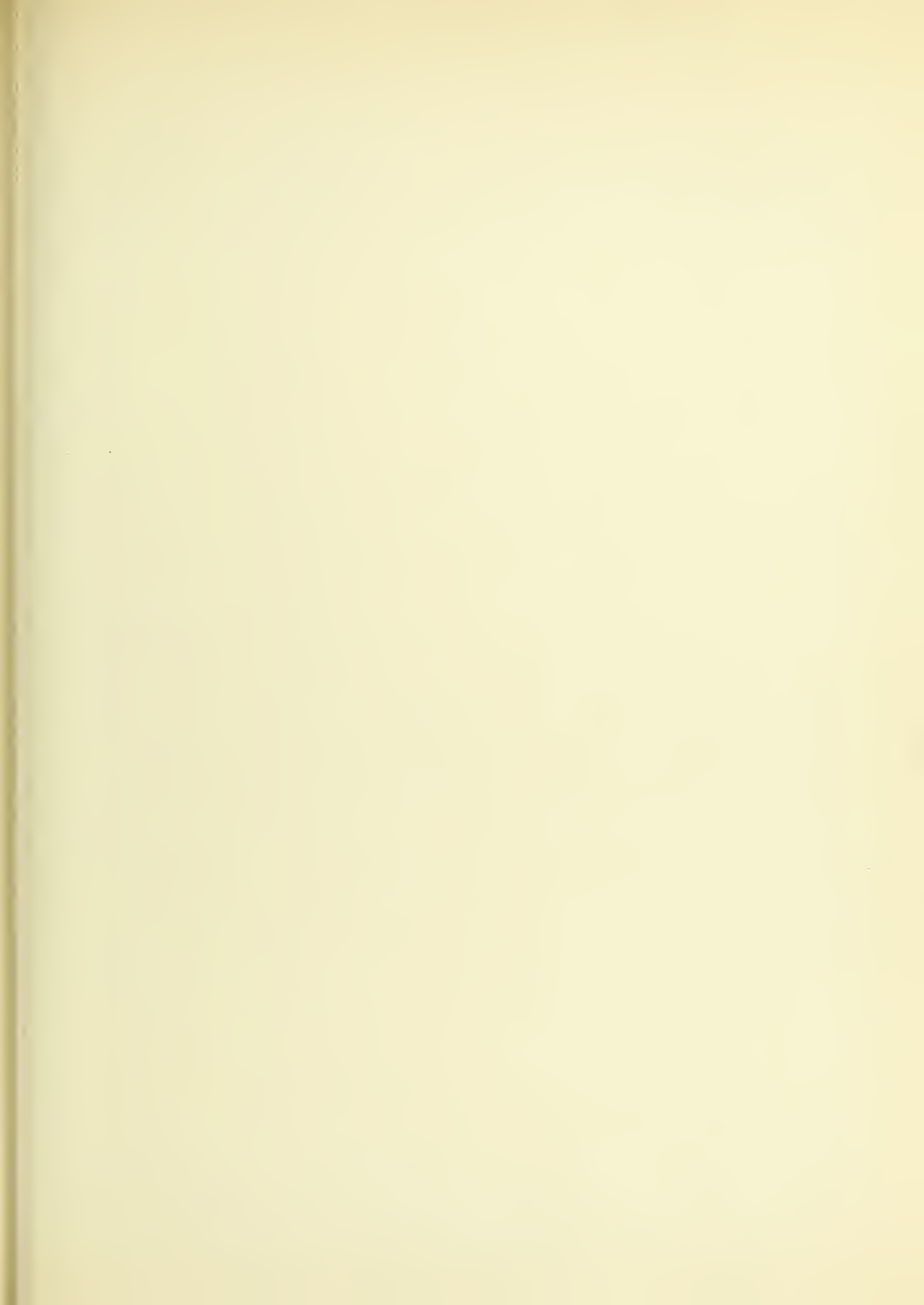
"Art begins where geometry ends. . . . Portraiture is the cable that holds the argosies of all the arts fast to the land of fact. Look into the eyes of Shakespeare in his portraits; look into his heart in the sonnets; feel the rhythm of his head; see his thought and life in his plays—and the pious imagination feels little lack of his real presence. . . . The best bee builds her cell by the rule of her instinctive law, and it is more perfect than we busybodies could devise. . . . The order of Nature is fixed in portraits as in planets; while the friar friends of science worked the rack, the planets moved on, abashed neither by old doubters nor new observers. Truth is light as day; it is we who are blind, whom Mother Nature waits for to come to maturity, to see us enjoy the pleasure of seeing what the Creator made to please himself. . . . Art is not the pastime of great men. . . . A true likeness shows one inside out; the leopard does not change the spot of the heart. Its color is set on the palette, and is the least refrangible one in our spectrum. The soul is photographed on the face. If one has the gift to develop it by the processes of imitative art, the world is so much the richer for the result. The great portraits of Raphael and Titian are soul tale-bearers no less than the *terza rima* of Dante or the 'Sonnets' of Shakespeare. . . . The life and works of Dante tally with his face. In the face of Cromwell the great frontal base of his brain, as left in his mask, and the power of his lower jaw, are the upper and nether millstones of his history. A true portrait is that incorrigible page of history which neither justice nor mercy invalidates. It is the dead-level of man amid fluctuating fashion and fickle opinion. God made man in his own

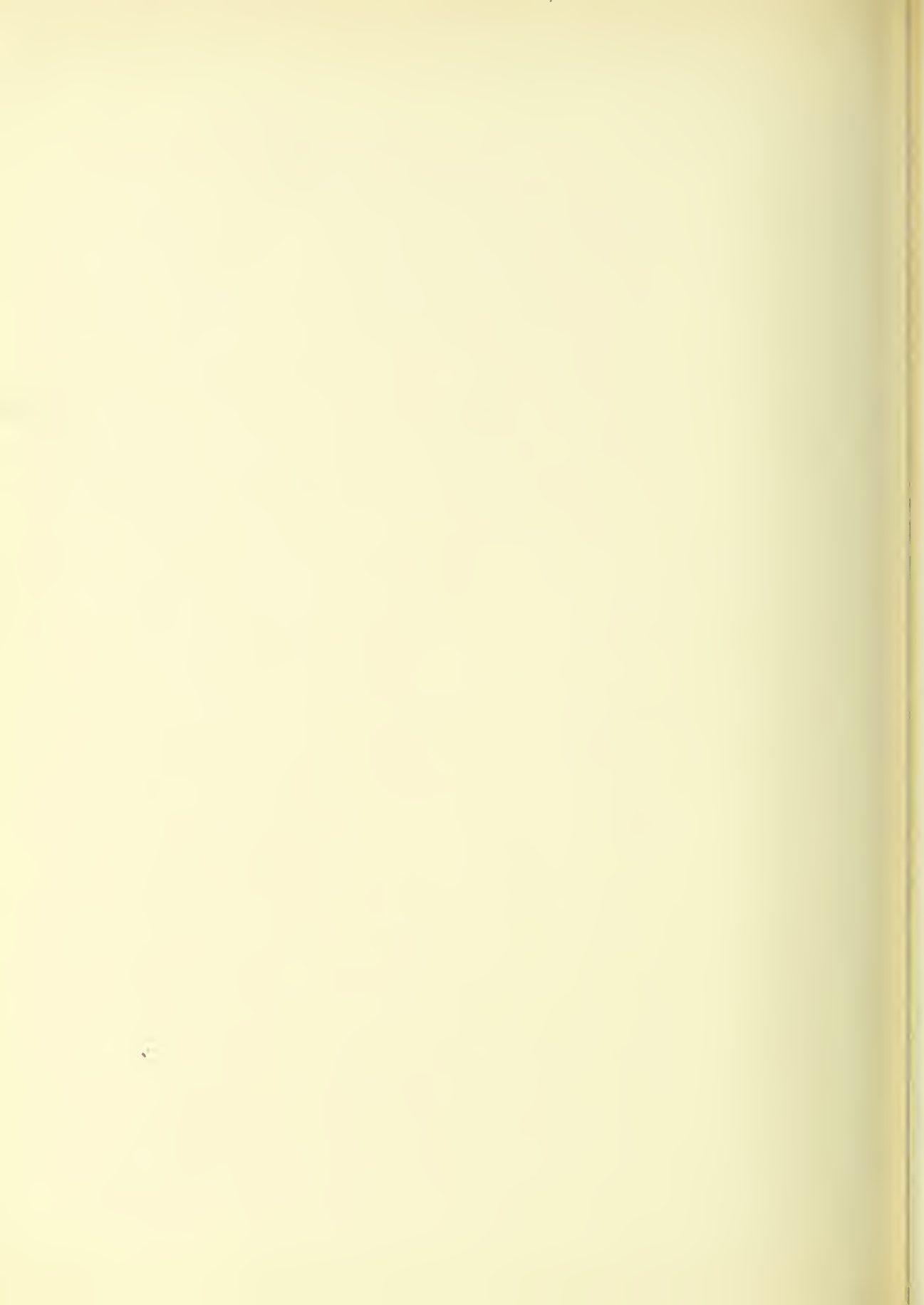


FARRAGUT IN THE SHROUDS OF THE HARTFORD.

From a Painting by William Page.









human image. So the soul creates its outer shell in likeness to itself. If the man is hid in his stature, it is the duty of the artist to pick him out."

A few years ago Balzac exclaimed that he was ashamed of French painters because their ignorance of the science of colors had caused their pictures to fade. "Mon portrait par Boulanger," he wrote, "est devenu la croûte la plus hideuse qu'il soit possible de voir; les couleurs étaient ou mauvaises ou mal combinées, et c'est tout noir, c'est affreux! Nous n'avons plus des peintres." A portrait by one of the Scottish painters is said recently to have been taken from its position in the London National Gallery, transferred to a storeroom and hung upside-down in order to let the eyes in it run back to their normal place. They had melted and were flowing. It is a well-known fact that the greens in some of Ruysdael's and Hobbema's landscapes have changed into black, giving to these works their so-called "melancholy sentiment." Some of Mr. Page's pictures, too, have lost color, or begun to peel, the reason being that he has been fond of making all sorts of experiments in the mixing of pigments.

The City Hall, in New York, contains Page's portrait of Governor Marcy, and the Boston Athenæum one of his "Holy Families." In the New York Historical Society's rooms hangs his "Ruth and Naomi." The late Mr. Evert A. Duyckinck owned one of his sweet pictures of children. His own portrait of himself is one of his most artistic and thorough performances, and so is his portrait of Shakespeare, from the Kesselstadt mask, and his portrait of Washington from the Houdon cast. His "Farragut in the Shrouds of the Hartford" deserves a place in the national Capitol. His "Head of Christ," which presents the features of a Galilean Jew, and was intended so to do, is in the gallery of Mr. Theodore Tilton. He has painted hundreds of portraits of men and women in public and private life. For some years he was the President of the National Academy of Design.

Mr. William R. O'Donovan, the sculptor, an intimate personal friend of Mr. Page, says, in a letter to the writer: "You wish me to give you some recollections of Page, but, looking back over the years in which it has been my good fortune to know him well, it seems hard to say anything that will convey even an approximate idea of the most individualized person with whom I ever came in contact. Few, I think, have known him well, or been

able to form a just conception of his character, for the reason that he is extremely sensitive to the influences of what may be called individual magnetism. Even those who have seen much of him for many years have, owing to a lack of adaptability on either side, been shut out from the knowledge of some of the most essential phases of his character, and led to form opinions entirely erroneous. A man, all whose energies have for a long lifetime been devoted to pursuits with which people at large have little knowledge or sympathy, is apt to shut himself up within himself to such an extent as to render it almost impossible to express, to others than those who have the capability of losing themselves for the time being, any really vital part of himself. That continuous contact with the world, through which one may keep upon its plane and express one's self to it, is a thing to which Page has been, within my knowledge of him, greatly averse—possibly unduly so. He has not been in the habit of going much outside the rather limited circle of his intimate artist-friends; not because of any lack of social qualities or wide sympathies, but because his devotion to his own studies is the strongest part of his nature. To those with whom he is in sympathy no one can be more communicative or interesting, but upon many persons even of intelligence and education his conversation would have little effect, for the reason that it is the outcome of a nature essentially spiritual, and lacking in that sensuous quality through which the widest and most effective medium of communication is furnished. The lack of this quality will, too, I think, explain why a painter of so eminent abilities, as almost all artists will concede to Page, has gained so little popular appreciation, and why many of his works have provoked so bitter controversy. For persons without any great spiritual apprehension his pictures have little meaning, although his 'Head of Christ' and his 'Venus' may be cited as examples to the contrary. They are certainly sensuous—that is, they have the quality of sensuousness which is arrived at through the intellect rather than through the feelings, and which verges so nearly on sensuality as to be extremely offensive to certain organizations. But, after this repulsion has spent itself, the works attract even more strongly than at first they repelled. How much an artist should subject himself to the influences of the great current of every-day affairs is certainly a question of very grave importance; for while, on the one hand, these influences must have a leveling

effect, on the other they have certain healthy corrective properties that, if judiciously used, cannot fail to be of great benefit to the artistic temperament, which tends too often to isolation. The artist should certainly keep a means of passage from the real to the ideal, from the objective to the subjective, so that his work may have strong hold upon the people of his own time, and offer to them a revelation of those remoter qualities of Nature which it is his special province to see and to express; but the temptation is always greater to render Nature as it appears to the uninspired and untrained eye of the average man, than to seek for the expression of qualities which give to his work a permanent value. Certainly it cannot be said of Page that he has in any sense sacrificed truth, as he saw it, for the sake of popularity, and of that material success which follows always in its wake. Where he has erred, it has been in the opposite direction. For example, he has always held that flesh can be rendered truthfully only in a much lower key of color than is used by most artists; and, in adhering to his convictions in this respect, has sacrificed much more than most men would care to have done. Pictures painted in so low a key, when hung upon the walls of our badly-lighted houses, can scarcely be seen; but he has always held that they should not be falsely painted because houses are badly lighted. Again, his famous portrait of Mrs. Crawford, the wife of the sculptor, painted in Rome some twenty years or more ago, was subjected to much criticism by the artists there, because, as they said, the paintings of the old masters had been in a higher key, which had lowered with age. The venerable sculptor Gibson, however, being appealed to in the matter, gave it as his opinion that it was well to have a picture right once. I certainly cannot but agree with Page that, if it is necessary to paint falsely with the expectation that time will right the matter, painting is a useless and trifling art, which ought at once to be abandoned. Many painters, I know, hold that Page's manner of painting is entirely too methodical; but to me it seems perfectly logical, and in no way calculated to cramp or smother the use of all the creative faculties, but, on the contrary, to facilitate their use. His canvas is always prepared in a middle tint, between light and dark, the picture being drawn in and modeled in black-and-white, and the flesh gradually worked up into color that seems very red and raw, until toned by a glaze of yellow. His method, which I am incapable of giving with any

amount of fullness, is what he holds to have been the method of Titian, and the only method capable of the highest results in pictorial art. However this may be, his painting of flesh seems to me, with my limited knowledge of color, to be the most adequate solution of the painter's most difficult problem that has been attained by any modern artist with whose works I am familiar. The great principle of reserve in art upon which Page always strenuously insists is certainly a just one, and it applies with equal force in all the arts. It is a principle that he, more than any other of our artists, has understood and exemplified. Through his early comprehension of it he avoided many attractive art-heresies that so vitiate the taste as to make it impossible to feel the elevating, reposeful influences of the higher art exemplified in the Elgin marbles, the painting of Titian, the music of Beethoven, and the poetry of Shakespeare. All these efforts of genius are, in Page's estimation, on the same plane, and are the very highest expressions of art. He has little sympathy with that period of Greek sculpture which produced such works as the 'Fighting Gladiator,' or with such poetry as Byron wrote. Every one who knows him at all knows his admiration for Shakespeare; but only those who have heard him read the works of the great master in his studio know how close and sympathetic a student he has been. His reading is perfectly easy and simple, without the least strain after dramatic effect, but it opens up to the hearer an infinity of new meanings, of remoter and subtler beauties, which come to him as a revelation, and make him feel that he has gone beyond the outward expression into the very soul of the poet. I have seen Page going about his work in studio-dress, repeating, half unconsciously, one of Shakespeare's sonnets, or Keats's 'Ode on a Grecian Urn,' with such force and vividness as made me believe for the moment that it was an unconscious expression of himself. This, indeed, is the secret of his admirable reading—for reading in the common sense it is not at all: he is simply using another's words to express what he himself feels. It was his own deficiency in language, as he has told me, that gave him an early and abiding love of poetry. Since words come to him with an effort, he uses them discriminatingly, and to express exactly the thing he has in mind. I doubt if Lowell could read his own poetry with half the effectiveness that Page renders it; and I doubt also if he has nearly so high an appreciation of it. Certainly no poet ever had a better friend than Lowell

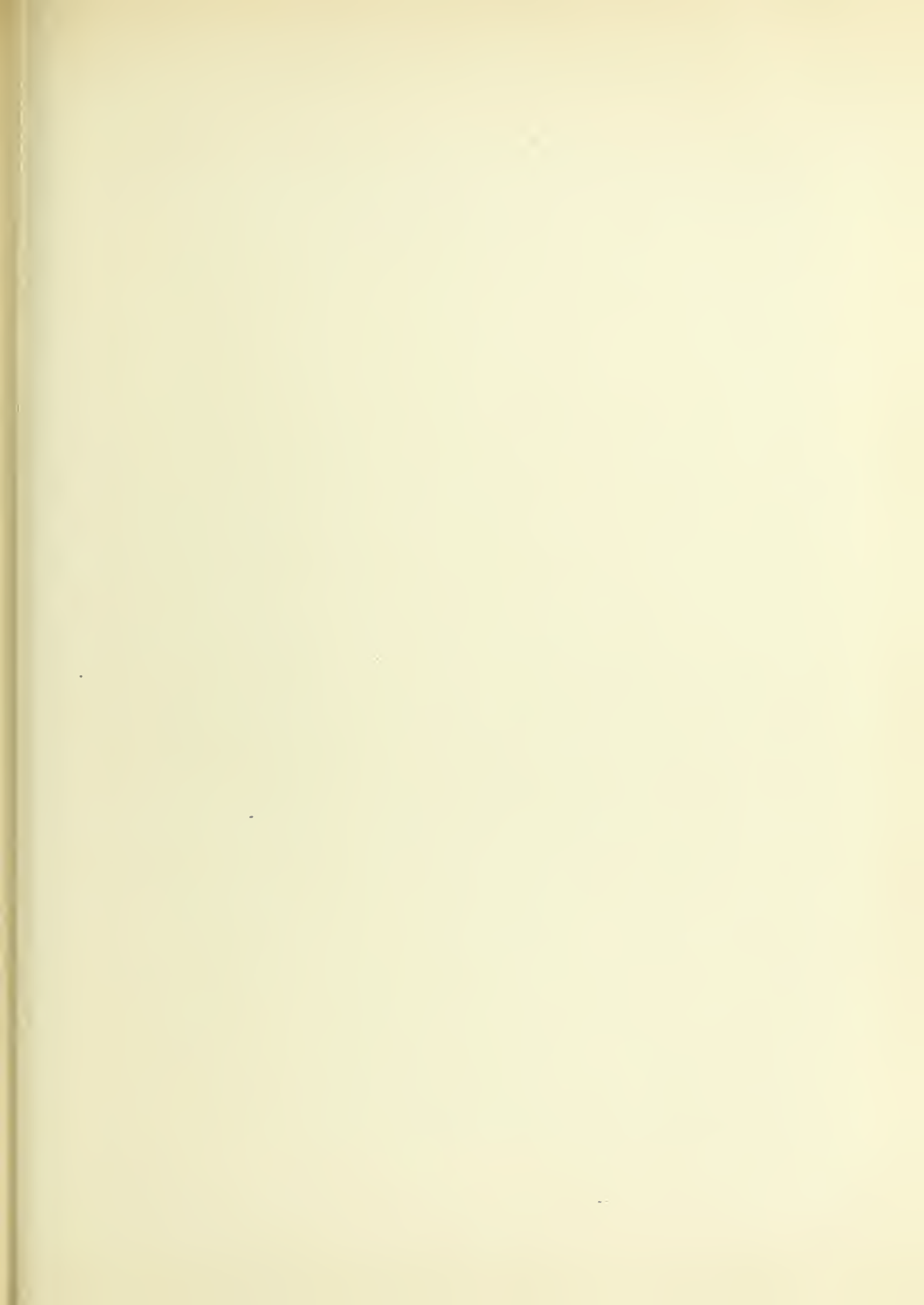
has in Page. The painter has brought many people to see the great beauty of this poet's verse, and I myself am under obligations to him for having opened to me this great mine of poetic wealth.

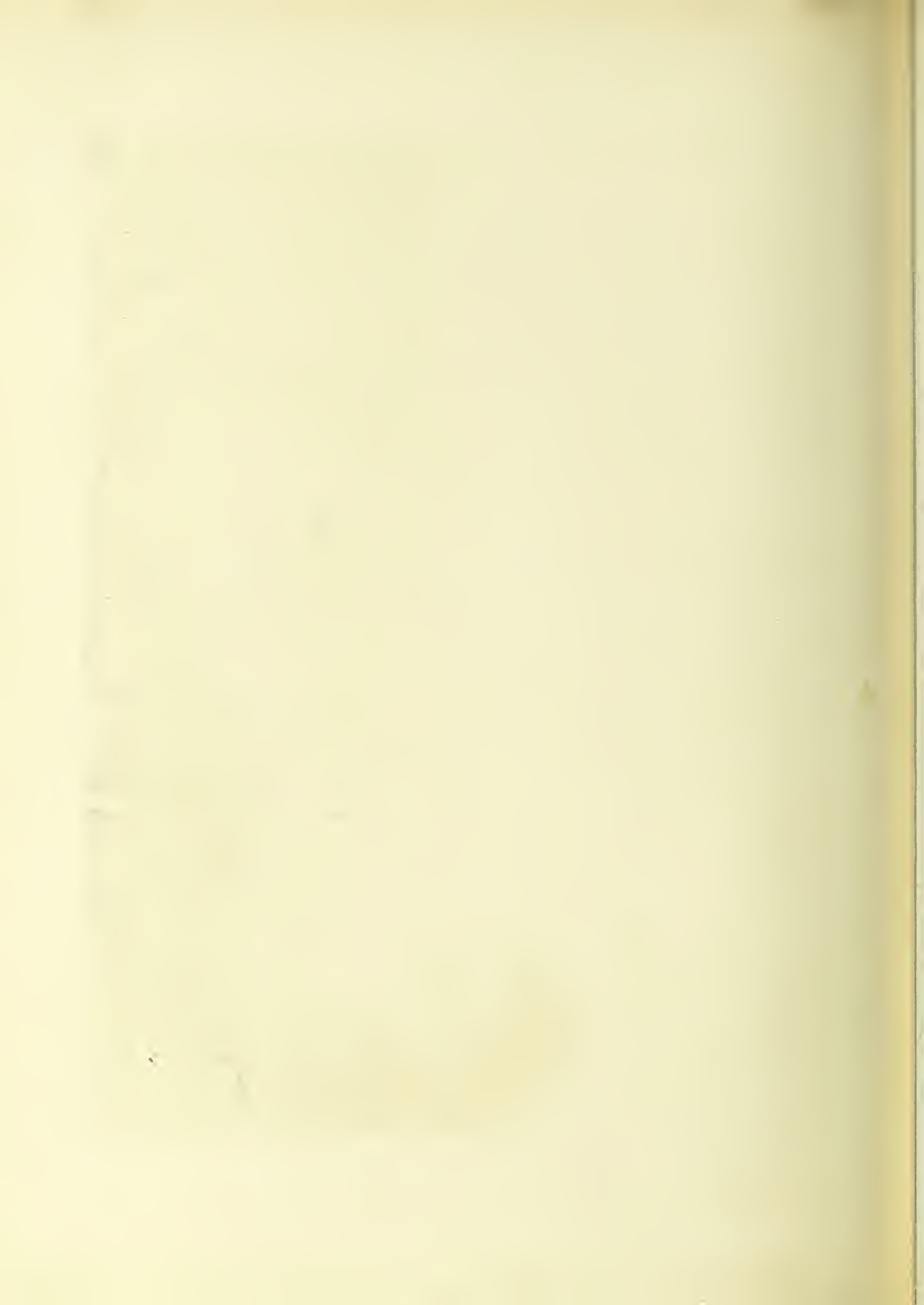
"With the single exception of George Inness, I know of no man in whom the religious sentiment is so strong as in Page, or who has so vivid and logical an apprehension of spiritual things. His religion has not been a garment worn loosely, but a companion that has gone hand-in-hand with his art, the one helping the other. It has been, too, the informing principle of his everyday life. So essentially is it the moving principle of his nature that it has taken on no formal method of expression. He recognizes the great axiom that all visible results must have an adequate cause, and never reasons, as do our modern scientists, who proceed without regard to it, and consequently run into all manner of vagaries. The last time I talked with him—he was then in ill health—he lamented his inability at times to grasp the remoter spiritual truths, the apprehension of which had been to him always the highest source of pleasure and the greatest incentive to action. I think he scarcely ever took into account, when he set about doing a thing, any of the merely worldly motives which weigh so much with most men, or had another thought than to do what was before him to be done with all his might, and with the best faculties he could bring to bear upon it. With him it has not been art for art's sake, but art for truth's sake—truth in its noblest sense, the divine principle. No one knows better than he how any trifling with art, only making it subserve base purposes, will bring the fearful penalties of a seared conscience and debauched imagination—a price too high to be paid for anything, even for the whole world. If occasionally he has made failures, these have been the results simply of a never-ceasing search for light, and a continuous struggle for higher attainments. Any violation of Nature for what is called 'artistic effect,' anything with the slightest tincture of trickery, is to him rank sacrilege. Fidelity to Nature is, in his view, the one essential principle which should never be forsaken; not Nature upon the merely physical plane, but Nature as it is to those who see, in all its outward palpable forms, merely the physical manifestation of the informing principle. His advice to pupils would be: 'Be faithful to Nature; do what you see in a spirit of self-abnegation and with a reverential hand. After a while it will be given you to see, beyond these

ever-changing outer forms, new beauties and the infinite variety of higher truth.' ”

The future of art in this country is just now a subject not unpleasant to contemplate. Our leading young artists have received a liberal education in the best academies in the world; our own art-schools are multiplying their number and resources, many of them under the direction of these well-equipped pupils; lay appreciation and love of art are visibly increasing; and at least some earnest men and women are hopefully waiting for a new revelation of the beautiful in Nature. Self-conceit, and the indolence proceeding therefrom, are smaller than formerly. Americans are coming to talk less of American art, of Munich art, of French art, or of Greek art, and to think more of art itself—not art made tongue-tied by authority, nor art that imitates Nature, but art that, using the principles on which Nature works, produces creations of its own; while criticism itself, properly and wholesomely intolerant of imperfection, is nevertheless becoming, in its aims, more constructive and less destructive, standing with the artist where he stands, and recognizing his purposes as well as his processes and results. The outlook is to some extent really promising; and, if the love of Nature, the desire for knowledge, and the manly persistence in toil, which characterize the most cultured of our painters, shall continue, the leaven will be enough to permeate a large lump.

THE END.





Y. TON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

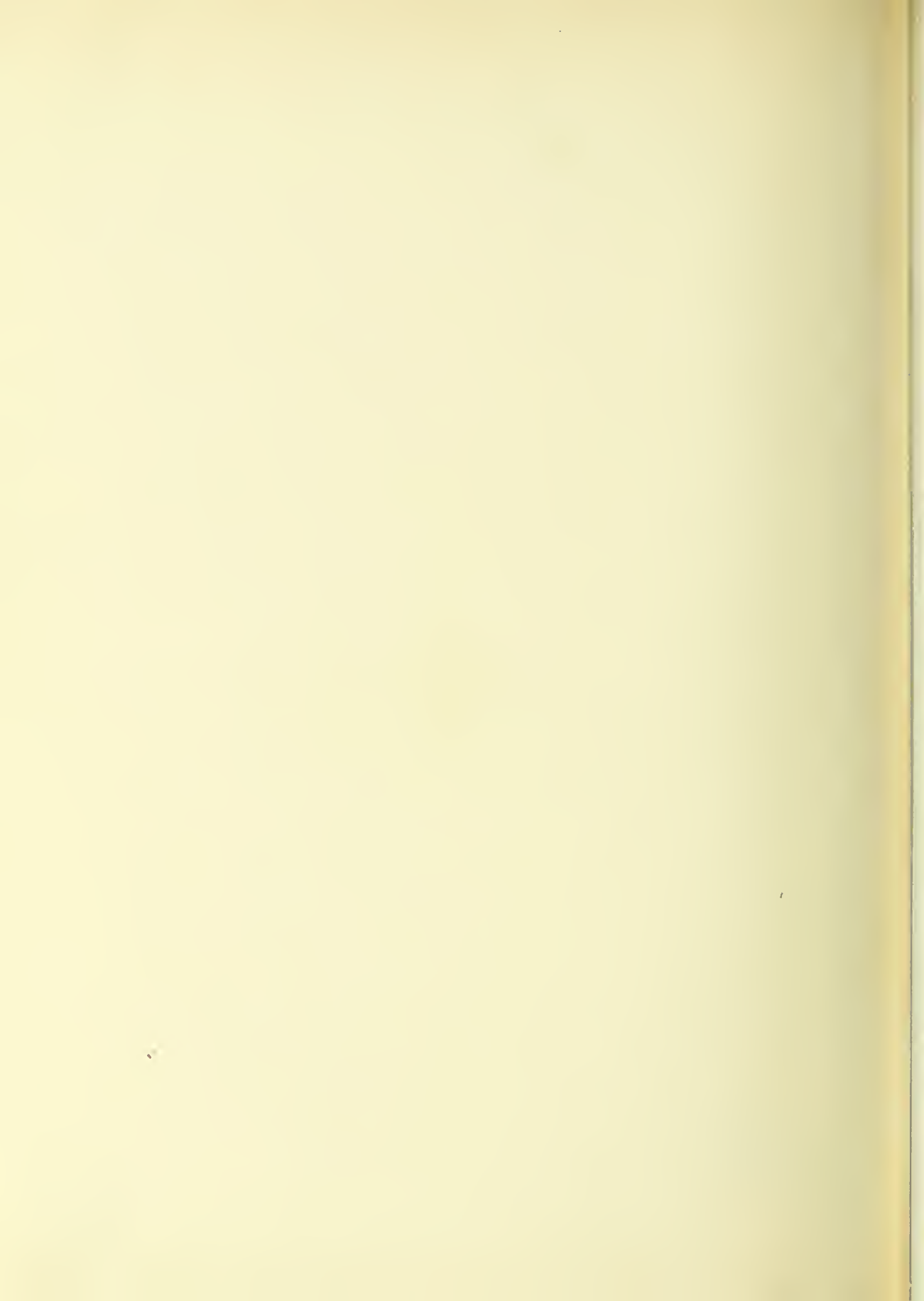




BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

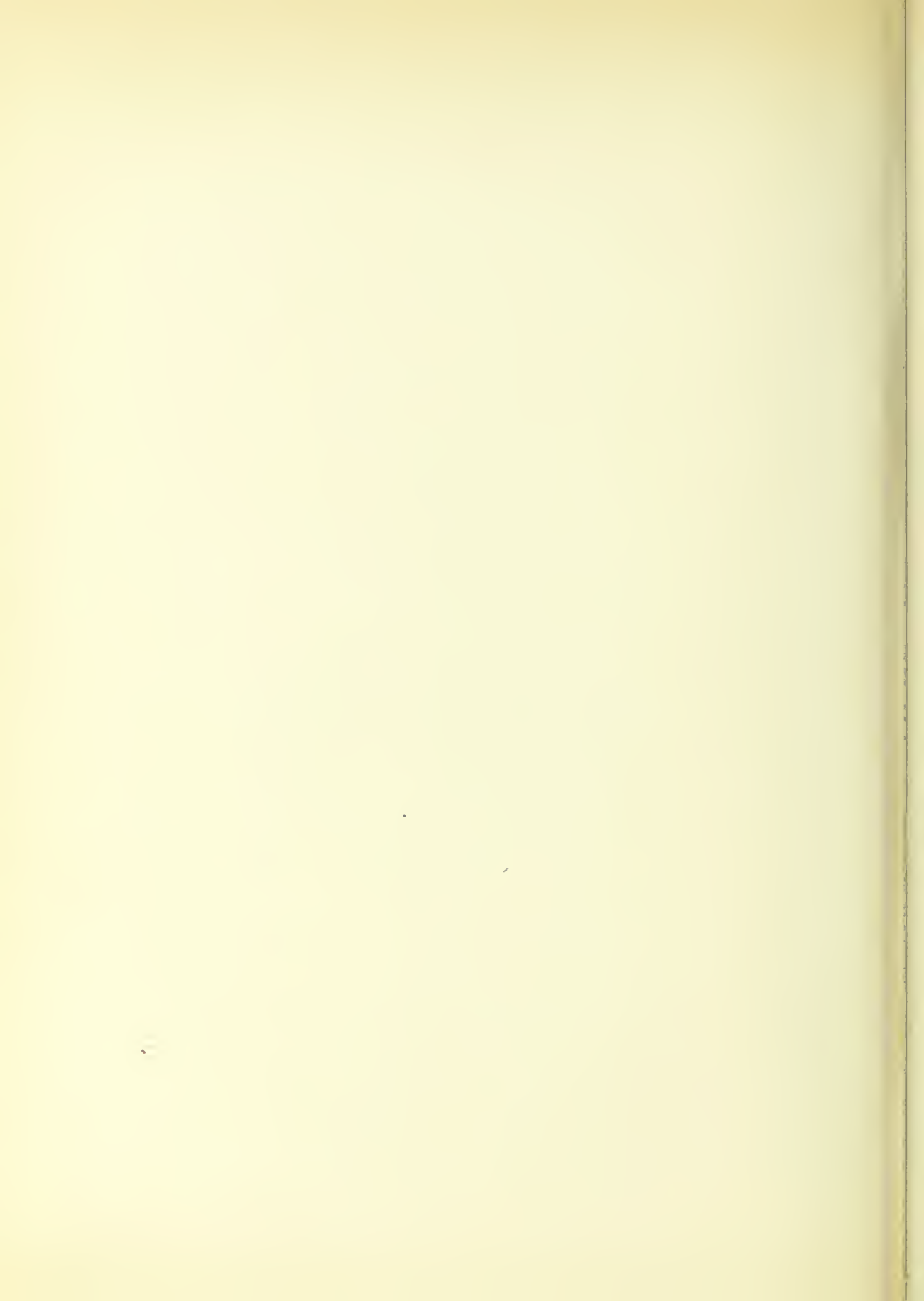


THE GREAT QUINCY





NEWBOLD H. TROTTER.



NEWBOLD HOUGH TROTTER.

NEWBOLD H. TROTTER, whose name occupies a prominent place among American artists, was born in Philadelphia, January 4, 1827. His father was born in the same city, and his mother was a native of New Jersey, both parents being descended from English ancestry. He received his earliest education at the Orthodox Friends' Infant School in St. James street, and afterwards attended the school kept by Daniel Fuller on Third street near Willow. He was then for several years a pupil of Thomas D. James, who had an academy at the south-west corner of Eleventh and Market streets, and about the year 1841 he entered Haverford College, an institution conducted under the auspices of the Society of Friends, from which he was graduated in 1845.

After leaving college he entered the wholesale dry-goods house of Wood, Abbott & Co., Market street near Third, with whom he remained a few years. He then became a partner in the firm of Birkinbine, Martin and Trotter, machinists. The firm had contracts for building extensive water-works and gas-making plants, among which were the West Philadelphia Water-works and the Germantown Gas-works, and they were also engaged in many large contracts for heating and ventilating.

In the year 1858 Mr. Trotter withdrew from business to devote his entire attention to art, continuing to do so until 1861, when, upon the breaking out of the war of the Rebellion, he joined the Germantown Home Guards, Captain Marks Biddle, which was mustered into the regiment of Colonel Day, and went to the front, taking part in the battle of Antietam. Upon the return of the command after that engagement Mr. Trotter went into the hardware business with his brother-in-law, under the firm-name of Trotter & Dawson. The partnership was dissolved in 1867, when he resumed his profession and has continued in it ever since.

Like all men who achieve success in that profession, it can safely be said of Mr. Trotter that art rather chose him for its votary than that the choice of art was voluntarily made by him. The cares and duties of business were onerous to him, though not from indolence or love of ease. He shirked no duty, but its performance was, while correct and painstaking, merely mechanical. It was work done with a view of obtaining the opportunity and means of enabling him to satisfy his longing for art. Once and again he bent his back to the indispensable burdens of a prosaic life, and lent his mind and energies to toil at the treadmill of daily practical duty. But art asserted her domain and won him back to a timid allegiance. He employed his leisure hours in training his facile hand to reproduce the vivid pictures of his mental creation and the works of nature until his friends, marvelling at the skill of his pencil and the truth of his art, ceased opposing and discouraging his ambition, and became warm supporters and sym-

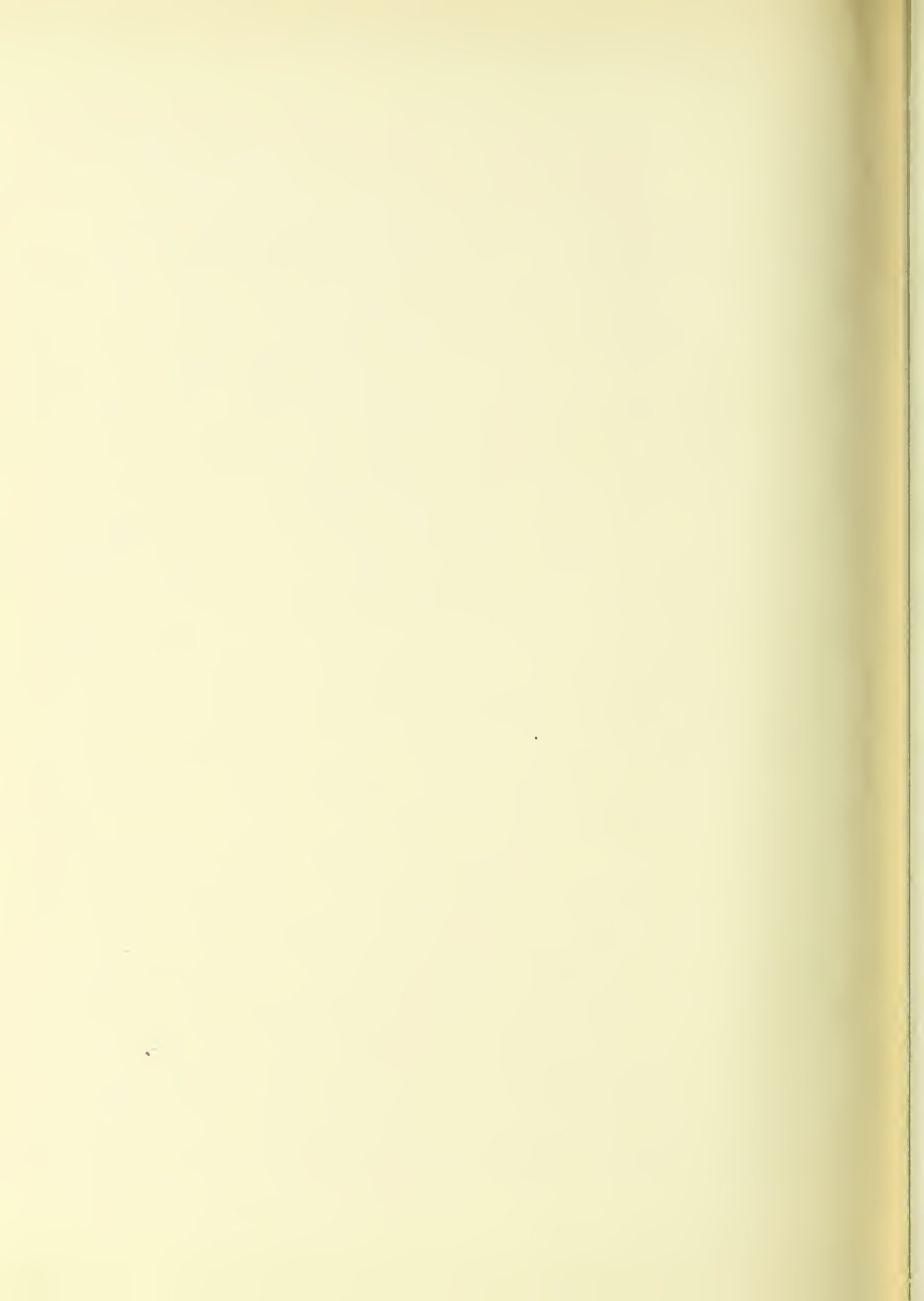
pathizers in his ardent desire to adopt the profession of his choice. Mr. Trotter's earlier career may be said to have been one long continued and severe period of study. Like the great poet he appears to have not so much regarded how early he should begin his life work as how well. His ruling passion was natural history; his early works all show that conclusively. While his other studies are all marked by aptness and conscientiousness in detail, his animals, especially his wild animals, are all invested with a life-like and masterly naturalness that is marvellous in its attainment to perfection. So high is his reputation in this line that a few years since he was engaged by the Government of the United States to paint all the mammalia of North America for a publication issued under its auspices. He completed about thirty or forty pictures, when the appropriation was exhausted and the work ceased for the time being. Among his masterpieces, which have been mostly painted to order for distinguished or wealthy patrons and art connoisseurs, and which adorn the salons of many of the elite residences of this and adjoining cities and States, are "After the Combat," "Grizzly Bears," "Wounded Buffaloes," "The Last Stand," "Indian Encampment," etc., painted for the War Department under the direction of General Sherman, and known to lovers of art for their marvellous truthfulness to nature. Among Mr. Trotter's notable historic paintings his three pieces representing the progress of travel in Pennsylvania during the lapse of fifty years are his masterworks in this line. They were painted to the order of and are owned by Henry H. Houston. A gem of art in this line is his picture, "They Know not the Voice of Strangers," representing a flock of sheep shrinking from sheep-stealers. His "Signs of Invasion," showing elk discovering the debris of a wood-cutter's camp, is a work of telling naturalness. "They Only Know," shows polar bears near the remnants of a crushed boat. His "Range of the Bison" and "Above the Timber Line" are two other works in natural history of unusual merit that are also among the art possessions of Mr. Houston.

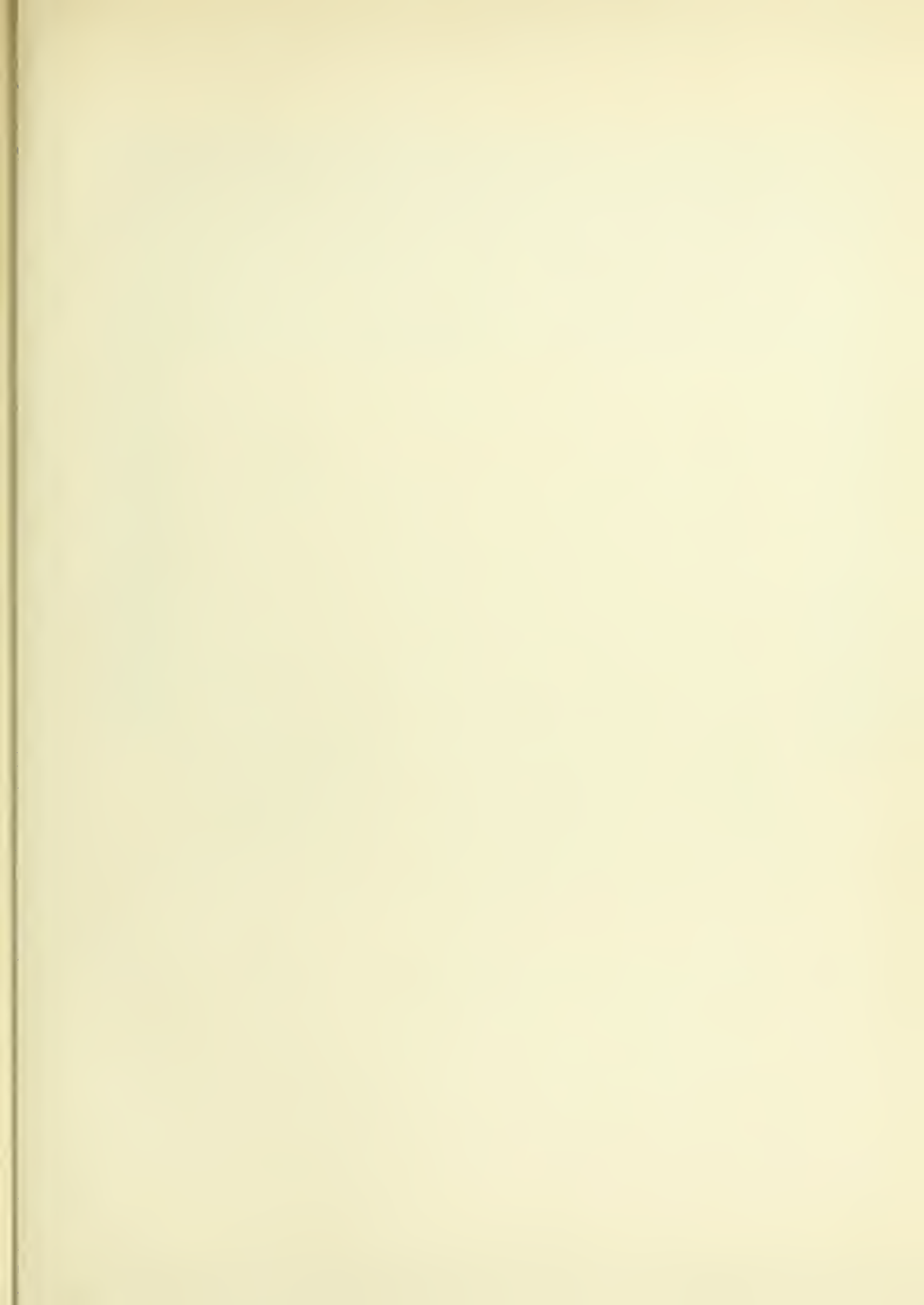
It hardly needs be said that Mr. Trotter is yet an ardent student and constant worker. His studies, pursued in the open air, have had the effect to develop and preserve his physical powers and prepare him for his arduous labors in the studio. Indeed his out-of-door studies have been the only recreation for severe brain work and nerve exhaustion that he has ever needed; so that his sixty years sit lightly upon him, and his powers are yet developing and ripening into a perfect maturity. Mr. Trotter is possessed of a genial nature, his home is the centre of refinement and social pleasure, and his presence is a familiar and welcome one at many a hearthstone. He is a member of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Philadelphia Society of Artists, the Art Club of Philadelphia and the Artists' Fund Society, of which latter organization he is Vice-President.

Mr. Trotter married a daughter of the late Mordecai L. Dawson, and Dr. Spencer Trotter, Professor of Natural History in Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania, is his only living son.

C. R. D.









"WHOO!"—[WILLIAM H. BEARD.]





MR. BEARD'S STUDIO.

WILLIAM H. BEARD.

THE painter whose name and portrait accompany this article claims our attention both as an excellent artist and as one who gives us many entertaining pictures of animal life. No branch of art requires a more earnest interest in the subject than that of animal painting, or more early displays itself in the dawning genius of the destined artist. This is one of the most recent fields of art. Sneyders, Weenix, and Wouverman, who were Dutch painters of the seventeenth century, are the first noted animal painters.

In our time there are many artists in Europe who have studied the forms and habits of animals, especially the horse and the dog. Many of the readers of this volume are doubtless familiar with the horses of Schreyer, the German painter, and Herring the Englishman, and the noble dogs and sheep and deer of Sir Edwin Landseer, who made the animals he painted seem so human that they excite our sympathy or mirth as if they were like ourselves.

In our own country our best artists have generally

been landscape painters, but we have, however, some very good artists who devote their talents to painting animals; generally they are specialists, that is, each chooses one particular class of animals. Mr. Walter Brackett, for example, has made a careful study of fish. He has a fascinating custom, which he has pursued for over twenty years, of going into the mountains with his son and camping out, fishing in the roaring brooks and painting the salmon and speckled trout as they quiver on the end of the line. Hinckley paints lifelike foxes; Robinson, James Hart, and young Inness show us the ox or the cow wading in the stream on a warm day by the green meadow-lands or drawing heavy carts with infinite patience. Bisp-ham, of Boston, paints horses, and Rogers, who is still very young, has a passion for representing retrievers and spaniels on canvass with great freshness and vigor. He has a dog which is trained to take a position when his master wishes to paint him. Tait paints game birds in a way that almost whets one's appetite for roast duck.

These are all American artists. But there is no one in the country, who has more carefully studied and painted the habits and character of a large variety of animals than Mr. Beard. He was born at Painesville, Ohio, in 1825, and comes from an artistic family. His mother was a woman of large intelligence and excellent taste, and his older brother, James H. Beard, is a skillful artist, of national reputation as a portrait painter and an admirable delineator of dogs and cats, which he paints with lifelike truth, while his three sons are also artists. William showed a love for animals from infancy, and says that he cannot remember when he first took to drawing, he began so early to wield a pencil and brush. In those days people in America cared less for art than they do now, and young Beard did not receive encouragement to take it up as a profession. It was thought by his neighbors and family that one artist in the family was enough, his brother James having already set up as a portrait painter. But the lad, urged by a strong impulse, persisted in drawing animals, determined that art should be his profession. His advantages were very small for learning, but that perhaps helped him by forcing him to depend more upon his own resources and especially to study carefully the objects he wished to paint. All the knowledge that a master can give cannot take the place of

ardent and persistent study of nature. It is from nature that our best lessons are learned, and the artist of ability who most studies nature will tell us most that is worth knowing. In the days when William Beard was young there were no art schools in the country, and although we had produced a few good painters, they had come up by dint of strong original talent and perseverance. One has a high respect for the artists like Cole, or Stuart, or Doughty, or Durand, who did so much good work while only self-taught. And to that class of artists Mr. Beard most certainly belongs, for few painters have been more self-taught than he. From such an example the boy or girl who feels desirous of drawing can take encouragement to begin at any time, the secret of art being to study nature with earnestness and enthusiasm and to draw things as they look to the observer. Of course practice of the eye and hand are like a growing fortune. Each year they add to the excellence reached in rendering nature, and one may become better able thoroughly to gain advantage from the lessons of those who have become masters in art.

Mr. Beard went to New York city after he had been painting for awhile, and took a few lessons from his brother James. He then settled in Buffalo for ten years, where he gained a solid local reputation. During that time he painted his picture of a cat with her kittens, the first work he had on the line in the exhibition of the National Academy. It is one of his best pictures. The old cat, which served as a model, was very restless, having no notion of sitting for her portrait, and Mrs. Beard had to hold her while the artist sketched the outline or laid on the color. It was during his residence in Buffalo that Mr. Beard went to Italy, where he spent two years amid the inspiring influence of Italian art.

Two years after his return Mr. Beard settled in New York, where he has remained ever since, painting many works of merit and celebrity, and becoming a member of the National Academy, which entitles him to add N. A. to his name. Some years ago he took a long tour in the South and West, spending several months among the savage Indians of Colorado, without losing his scalp.

His studio is in the old Studio Building in 10th Street, where so many noted artists are gathered in a cluster of somewhat dim apartments resembling cells in a convent. These studios are filled with

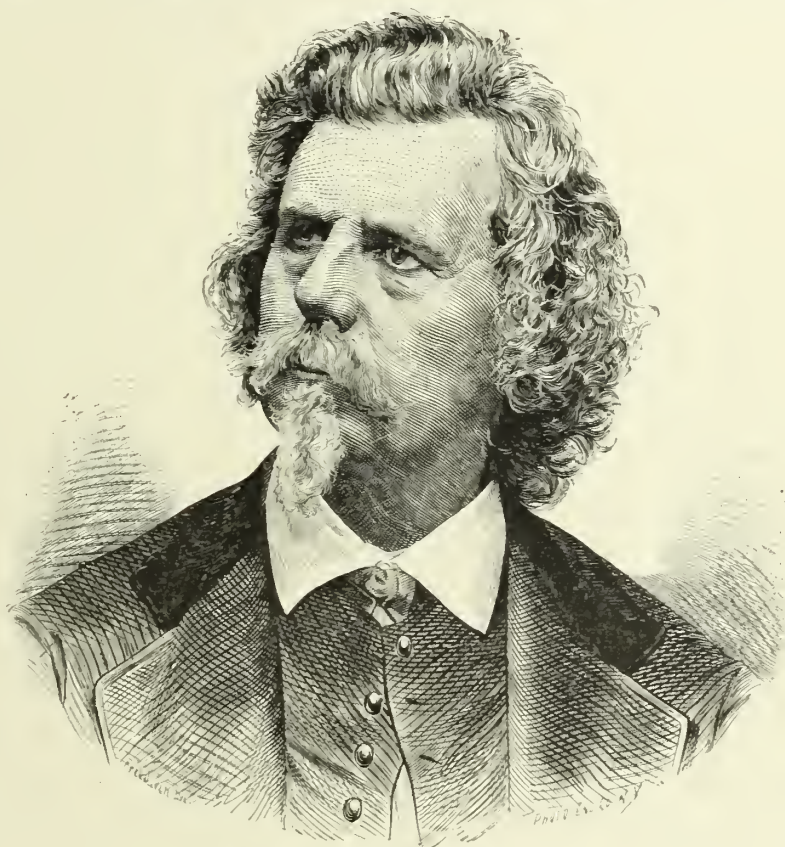
canvasses turned face to the wall, studies for paintings, plaster casts, bits of faded tapestry, ship models and artificial skeletons, easels, old armor and antique furniture, and all sorts of odds and ends of old drapery and knick-knacks picked up in auction rooms, thrown about in tangled, picturesque confusion, which a thrifty housekeeper would like to invade with ruthless broom and duster. But there is at least one place on this earth where the dominion of the ever busy and tidy housewife cannot hold sway, and that is the studio of the artist. A certain degree of studied untidiness seems essential to his dreams.

The studio of Mr. Beard is an epitome of his artistic career. It abounds in deer's horns, old armor, rusty firelocks, stuffed owls, bear's skins, Indian arrows and what not besides. And as he sits at his easel, he is thus surrounded by the mementoes of the scenes he has painted, which have given delight to so many; for each of these objects has aided him, in turn, in putting his compositions on canvass, by appearing in this or that painting. Mr. Beard is an artist of large versatility, that is, he is able to represent almost anything he chooses to paint. He is an excellent draughtsman. He generally makes careful drawings on the canvass first, so that the finished work is thus more correct and clear. There is nothing slovenly or hasty in his pictures. His color

is not laid on as heavily as in the paintings of many European artists, but it does not on that account give the impression of feebleness. He uses the primary colors chiefly, depending on the use of few pigments. He paints portraits as well as animals, and the landscape portion of his paintings is natural and effective.

But it is in the rendering of animal life that Mr. Beard is most widely known, and there his genius is

seen to best advantage. In such subjects a double purpose appears in his pictures: one is to give expression to his natural love for animals; the other is to take off or satirize the oddities and moral weaknesses of his fellow-men. Thus a group of apes dressed in clothes and assembled in a lawyer's office are transformed by his skillful brush into caricatures of rustics going to law. Or, in his famous painting called "The Dance of Silenus," which represents a bear



W. H. Beard.

and goats engaged in a tipsy dance, the artist gives us a most vivid idea of the supreme silliness of human beings when they so far forget the lofty character of man as to take too much whiskey or wine. It would be impossible to convey this idea more powerfully than Mr. Beard has done in this painting.

Another of his notable works is the "Dance of the Bears," which is now owned in Boston. It was, unfortunately injured in the great fire in that city. Mr

Beard has been especially successful in painting bears, in fact he might almost be styled court painter to the King of the Bears, for no artist has ever given more attention to this branch of natural history. Mr. Beard's appreciation of the comical and grotesque has placed him in sympathy with that most comical of all animals except the monkey, the brown bear. Not only is this bear amusing in his appearance and movements, but he has a great love for fun himself,

and nature seems to have aided him in this by giving him a flexible nose which he wrinkles and twists in the most entertaining manner when he is engaged in sport or in playing off a practical joke. No mischievous school-boy ever enjoyed more getting off tricks on his school-fellows. Sometimes the bear is rather rough in his jokes, but this is because of the lack in his early education rather than because he wishes to hurt those on whom he plays his tricks.



BEARS IN A MELON-PATCH. (From a painting owned by Prof. F. N. Otis.)

Mr. Beard, among many anecdotes he has to tell about bears, relates one showing the bear's love of fun. When he was travelling on the Mississippi River there was a large bear cub on the steamer which belonged to the captain, and was a great pet. He was quite tame, but loved a joke as well as a freshman. They kept him on the hurricane deck attached to a long chain, abaft of the wheel-house. When they wished to feed him a ladder was placed against the edge of the deck, up which his feeder climbed from

the lower deck with the dish of food. One day it occurred to Bruin that he might have some fun out of the man who brought him his dinner. So when he saw the ladder planted in its place, the upper end reaching two or three feet above the deck, he stood by it in eager expectation until the head of the man appeared near the upper rounds. Then in a twinkling he raised his paw and, hitting the ladder a smart rap, threw ladder and man and dinner flat on the deck below. Having accomplished this feat Bruin scampered

ered off with a rollicking, rolling gallop, wrinkling his nose, showing his shining teeth and shaking all over with silent laughter. But he paid dearly for this practical joke, for the captain gave him a severe drubbing which made poor Bruin sit in the corner and suck his paws with mortification and disgust.

"Bears on a Bender" is one of Mr. Beard's happiest efforts to delineate the fun in the ursine character, and the same may be said of the painting of which a copy is given in our illustration, which was kindly loaned for this purpose by Prof. F. N. Otis, the owner. It is evident that these bears are where a good many boys would like to be, in a melon patch near a cornfield, stuffing themselves with watermelons. Although watermelons are not intoxicating, they sometimes bring on a colic, and these comical poachers seem to be doing all they can to get a stomach-ache. The painting is rich in color, and the pink red of the broken melons give it a pleasing effect.

Mr. Beard has given much attention to the study of the language by which animals talk to each other.

There is no doubt that by certain mysterious signs of which, as yet, we have little knowledge, animals are able actually to tell each other stories, to give warning, advice, and instruction. One of the most interesting sights I ever saw was an old pussy cat giving her kittens a lesson in catching rats. She talked to them by purring and growling, and enforced her precepts by whipping one or two of the kittens who were afraid to follow her instructions lest the rat should bite them.

Mr. Beard has a large and interesting painting now on his easel which is full of variety and life. It is called "Bulls and Bears." It is intended to represent, in a comical way, the brokers of Wall Street, New York, who are called Bulls, or Bears, as they may happen to wish to send stocks up or down. In this painting a disorderly crowd of bulls and bears are seen bellowing and roaring, goring, tearing, plunging and tumbling over each other in the wildest turmoil and confusion. The satire it suggests is severe but just.



MR. BELLOWS' STUDIO.

ALBERT F. BELLOWS.

THE life and artistic career of Mr. Bellows is one of the most satisfactory in the history of American art. While offering no thrilling tales of adventure or startling episodes, his life is one of rounded completeness, of effort properly directed and aims successfully achieved, and always distinguished by high moral character.

This artist is of English descent, and his ancestors came in the ship Hopewell to this country in the year 1635. It was in the old town of Milford, in Massachusetts, that he was born about fifty years ago. His father was a physician who acquired reputation for several valuable works on health; but as

Milford was then, as now, a boot and shoe manufacturing place, and as young Bellows showed no inclination to study medicine, it seemed only natural that he should grow up to the business which gave employment to so many in his native town.

But nothing was less to his taste than business, although he has always been methodical and careful. At a very early age the lad showed a remarkable love for art, and tried to draw pictures almost as soon as his hand could hold a slate pencil. In those days, and even in our day by some, it was considered in this country that the art career was one to be avoided, because it offered little money, much hard-

ship and disappointment, and but scanty honor.

It was not considered that there are compensations or rewards which amply atone for many of the rough experiences which every artist must encounter, whether he is successful or no. These early struggles tend to strengthen the character, and force the artist to work harder and do better work ; while the joy he receives in dwelling in the fairyland of his dreams, and expressing his passion for the beautiful, cannot be estimated in dollars and cents, and finds abundant reward in itself.

As a sort of compromise between art and business, it was at length decided that young Bellows should take up the profession of architecture, a pursuit which requires not only a feeling of beauty, but strong practical business common-sense and mathematical knowledge.

Although this was not altogether agreeable to him, Albert Bellows spent three years, laboriously and conscientiously, in the office of Mr. A. B. Young, of Boston, to design and build good houses. But, at the same time, his thirst for art was so intense that every spare moment, every opportunity, was seized for adding to his stock of art ideas. As we look back to those years of patient, unremitting toil, we can see that the habits formed then must have been of great value in preventing Mr. Bellows from acquiring the shiftlessness which too often adds sorrow to the artistic and literary life.

At the age of twenty the student of architecture had made such progress in his profession that he was able to enter into partnership with I. D. Toule, an architect of established reputation. A year of

steady application in this independent position was attended by more satisfaction to the patrons of the new firm than to the young architect, who was every day urged by a growing impatience and art enthusiasm to abandon all half-way measures, and boldly take up the pursuit for which he longed.

And thus it came about that, at the end of the year, being then just twenty-one, Mr. Bellows "burned his ships behind him," as the phrase goes, when one decides to cut loose from the past and begin anew with a sole regard for the future.

Fortune, fickle as she seems, still has a special liking for the daring and the bold. She cannot be successfully wooed by the timid. She seems to have been particularly pleased with the determined spirit shown by the young artist ; for, no sooner had he decided to devote himself to art, than he was offered the position of principal of the New England School of Design, which he at once accepted, and held until his twenty-seventh year.

In that year Mr. Bellows decided to go to Europe, and therefore resigned his principalship. He had already matured his character

and habits of observation, and gained a grounding in the first principles of art ; so that he was thus prepared better to accept or reject what he saw in the art-schools of the old world than if he had gone there at an earlier age.

Mr. Bellows arrived at Paris during the first great Exposition, and must naturally have been almost overwhelmed by the wealth of the art treasures which he saw on every hand. In the galleries of the Louvre and the Luxembourg were many of the master-pieces



A. F. Bellows

of the art of other ages, where they still are to interest and elevate the rising generations. In the Exposition, on the other hand, the glory of English, French, Belgian, German and Spanish contemporary art dazzled the gaze and kindled the rapture of the beholder.

The writer himself, a mere youth at the time, was also present at that Exposition ; and as he recalls the indelible impressions, the rapturous enthusiasm which moved him when he walked through those magnificent collections of art ; as the pictures which made such an impression on his boyish fancy pass, one by one, before his eyes again while he pens these lines, he can easily understand the impression that must have been made on the more matured and experienced mind of the young American artist, who, from the comparative art scarcity of his native land, had just passed to the study of such an astonishing treasure of art.

After carefully considering the different methods and schools of art, Mr. Bellows finally decided to enter a course of study at the Royal Academy of Antwerp ; and there he passed several years in that grand, quaint old Flemish town, where the peaked roofs, the narrow streets, the curious costumes, the rustic, picturesque wagons, and the singular market-places and gray antique towers fill the artist's soul with joy.

There is the magnificent cathedral whose spire, the most beautiful in Europe, an arrow pointing evermore to heaven, a fairylike shaft of stone lace-work, sustains, high up in the air, the far-famed chimes whose silvery melodious jangling seems to float down from the skies.

There, too, are gathered the master-pieces of Rubens, one of the greatest artists of all the ages. There he painted, there he died, and there is his house to this day. And Van Dyke and Jordaens, and many another celebrated genius lived, and toiled, and won immortal fame in that old city. Could an artist find a more inspiring spot than Antwerp to gain enthusiasm and knowledge ?

And there the art student from the New World, the only American then studying in the Netherlands, pursued his studies with such success that, in 1858, he was elected an honorary member of the Royal Society of Painters of Belgium.

After finishing his studies at Antwerp, Mr. Bellows

returned to America and settled in New York. In 1858 he was elected an associate of the National Academy of Design, and in 1861 he became an Academician. In 1867 he revisited Europe, giving at that time especial attention to the water-color art of England and France, and taking many careful studies and sketches, especially in the former country, with whose scenery his talents are singularly in harmony.

Many of these charming studies of the land of our ancestors he has since elaborated into finished paintings. Two of Mr. Bellows' works, one in oil, the other in water color, were selected for exhibition in the American department of the last French Exposition.

Among many artistic trips which he has taken may be mentioned a visit to Hot Springs, Arkansas, last year, for the health of Mrs. Bellows. While there he built a temporary studio, which was nearly destroyed by the disastrous fire which swept over that resort. At the time of the great fire in Boston, where he had been painting for a year or two, his things were stored preparatory to moving when the fire consumed the building, and with it the paintings, studies and library which had been confided to its safe keeping.

After that catastrophe Mr. Bellows returned to New York, and is now situated in the fine new Studio Building, on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-Fifth Street. He has two spacious studios, one leading out of the other, intended respectively for oil and water-color painting. The illustration represents the former.

These studios are elegantly and tastefully furnished ; and while sufficiently artistic in their appearance, are kept in perfect order, thus reflecting the systematic mental traits and the quiet temperament of an artist who has been able to give us so many admirable works, and whose life has, at the same time, been as even, methodical, and uninterruptedly successful as that of a prosperous East India merchant. Mr. Bellows has one son who is now a practising physician.

In coming to a consideration of the art of this artist we find that his ability is marked by versatility, or a capacity to succeed in more than one branch of art. Many people suppose he is only a landscape painter. This is a mistake. His early career was devoted to figure and portrait painting, to which his

studies were largely directed at Antwerp ; and he has given much attention to *genre*, that is, groups representing familiar, every-day scenes of domestic life. This skill in drawing figures has enabled Mr. Bellows to give greater interest to his landscapes. In the accompanying illustration of his work, the clever grouping of men and horses adds attractiveness to a very pleasing and well-treated subject.

Gradually his great love of nature and out-of-door life led Mr. Bellows to devote himself, more and

more, to painting the grace and freshness of the quiet, undulating meadow-lands, rustic lanes, and quaint thatched farm-houses of the Isle of Wight, and the noble, vividly-tinted landscapes of our own country. Every one, who loves the stately beauty of the avenues of elms which give such an indescribable charm to the towns and hamlets of New England, owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Bellows for the interest he has shown, and the success he has achieved in painting these scenes, which are so dear to every native



STAGE-COACHING IN NEW ENGLAND. (From a Painting by A. F. Bellows.)

American heart and especially to all New Englanders.

Of all the trees which beautify this world there are two which are especially fitted to adorn the abodes of man ; these are the plane tree and the elm. The former grows in America, but never reaches to such wide-spreading magnificence as in Asia. Many an ancient town of the East owes its attractiveness to its groups of plane trees, haunted by the nightingale and overshadowing silvery fountains.

But we, on this side of the Atlantic, can take es-

pecial pride in the elm. Nowhere else as in America does it throw out such long, grateful arms, such exquisite curves in the massing of its foliage, or rear its crest of green on such gracefully majestic stems. No farm-house is complete without one such venerable guardian to shield it from the storms, and to afford a grateful shade under which the children can sport in the summer days. Both in water and oil-colors Mr. Bellows has been equally successful in representing the imperial beauty of the elm.

This artist, as you may have already perceived, has painted both in oil and water-color. The former was the medium he first employed, and to which he still gives much attention. Like some artists who have great facility and know clearly what they intend to do, he often paints a picture wholly with the knife, without using a brush.

This knife, or spatula, is made of steel, very thin and flexible; and to use it in laying on color is to give greater purity to the tints; for the less colors are mixed and worked over the more clear and atmospheric is the painting. But one cannot work with the palette-knife unless he knows what he is about; for as the color is laid so it must stay, and if not skillfully done the picture is liable to look painty.

But for the last few years Mr. Bellows has given much attention to *aquarelle* or water-color painting, being one of the pioneers in this branch of art in America, and one of the most successful water-color painters of the age.

To paint with water-colors was the rule for many ages before the process of using colors mixed with oil was invented, or, at least, much employed. The paintings of the ancients, such as the wall-paintings or frescoes of Pompeii, and even the works of Michael Angelo, were done with water-colors or pigments, laid on with wax applied hot. The ancients knew something about oil-colors, but it was not until the time of John and Hubert Van Eyck of Holland, in the fifteenth century, that painting in oil-colors became general.

After that time water-colors almost fell into disuse until their use was revived early in this century by the fresco or wall-painters of Munich, and a school of very brilliant artists in England, who employed *aquarelle* in painting what are called easel or small paintings.

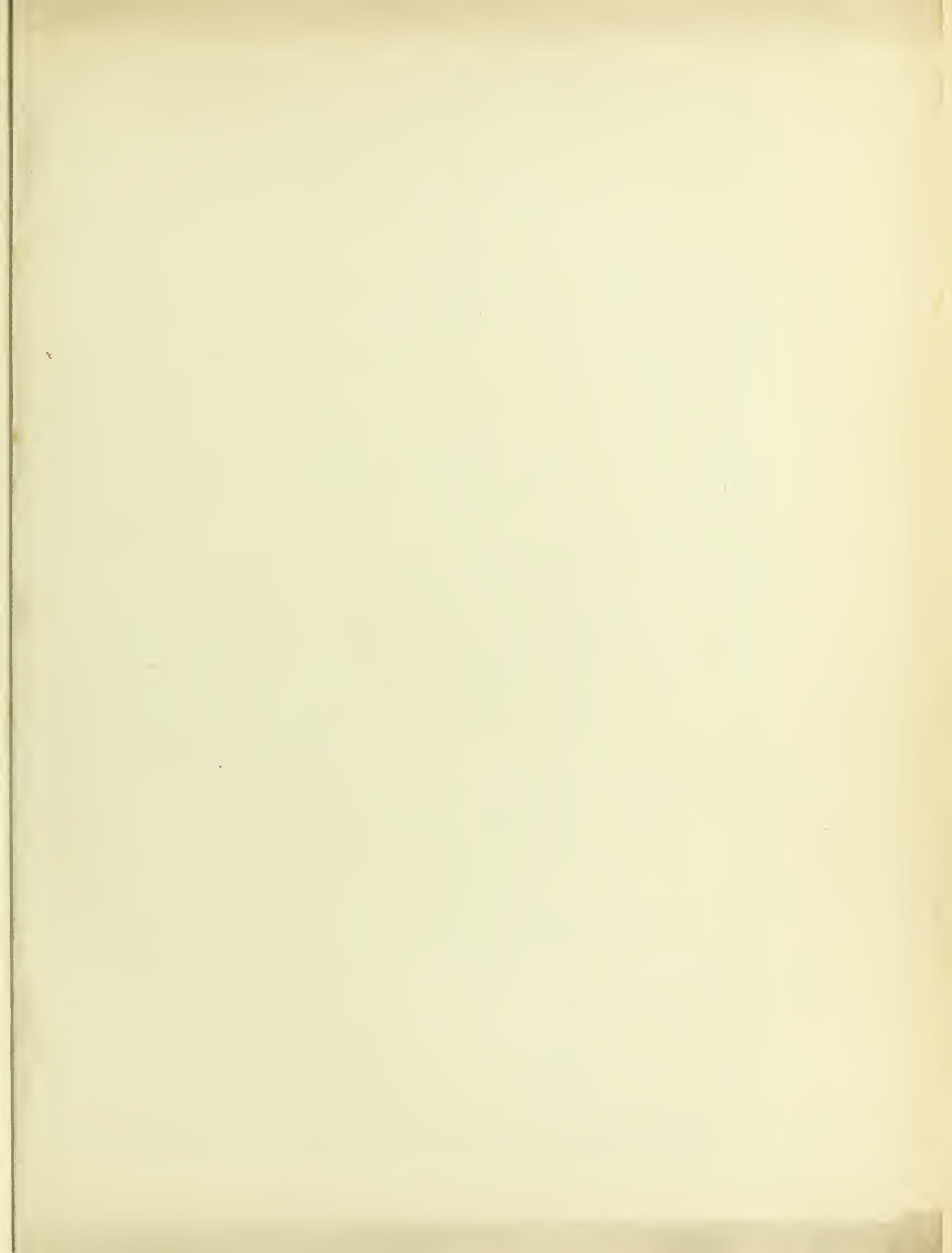
Among the most noted of these English water-color painters were Girtin, Turner, David Cox, Sam-

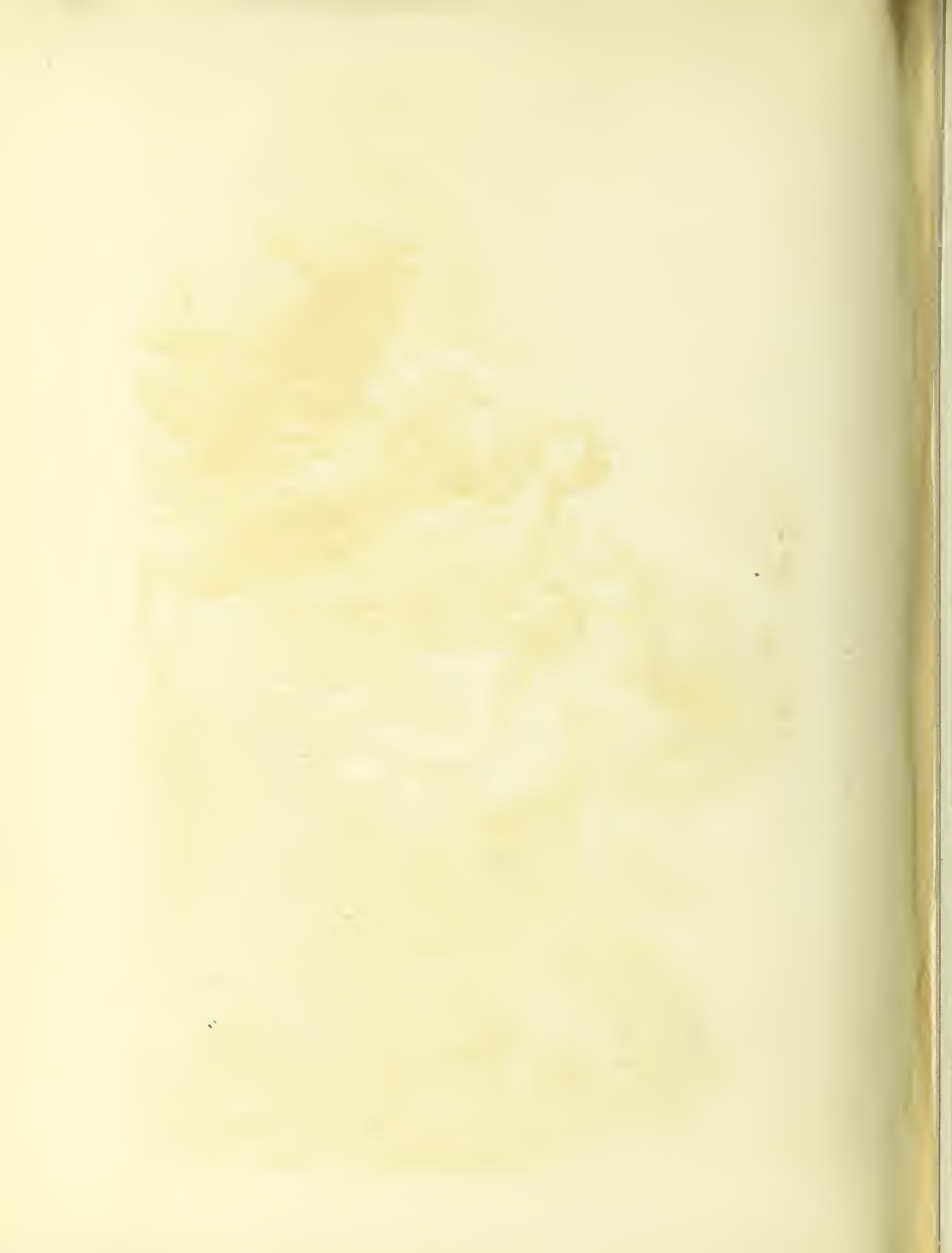
uel Prout and Copley Fielding. Some of the effects of nature which they succeeded in reproducing were wonderfully well done. These English artists worked entirely without opaque or body color. And this leads me to tell you that there are two kinds of water-color painting. One, or the earliest school, depends, for the whites or strong lights in the picture, entirely on the white color of the paper on which the picture is painted. This is done either by leaving certain parts untouched by color or by scratching of the color where a bright light is needed. Great skill and readiness is necessary in this kind of water-color, but the effect is to give a rich, transparent, atmospheric effect, such as it is very difficult to obtain with oil-colors.

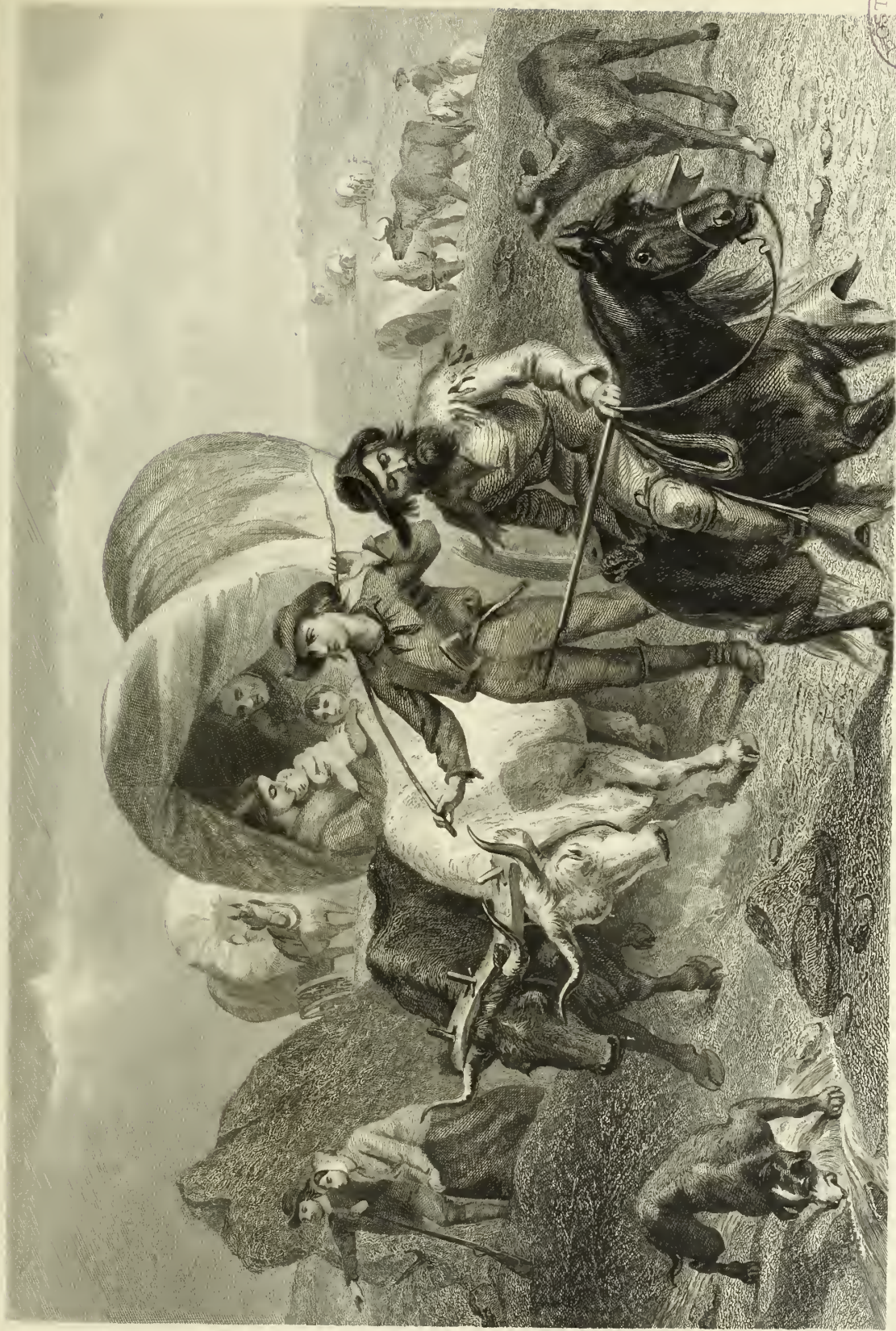
The other and later school of water-colorists depend for their high lights on the use of white lead or Chinese white, which is the most opaque of all pigments; and, therefore, when laid over any other color it conceals it, and comes out so prominently as to represent light. This school also mixes white or body color with the other colors, in order to give the solid appearance of oil painting. But, while many pleasing pictures are painted by the latter method, the richness of oil-color is not wholly reached, while the exquisite airiness of simple water-color, unaided by the addition of opaque color, is almost entirely lost.

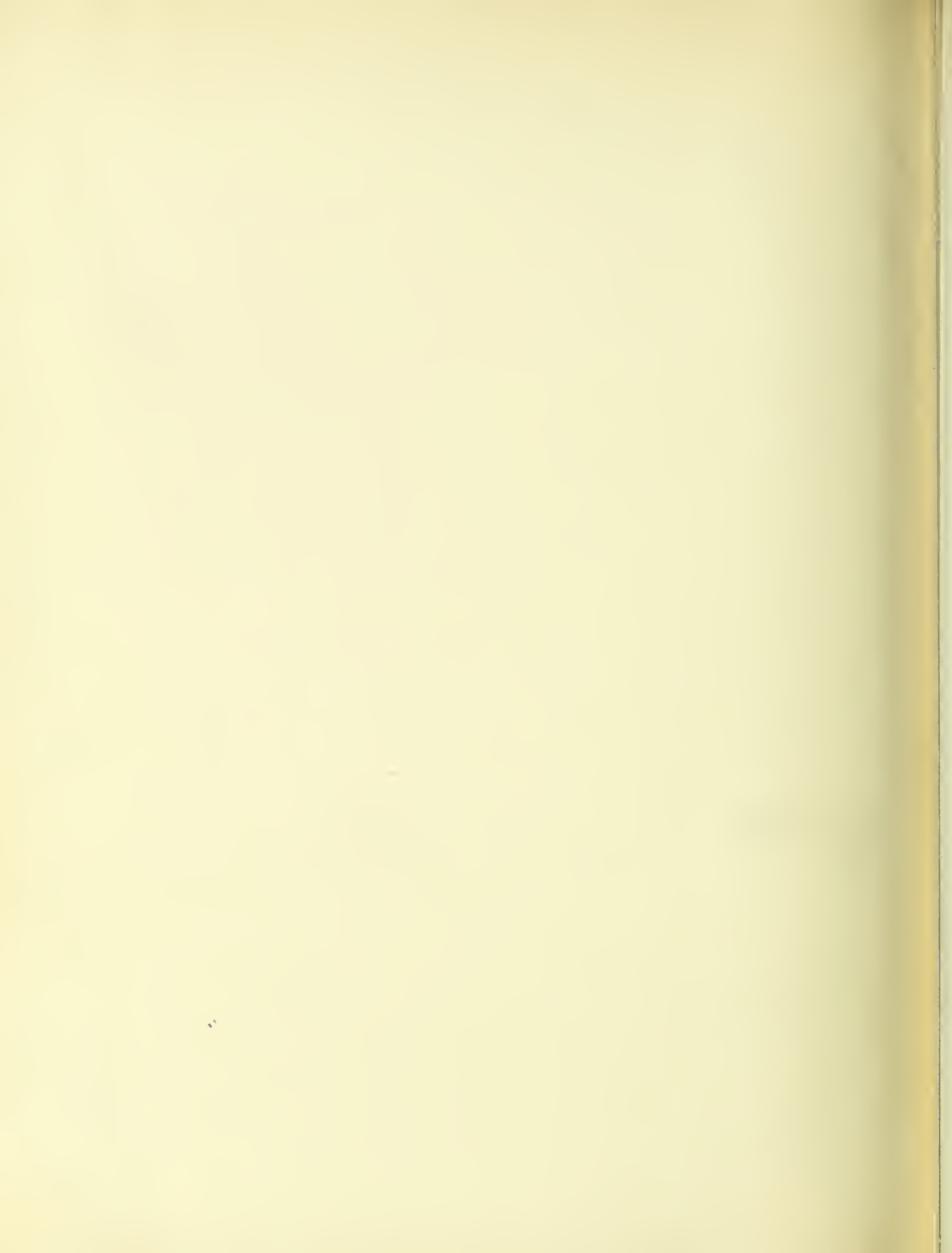
Mr. Bellows works almost entirely in the style of the old school, very rarely using white, and then only to give force to some small point, perhaps a distant sail, or a far-away farm-house on a hillside.

The reader should try to study the difference between oil and water-colors, and between the two methods of water-color painting, and he will be surprised to find how much he will thus learn of different art processes and of many effects in nature which, perhaps, he has never seen before.









PAINTERS AND ENGRAVINGS.

| | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------------------|------|
| FREDERICK EDWIN CHURCH | 10 |
| <i>The Parthenon. (Frontispiece.)</i> | |
| <i>A Tropical Moonlight.</i> | |
| <i>Chimborazo.</i> | |
| SANFORD R. GIFFORD | 14 |
| <i>Venice.</i> | |
| <i>Sunset in the Adirondacks.</i> | |
| JOHN H. BRISTOL | 20 |
| <i>The Adirondacks, from Lake Paradox.</i> | |
| <i>Lake George, from near Sabbath-Day Point.</i> | |
| PETER MORAN | 23 |
| <i>Twilight.</i> | |
| <i>The Return of the Herd.</i> | |
| WINSLOW HOMER | 25 |
| <i>Watermelon-Eaters.</i> | |
| <i>In the Fields.</i> | |
| GEORGE INNESS | 29 |
| <i>Light Triumphant.</i> | |
| <i>Pine-Grove, Barberini Villa, Albano.</i> | |
| THOMAS HICKS | 35 |
| <i>"No Place like Home."</i> | |
| <i>Portrait of General Meade.</i> | |
| MAURITZ FREDERICK HENDRICK DE HAAS | 39 |
| <i>The Coast of France.</i> | |
| <i>Long Island Sound by Moonlight.</i> | |
| CHARLES HENRY MILLER | 44 |
| <i>Old Mill at Springfield.</i> | |
| <i>Return to the Fold.</i> | |

| | PAGE |
|------------------------------------------|------|
| JAMES McDUGALL HART | 46 |
| <i>A Summer Day on the Boquet River.</i> | |
| <i>Cattle going Home.</i> | |
| JERVIS McENTEE | 51 |
| <i>Autumn Morning.</i> | |
| <i>The Danger-Signal.</i> | |
| WILLIAM H. BEARD | 56 |
| <i>"Lo, the Poor Indian."</i> | |
| <i>The March of Silenus.</i> | |
| WILLIAM T. RICHARDS | 60 |
| <i>At Atlantic City.</i> | |
| <i>On the Wissahickon.</i> | |
| SEYMOUR JOSEPH GUY | 65 |
| <i>The Orange-Girl.</i> | |
| E. WOOD PERRY | 70 |
| <i>Fireside Stories.</i> | |
| <i>The Old Story.</i> | |
| SAMUEL COLMAN | 72 |
| <i>Andernach on the Rhine.</i> | |
| <i>A Street-Scene in Caen, Normandy.</i> | |
| BENJAMIN CURTIS PORTER | 76 |
| <i>The Hour-Glass.</i> | |
| <i>The Mandolin-Player.</i> | |
| ARTHUR QUARTLEY | 80 |
| <i>An Afternoon in August.</i> | |
| JASPER FRANCIS CROFSEY | 82 |
| <i>The Old Mill.</i> | |
| WILLIAM HART | 84 |
| <i>The Path by the River.</i> | |
| <i>The Last Gleam.</i> | |
| WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT | 88 |
| <i>Summer.</i> | |
| <i>Spring Chickens.</i> | |
| ROBERT SWAIN GIFFORD | 93 |
| <i>On the Nile.</i> | |
| <i>The Palms of Biskra.</i> | |

| | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------------------------|------|
| WALTER SHIRLAW | 96 |
| <i>The Toning of the Bell.</i> | |
| <i>" Good-Morning."</i> | |
| WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE | 98 |
| <i>A Home by the Sea-side.</i> | |
| <i>Study of the Rocky Mountain Aspens.</i> | |
| DANIEL HUNTINGTON | 100 |
| <i>Sowing the Word.</i> | |
| <i>Ichabod Crane and Katrina.</i> | |
| THOMAS WATERMAN WOOD | 109 |
| <i>The Village Post-Office.</i> | |
| LEMUEL E. WILMARTH | 110 |
| <i>Ingratitude.</i> | |
| GEORGE LORING BROWN | 111 |
| <i>The Lake of Nemi.</i> | |
| <i>The Temple of Peace.</i> | |
| JAMES H. BEARD | 113 |
| <i>The Mourners.</i> | |
| J. APPLETON BROWN | 117 |
| <i>The Upper Merrimac.</i> | |
| <i>Storm at the Isles of Shoals.</i> | |
| FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH | 120 |
| <i>A Glimpse of Franconia Notch, New Hampshire.</i> | |
| THOMAS MORAN | 122 |
| <i>Dream-Land.</i> | |
| <i>Solitude.</i> | |
| ASHER BROWN DURAND | 128 |
| <i>Brook, and Vista in the Mountains.</i> | |
| HORACE WOLCOTT ROBBINS | 133 |
| <i>Sunny Banks of the Ausable.</i> | |
| <i>Morning.</i> | |
| JOSEPH RUSLING MEEKER | 135 |
| <i>The Indian Chief.</i> | |
| <i>Near the Atchafalaya.</i> | |
| BENJAMIN F. REINHART | 138 |
| <i>Katrina Van Tassel.</i> | |

| | PAGE |
|------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| JOHN G. BROWN | 141 |
| <i>"By the Sad Sea-Waves."</i> | |
| ALFRED THOMPSON BRICHER | 144 |
| <i>Cliff's of Ironbound Island, Maine.</i> | |
| <i>The Mill-Stream.</i> | |
| ALBERT BIERSTADT | 146 |
| <i>Near the Black Hills.</i> | |
| <i>Mount Corcoran, Sierra Nevada.</i> | |
| FREDERICK A. BRIDGMAN | 150 |
| <i>Pyrenees Peasants returning from the Harvest-Field.</i> | |
| JOHN W. CASILEAR | 154 |
| <i>River-side.</i> | |
| <i>Moonlight in the Glen.</i> | |
| WILLIAM M. CHASE | 156 |
| <i>The Court-Jester.</i> | |
| ALBERT F. BELLOWS | 158 |
| <i>A By-way near Torquay, Devonshire.</i> | |
| <i>Devonshire Cottages.</i> | |
| ROBERT W. WEIR | 160 |
| <i>Columbus before the Council of Salamanca.</i> | |
| ALEXANDER H. WYANT | 164 |
| <i>A Midsummer Retreat.</i> | |
| <i>On the Ausable River.</i> | |
| EASTMAN JOHNSON | 166 |
| <i>The Emigrants' Sunday Morning.</i> | |
| WYATT EATON | 169 |
| <i>Harvesters at Rest.</i> | |
| A. D. SHATTUCK | 174 |
| <i>By the Stream.</i> | |
| JOHN F. WEIR | 175 |
| <i>Casting the Shaft.</i> | |
| LOUIS C. TIFFANY | 177 |
| <i>Among the Weeds.</i> | |
| <i>Market-Place in Brittany.</i> | |

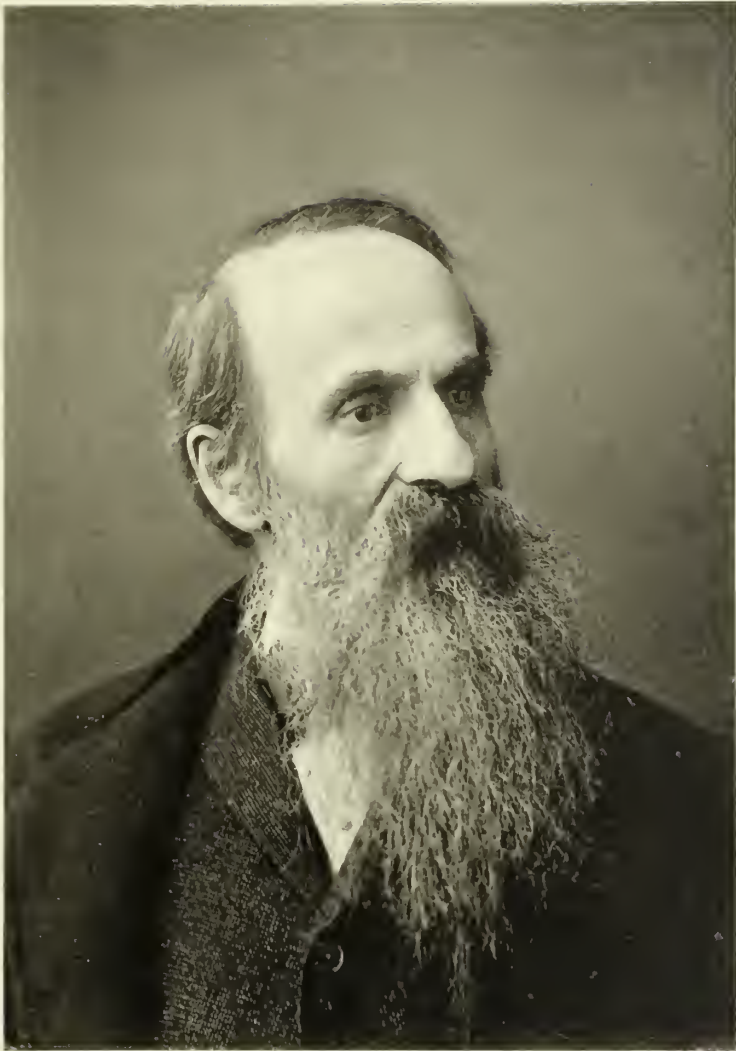
| | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------------------|------|
| H. BOLTON JONES | 180 |
| <i>A Cloudy Day in October, Brittany.</i> | |
| JAMES D. SMILLIE | 182 |
| <i>Up the Hillside.</i> | |
| GEORGE H. SMILLIE | 184 |
| <i>A Goat-Pasture.</i> | |
| GEORGE FULLER | 186 |
| <i>A Romany Girl.</i> | |
| THOMAS HOVENDEN | 189 |
| <i>The Vendean Volunteer.</i> | |
| J. ALDEN WEIR | 191 |
| <i>The Good Samaritan.</i> | |
| A. WORDSWORTH THOMPSON | 193 |
| <i>May-Day in Fifth Avenue.</i> | |
| KRUSEMAN VAN ELTEN | 196 |
| <i>Landscape on Farmington River.</i> | |
| EDWARD MORAN | 198 |
| <i>Fishing-Boats off Calais.</i> | |
| WILLIAM SARTAIN | 200 |
| <i>Narcissus.</i> | |
| GEORGE INNESS, JR. | 203 |
| <i>Training the Surf-Horse.</i> | |
| WILLIAM STARBUCK MACY | 204 |
| <i>A Forest Scene.</i> | |
| HOMER D. MARTIN | 206 |
| <i>Autumn Woods.</i> | |
| <i>The White Mountains, from Randolph Hill.</i> | |
| R. M. SHURTLEFF | 211 |
| <i>Autumn Gold.</i> | |
| FRANK DUVECK | 213 |
| <i>The Turkish Page.</i> | |
| HENRY A. LOOP | 215 |
| <i>Enone.</i> | |

| | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------------------|------|
| ELIHU VEDDER | 216 |
| <i>Roman Sibyl.</i> | |
| <i>Memory.</i> | |
| WILLIAM PAGE | 221 |
| <i>Farragut in the Shrouds of the Hartford.</i> | |

The engravings were executed by Messrs. LINTON, MORSE, HARLEY, ANTHONY, BOBBETT, FILMER, SMITHWICK, JUENGLING, ANNIN, and CLOSSON.



NEW
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



GEORGE HETZEL.

GEORGE HETZEL.

GEORGE HETZEL, probably the best known and most prominent landscape painter in Western Pennsylvania, was born January 17, 1826, in Alsace, then under the French Government. While yet an infant his parents brought him to Pittsburgh, where he has ever since lived, with the exception of a few months' residence in Philadelphia and two years' absence in Europe. His facilities for obtaining an education in early life were quite limited. In boyhood he worked in a rope-walk in summer, and attended school in winter. At the age of fifteen he was bound an apprentice to a house and sign painter, and served four years at that trade. In this respect his career resembled that of Arthur Quartley, the talented marine artist of New York, who was a sign painter for several years in Baltimore before he devoted his entire attention to art, and who at the period of his untimely death was one of the most promising artists in his line in this country. After serving his apprenticeship, Mr. Hetzel worked at frescoing, and for a year or more was employed principally in decorating churches. Feeling the artistic aspirations within him, however, which this kind of work did not satisfy, he went to Europe in the early part of the year 1847, and placed himself under the tuition of Professor Sohn, of Dusseldorf, where he studied the antique for a time, and then painted heads from life under the instruction of the same great master. In 1849 he returned to Pittsburgh after an absence of over two years, and engaged in portrait painting. In this he was quite successful in all cases where his patrons afforded him an opportunity to paint from life instead of copying from photographs, but after an experience of six or eight years he became dissatisfied with the pursuit, and experimented for a time in painting still life. One of his pictures of this class was purchased by President Lincoln for the dining-room of the White House. But neither did this satisfy his aspirations. From his earliest youth he had loved the woods and trees, the deep ravines and babbling brooks, and was never more delighted than when he could find a leisure day to commune with nature, either alone or with a congenial companion. What he saw he could copy with exact fidelity. In landscape painting he found that his genius had full play, and this became his life-work.

Among the important works which Mr. Hetzel has executed was a landscape which was exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, and received a bronze medal. This was purchased by the Duquesne Club, of Pittsburgh, and now adorns the walls of the home of that organization. Subsequently he exhibited a specimen of his skill in landscape painting at an art exhibition in New York, which led to his being proposed for membership in the National Academy. This painting was purchased by the Union League of New York, and has been highly commended by art critics. Nearly all the private galleries in the Eastern cities

contain specimens of his work, and among his patrons may be mentioned the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, and Asa Whitney, William P. Wilstach and George S. Harrison, of Philadelphia. The distinguishing characteristic of all his works is their exact fidelity to nature. In this he has probably no living superior.

Mr. Hetzel was the founder of the Art Club of Pittsburgh, and for many years has been a teacher in the school for painting. Some four or five years ago he, in connection with Mr. John Beatty, founded the Pittsburgh Art School, which is now in a flourishing condition, and promises to be one of the best institutions of the kind in Western Pennsylvania.

F.



Yours ever
T. Buchanan Read





STORM AT SEA. PHILADELPHIA, 1876.

BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

